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MEMOIRS OF THE DUCHESSE DE DINO

1831 – 1835

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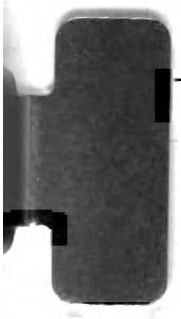

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MEMOIRS OF THE
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Duchesse de Dino.

After a miniature by Agricola.

In possession of the Princess Antoine Radziwill

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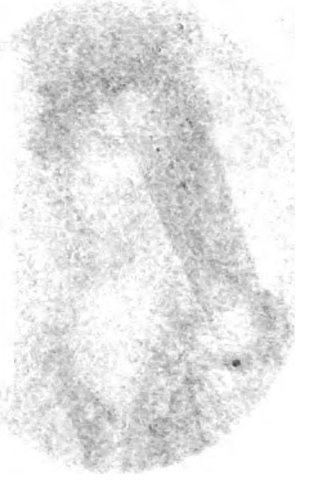

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MEMOIRS OF THE
DUCHESSE DE DINO

(*Afterwards Duchesse de Talleyrand et de Sagan*)

1831–1835

Edited, with Notes and Biographical Index, by

THE PRINCESSE RADZIWILL

(*NÉE CASTELLANE*)

WITH PHOTOGRAVURE FRONTISPIECE

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
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1909

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PREFACE

This history is composed of notes made in England during the Embassy of the Prince de Talleyrand and of fragments of letters addressed by my grandmother, the Duchesse de Dino (afterwards Duchesse de Talleyrand et de Sagan), during a period of thirty years, to M. Adolphe de Bacourt, who gave them to me by her desire.

Some months before her death in 1862 my grandmother, who was then fully aware of her condition, herself told me of the precious legacy which would be transmitted to me when she was gone by M. de Bacourt, her executor, and added her final instructions and advice.

A just judgment on conspicuous ideas and persons is possible only after the lapse of many years, and so I should willingly have postponed the publication of these Memoirs. But some years since, my niece, the Comtesse Jean de Castellane, published the story of the early years of the Duchesse de Dino, and as many readers desire to have the continuation, I have decided not to withhold it any longer, and it will be found in the following pages.

The book throws more light on the last years of the Prince de Talleyrand than any previous publication, and it speaks so well for itself that I need say nothing for it. The place which the Duchess occupied in the European Society of the first half of last century is also too well

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known to need to be recalled here. Her personal charm, like her intellectual distinction, has rarely been equalled, but the moral fascination which she exercised on all who knew her is less well known. Intellect is a great source of strength, but nobility of soul is a greater; and it was assuredly this which helped the Duchess in many difficult passages in her history.

It is this sense of nobility and distinction which, in my opinion, is the chief characteristic of her Memoirs.

CASTELLANE, PRINCESSE RADZIWILL

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MEMOIRS OF THE
DUCHESSE DE DINO

CHAPTER I

1831

Paris, May 9, 1831.—I am bewildered by the tumult of Paris. There is such a babel of words, such a crowd of faces, that I hardly recognise myself, and have the greatest difficulty in collecting my thoughts so as to discover where I am, where others are, whether the country is doing well or ill, whether the physicians are skilful enough, or whether the malady is beyond their art.

Twenty times I have stopped to think of Madeira; sometimes, too, my thoughts are of Valençay; but I can find no fixed resting-place, and it seems to me quite futile to prejudge anything before the great electoral crisis which preoccupies everybody. *À propos* of everything, people here say "after the elections," just as the gay world of London used to say "after Easter."

There was a little article in the *Moniteur* of yesterday; the attitude of the Ministry and that of the general public are both just and flattering to M. de Talleyrand, but reason is not the fashion nowadays, and less so in this country than elsewhere. In fact, if I were to let my thoughts wander over the thousand and one small complications which spoil and embarrass everything, the only conclusion I could arrive at would be that the country is very ill but that the doctor is excellent! . . .

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London, September 10, 1831.—From Paris letters it appears that the indestructible Bailli de Ferette has at length taken his departure; likewise Madame Visconti, another extraordinary relic of the past.

I hear there have been *émeutes* of women; fifteen hundred of these horrible creatures made a commotion, and because of their sex the Garde Nationale would not use force. Fortunately, the rain settled the matter.

Yesterday came an express with a rigmarole about Belgium asking that the Dutch should retire still further, that Maestricht should be garrisoned by Dutch alone, expressing impatience at General Baudrand having had direct conversations in private with the English Ministers, and recalling him forthwith. He will not go, however, till after the Drawing-room.

Nothing new about Poland.

The *Times* tells of the ill-starred attempt in Portugal. A malison on Dom Miguel! What a shame it is that he should have triumphed!

The only news in London is that on the occasion of the coronation,[1] the King allowed the Bishops to lay aside their ugly wigs. This has made them quite unrecognisable for the last week, for they were in such a hurry to avail themselves of the permission that they did not allow time for their hair to grow again. The result was that they cut a very odd figure, and were the delight of all the guests at the King's dinner.

London, September 11, 1831.—Everybody is still talking of nothing but the coronation; the Duke of Devonshire's return on foot all splashed with mud; the acts, words, and appearance of everyone are discussed, embellished, distorted, and reviewed with more or less charity: that is to say, with no charity at all. The Queen alone is left untouched; everyone says that she was perfect, and they are quite right.

I saw the Duke of Gloucester yesterday, and could get nothing out of him except that they had been trying to avoid having Van de Weyer (who makes the Duchess of

[1] Of King William IV.

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Saxe-Weimar swoon) at the great diplomatic dinner to-day at Saint James's. They, therefore, hit on the plan of asking, besides ambassadors, only such ministers as are married; I thought this rather stupid.

All the venerable survivals are disappearing; there is Lady Mornington, mother of the Duke of Wellington, who died yesterday at the age of ninety. This event can make little difference to her son.

The Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg and the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen left yesterday by the steamer for Rotterdam; the Duchess of Cambridge leaves to-day for the Hague *vid* Bruges. The great preoccupation of them all is to avoid Brussels.

Lady Belfast describes very amusingly the visit of the English yachts to Cherbourg and the welcome they had there. They were received by the authorities, who could not in the least understand what a Gentleman's Yacht Club in which the Government had no concern could be; in fact, they were near taking the members for pirates. However, they gave them a dinner and a ball. Lord Yarborough wished to return their hospitality on board his yacht, but all the provincial fair ladies declared that nothing would induce them to dance on the sea, that they would be certain to be horribly sick, and that the proposal was altogether barbarous. Finally, Lord Yarborough was obliged to yield, and gave his ball in a Cherbourg tavern, where, however, he managed to spend ten thousand francs in a single evening.

London, September 13, 1831.—Yesterday's Drawing-room was more crowded than ever, and consequently so long and fatiguing that Mexico, Spain, and Naples were successively placed *hors de combat*. The diplomatic ranks were so much thinned by these ladies fainting one after the other that one had to exert oneself more than usual.

Madame de Lieven boldly seated herself on the steps of the throne, whence she passed into the King's room, where she had lunch. She came back and told us that she was neither tired nor hungry. She all but added that our

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legs should be rested because hers were, and our stomachs satisfied because hers had been stayed.

The peeresses, as a rule, looked well in their robes. One unhappy creature paid dearly for the pleasure of exercising her right as a peeress to be received by the King whether he will or no. Lady Ferrers had been practically kept by her husband as his mistress before he married her, so Lord Howe told Lord Ferrers that the Queen would not receive his wife. Lord Ferrers replied, however, that peeresses had the *entrée*, and that could not be denied. He was warned, however, that the Queen would turn away as Lady Ferrers passed, and this is what happened. I must observe that even in this the Queen showed her kindness of heart, for she pretended to begin a conversation with the Princess Augusta just before Lady Ferrers came opposite to her. She did not interrupt her conversation, and it was possible to think that the poor woman had passed unperceived and not insulted. I thought it was very nice of the Queen.

The dinner was magnificent, and the exuberance of the King's good humour was really comic; he made several remarkable speeches in French, and I hear that, when the ladies had gone, the grossness of his conversation was beyond belief. I have never seen him so gay. I think that certain despatches from Paris which arrived a little before dinner, and brought to Lord Palmerston and M. de Talleyrand the news that the French troops would begin the evacuation of Belgium on the 27th and would all be back in France by the 30th, had something to do with the Royal hilarity. Lord Grey was radiant about it.

The news of the cholera is bad; it has got to Sweden *viâ* Finland, and at Berlin in three days thirty out of the sixty sick have died. There has been enough ado about it in Paris for M. Perier to make his appearance there on horseback in his ministerial uniform; his presence had a good effect.

It seems that the Belgian business is definitely settled, and M. de Talleyrand was saying yesterday that he would be in France at the end of October. But I have already

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seen so many ups and downs in these affairs that I no longer profess to predict anything a week ahead.

Tunbridge Wells, September 16, 1831.—I have just been visiting Eridge Castle,[1] which belongs to a rich and misanthropic octogenarian much persecuted by misfortune. His title is Earl of Abergavenny, but his family name is Neville. He is a cousin of Lord Warwick; the celebrated "Kingmaker" was a Neville, and Eridge Castle was his. At a later date Queen Elizabeth was feasted there.

The foundations of the castle are ancient, and it has been restored in the ancient style, with great care, by the present owner. The effect of the whole is perfectly harmonious, and every detail is rich and elegant. The perfection of the carving and the beauty of the stained glass are wonderful. Lord Abergavenny's own apartments are extremely dismal. The castle occupies a very high point on the top of a hill, with a lake twenty acres in extent at the foot. But the low ground is surrounded by hills which are even higher than the one in the centre, on which the castle stands, and which are all covered with trees so splendid, so numerous, and stretching for so many miles, that they form a veritable forest. I have never seen a prospect so romantically wooded and at the same time so profoundly melancholy. It is not English, still less is it French; it is the Black Forest, it is Bohemia. I have never seen ivy like that which covers the towers, the balconies, and indeed the whole building. In short, I rave about it.

In the park, in the heart of a clump of tall and very sombre fir-trees, there is a mineral spring exactly like that at Tunbridge; and the park itself is not only full of deer but has also stags, any number of cows and sheep, and a fine herd of buffaloes.

Lord Abergavenny is very charitable. A hundred and twenty workmen are constantly in his employment; but since the visitors from Tunbridge came and damaged his garden he allows no one to see either his park or his house.

1 Eridge Castle is in the county of Sussex, and still belongs to the Abergavenny family.

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Some time ago he refused admittance even to the Princesse de Lieven. Pleading notes from Countess Bathyány and from me touched his heart. He was out when we came, but had left orders for the servants to show us everything; we were guided through the woods by a man on horseback. His people are very fond of him; they have much to say of his goodness, and recount very impressively the story of the misfortunes which have afflicted their unhappy old master.

London, September 17, 1831.—On my way back from Tunbridge yesterday I visited Knole, one of the most ancient castles in England, built by King John. The oldest part of the existing building dates from this time. Knole was for long in the possession of the Archbishops of Canterbury, but Cranmer, finding that his magnificence excited popular discontent, restored it to the Crown. Elizabeth gave it to the Sackvilles, the eldest of whom she made Earl of Dorset; and it has remained in that family until the present day. It has just come into the hands of Lady Plymouth, sister of the Duke of Dorset, who was killed in the hunting-field, and left no children. The present Duke of Dorset, an old man, is the uncle of his predecessor; he has inherited the title without the estate.

When I choose I can be as meticulous as anybody! I condescended to read up the guide-book, and put myself in the hands of the housekeeper. This ancient fairy-godmother is very good at showing off the venerable and lugubrious house of Knole, which for melancholy has no rival. Even the part which has been fitted up for the present occupants is no exception to this; much more profound, therefore, is the gloom of that which is given up to memories of the past. Everything there is genuine antique; there are five or six bedrooms, the hall, three galleries, and a saloon full of Jacobean furniture. Panelling, furniture, and pictures all date authentically from this period. The rooms occupied by James I. when he visited the first Earl of Dorset are magnificent; they are decorated with Venetian mirrors; there is a state bed of gold and silver brocade, a filigree toilet-set, ivory and ebony cabinets, and many other curious

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and beautiful things. There are portraits here of all England, and among a vast quantity of rubbish some dozen splendid examples of Van Dyck and Sir Robert Leslie. The park is large, but in no way remarkable; a rapid visit is quite sufficient.

London, September, 1831.—I am always unlucky in my return to London. I got back the day before yesterday, in time to learn of the capture of Warsaw;[1] and to day I arrived from Stoke[2] to hear of the new and serious disorders which had taken place in Paris on the occasion of the defeat of the Poles. The condition of the city was grave at the time of writing, from the details given in this morning's *Times*. I may add that M. Casimir Perier bravely saved Sébastiani from the gravest peril by taking him into his carriage. When they got to the Place Vendôme they were forced to take refuge in the Hôtel de l'État Major; there were loud cries of "*à bas Louis Philippe!*"

To-day the fate of the Ministry will probably be decided in the Chamber. I know that M. de Rigny was very anxious, the previous sitting having been very unfavourable.

I have also received a very sad letter from M. Pasquin.

Our forebodings are turning out only too true.

London, September 20, 1831.—Count Paul Medem arrived yesterday and spent much of the day with me.

He left Paris on Saturday evening. I had plenty of time to question him, and found his judgment sound and cold as usual; he thinks that in France nothing as yet is either lost or saved. It is all, he thinks, a matter of chance; and one can depend on nothing. He brings ill news of the unpopularity of the King and of the ignorance and presumption of everybody. He thinks nothing of anyone but Casimir Perier, and even he makes no secret of his disgust at the little help he gets. I had a sad account of the social and

[1] Warsaw, capital of the Duchy of the same name, had been ceded to the Russians in 1815. In November 1830 a terrible insurrection broke out there, which liberated Poland for several months; but, in spite of a glorious campaign against Diebitsch, Warsaw was finally retaken by Paskéwitch on September 8, 1831.

[2] Stoke is situate in the county of Stafford, and has a great porcelain manufactory founded by Wedgwood.

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commercial condition of Paris. Everything there is unrecognisable; dress, manners, tone, morals and language—all is changed. The men spend their whole lives in the cafés, and the women have vanished. New expressions have become the fashion. The Chamber of Deputies is termed *La Reine Législative;* the Chamber of Peers, *L'Ancienne Chambre.* The latter, as a power in the land, has ceased to exist. It is said that the King was more ready than anyone to abandon the hereditary principle in the peerage, hoping in this way to gain popularity and get a better civil list. No one supposes, however, that it will exceed twelve millions, and in the meantime he is drawing fifteen hundred thousand francs a month.

Several theatres are closed; the Opera and the Italiens still draw, but if the stars continue to appear on the stage it is only the seamy side of society that is seen in the boxes.

It is understood that the Czar Nicolas will only put to death such Poles as murdered Russian prisoners in the course of the sanguinary scenes enacted at the clubs. Siberia will receive the others. What a host of miserable creatures we shall see invading Europe, and more especially France! It is natural to want to shelter them, but it must be admitted that in the present state of France they can only be a new element of disorder. They say that when an *émeute* occurs the refugees from all countries always play a leading part.

The news from Rio de Janeiro is bad for the children[1] left by Dom Pedro. A revolt of the negroes has led to much disorder.

The scenes in Switzerland[2] are deplorable.

Things have been happening at Bordeaux.

Miaulis[3] has blown up his fleet rather than obey Capo d'Istria.

[1] (1) Doña Jennaria, born 1819; (2) Doña Paula, born 1823; (3) Doña Francisca, born 1824; (4) Dom Pedro, born 1825, who in 1831 became Emperor of Brazil under a regency.

[2] On the occasion of the Revolution in France in 1830, new agitations arose in Switzerland. Bâle divided itself in 1831 into Bâle-Ville and Bâle-Campagne.

[3] Miaulis had retired to Paros, and had put himself at the head of the rebellious Hydriotes.

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London, September 21, 1831.[1]—The rioting began again in Paris on Sunday evening, and lasted all Monday morning. There were ominous symptoms of all kinds, and the aspect of the city was very serious. The interpellations announced by Mauguin and Laurence were postponed for twenty-four hours, because it was thought that a partial, if not a complete, dislocation of the Ministry was imminent. Heavenly powers! Where have we got to and whither are we tending!

In this connection it is confidently asserted that the troops at Madeira are ready to submit to Doña Maria. The name of Madeira pronounced (thrown out one might say) six months ago without much thought will turn out to have been prophetic. It is there that we will betake ourselves for refuge!

Jules Chodron[2] is appointed Second Secretary of Legation at Brussels.

London, September 23, 1831.—There was a splendid day yesterday for the ceremony at Woolwich at which I was present. It was very impressive to see the launch of a great ship of war, and to see it towed afterwards into the dock where it is to be rigged.

We were on a platform near the King's; there were crowds and crowds of people, a multitude of steamers and rowing boats, bands, bells and salvoes of cannon without end. It was almost sunshine. The uniforms and dresses were brilliant; in fact, there was everything which contributes to produce an air of high festivity.

The King took a small detachment of the diplomatic corps, which I accompanied, to see a miniature frigate, a present to the King of Prussia. It is a charming little thing made entirely of copper and mahogany, Then he took us to lunch on board the *Royal Sovereign*, an old yacht of the time of George III., much gilded and bedizened. His Majesty addressed himself to me in drinking the health of the King of the French, and to Bülow in proposing the toast of His Prussian Majesty. He forgot Madame Falk, on

[1] From March to September 1831 insurrection, or at least agitation and tumult, was almost continual in the streets of Paris.

[2] M. de Courcel.

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which the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, who was much annoyed, could not refrain from tears, and the King had to apologise to Madame Falk, and drink the health of the King of Holland.

I dined with the Duke of Wellington, who was in very good spirits. He hopes that the Reform Bill will be thrown out by the House of Lords on the Second Reading, which will take place on October 3. Lord Winchelsea, having declared that he would vote against it, was requested by the Ministry to resign his place at Court, but the King would not accept his resignation.

Yesterday evening came an express from Paris, dated the 20th, announcing that the riots are at an end, and that the Ministry has prevailed in the Chamber of Deputies; but, on the other hand, it is said that what has been passed proves that the Belgian treaty must be on the basis proposed in the despatch of the 12th.

London, September 25, 1831.—We have got the details of the sitting of the Chamber at which the Ministry triumphed. The victory was won on an order of the day; worded in a manner honourable to the Government, and carried by a majority of 85. There voted 357—221 for M. Perier, 136 against. Things, therefore, have for the moment resumed some sort of equilibrium, but I have little confidence in the event. The new Chamber has still to show what it means to do about hereditary peerages, about the civil list and the budget, and it does not seem to me to be prepared either to say or to do any good thing.

People are still writing to me praising the high courage of M. Perier, and representing the country as being in a critical condition, and Pozzo as very nervous in spite of his nephew's marriage, with which he is delighted.

Three gentlemen from Arras, introduced by the Baron de Talleyrand, have been dining with us. They belong to the French middle class, and are very proud of the fact. One of the three was a little man of seventeen in the rhetoric class of the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, who is here for his holidays, and is already as talkative and as positive as could be wished.

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He gives every promise of one day bellowing most conspicuously in the Chamber.

London, September 27, 1831.—Yesterday the Conference agreed on a protocol, and heaven knows what will be the result! The Dutch and the Belgians could not come to any agreement, or even within sight of one. So the Conference, in order to prevent the resumption of hostilities to settle finally this difficult, delicate and dangerous question, and to avert the conflagration which is always imminent, constituted itself arbitrator, and will protect the results of its arbitration which is to proceed forthwith. How will this be received at Paris? M. de Talleyrand thinks they will be annoyed at first and will then give way, especially as there was nothing else to be done. "It is," he says, "the one and only way of settling the business."

London, September 29, 1831.—M. de Montrond came yesterday. He speaks with the utmost contempt of Paris, and all that is going on there. He tells me that the King is going to live at the Tuilleries, after a severe battle with his ministers, who on this occasion also have forced his hand. They had a hard task to overcome the Queen's unwillingness, but they have overcome all obstacles and the thing is to be.

It is said that at the Palais Royal the King cannot stir without being greeted with the most cruel epithets. He is received with cries of "*Bavard!*" "*Avare!*" &c. They thrust knives through the inside railings and threaten him. The situation, in short, is horrible.

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CHAPTER II

1832

London, May 23, 1832.—The Duke of Wellington paid me a long visit yesterday. He told me that he was sorry that M. de Talleyrand's personal circumstances had led him to decide to leave England even for a time. No substitute, however excellent, could maintain things at the point to which M. de Talleyrand had brought them. He had the leading position here and a preponderating influence not merely among his fellow diplomats, but also among his English colleagues. He was, moreover, highly respected throughout the country, where the fact that he stood aloof from all intrigue was much appreciated. He was the only man who, "under any ministry," was capable of preserving the solidarity of England and France. He himself feared that the other members of the Conference might take a high tone with M. de Talleyrand's substitute, and when he came back he might find a new situation and ground lost which it might be difficult to recover. Finally, if M. de Talleyrand did not return to London, we could not even be certain that peace would be preserved.

He added that the aspect of things in both countries was very grave, that all the provision which had been made was inadequate, and that no one could predict the result either of Reform or of the revolutionary means which had been taken to obtain it. Who again could say what the Royal caprice might bring forth once the Reform Bill was passed?

The Duke was, as always, very simple and natural, full of

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common sense, and, in his way, which is certainly not gushing, very friendly.

London, May 24, 1832.—M. de Rémusat is here with a letter from General Sébastiani to M. de Talleyrand which he has not yet delivered. He sent me one from the Duc de Broglie, written on the point of his leaving for the country, and, as I think, in much anxiety about the precarious condition of everything in France. He refers me to M. de Rémusat, but I know only too well what he will say. He is clever, but it is a scornful type of cleverness. He is a captious person hide bound in his doctrinaire formulas; even when I used to see a great deal of his set I used to think him particularly disagreeable, and I don't expect that he will do or say anything to make me change my opinion.

London, May 25, 1832.—M. de Rémusat, whom I saw last night, announced that he would call this morning, when he would "tell me what to think of Paris." These doctrinaires always want to teach one something! He has just gone. It takes a long time to learn about France; he has been teaching me for more than two hours!

What I chiefly remember of my lesson is that M. de Rémusat's journey is a kind of mission entrusted to him by the worthy persons who favour a *via media*, such as MM. Royer-Collard, Guizot, Broglie, Bertin de Veaux, and even Sébastiani who is at open war with Rigny. The object of the mission is to persuade M. de Talleyrand to accept the Presidency of the Council, or, if that cannot be, to be the patron of a new ministry in which Sébastiani would keep his place, and which would be strengthened by the accession of Guizot, Thiers and Dupin. The Ministry in its present dilapidated and distracted condition cannot last, but the King must be made to choose stronger men, who will resolutely carry out M. Perier's system, and who have enough talent to impose it on the Chamber. They want M. de Talleyrand to go to Paris and make the King feel the danger of his position so keenly that he will be willing to take this course. This is what M. de Rémusat has been sent to propose to M. de Talleyrand, and what he took the

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trouble to give me a lecture about. M. de Talleyrand is too much determined not to take part in any administration to give way on this point. He has, of course, always meant to speak to the King as his conscience prompts him. But what will he gain by that? Probably very little.

London, May 29, 1832.—What a day we had yesterday! The Drawing-room went on till past five! It was the King's birthday, and His Majesty having learned that the Princesse de Lieven and I were not dining with Lord Palmerston, chose us to represent the Corps Diplomatique at his own party.

There was no one at this dinner, apart from the legitimate and the illegitimate family, besides the suite and a few old friends of the King, such as the Duke of Dorset and Lord Mount Edgcumbe.

The King did not stint his toasts. First he addressed himself to Madame de Lieven, and said that after the many years that she had represented in London a Court always friendly to Great Britain, he had come to regard her as a personal friend. Then to me, "I have not known you for so long, Madame, but the memory which you leave behind you makes us all wish for your return with the restored health which you go to seek at the waters. The delicate and difficult circumstances of your uncle's mission here, in which he has displayed so much integrity and skill, are such that I attach great importance to his returning among us, and I beg you tell him so." Then he turned to Madame Woronzoff and told her how, through her husband, she was as much English as Russian.

Madame de Lieven thanked His Majesty in a word and so did I, but poor Madame de Woronzoff in trying to express her sentiments got so mixed that the King began again, and I thought that the dialogue would never end.

When the Queen's health had been drunk, the King returned thanks for her in English, adding that no princess more deserved the respect and affection of those that knew her, for no one better discharged the duties of her position than she. He then gave us the signal to rise and immediately

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afterwards to sit down again, and, addressing the Duchess of Kent, he drank the health of the Princess Victoria as his sole heir under Providence and according to the law of the land. To her he hoped to leave the three kingdoms with their rights, privileges and constitution intact as he himself had received them. With all this he said, and frequently repeated, that his health was excellent and his strength abundant, that he had no idea of dying, and that in these difficult times it was most necessary that there should not be a minority. So that everybody fell to wondering whether he meant to be agreeable or disagreeable to the Duchess of Kent, who was as pale as death, or whether, owing to the princely pretensions of the Fitzclarences, he wished to make it clear that he recognised no other heir than the young princess as possible. Others assert that it was all aimed at the Duke of Sussex, who was absent because he has been forbidden to come to Court. It appears that the popular party would like to see him on the throne, or, at least, that the King imagines that they would, and that this was the motive of his very lengthy speech.

Before the end of the evening the King twice came up to me to say that M. de Talleyrand must not be away long, that the peace of the world depended on his presence in London, and so on, with many eulogistic and pretty speeches. The number of polite regrets, sincere enough to all appearance, which are being expressed at our departure is really wonderful.

London, May 30, 1832.—M. de Talleyrand has received letters from the King and from Sébastiani, written on the eve of leaving for Compiègne. Both say that they will use all their credit with King Leopold to persuade him to leave everything to the Conference, and so to throw on the Dutch all the odium of a refusal. They wish M. de Talleyrand, however, to secure here the evacuation of Antwerp of which the Dutch won't hear till all the other questions are settled. So far as one can see, the obstinacy of the Dutch does not diminish, and a bad spirit is again abroad in Belgium.

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M. de Talleyrand will leave immediately after the arrival of M. de Mareuil, and hopes before that to have succeeded in establishing an armed force which would be called the combined Anglo-French army, and would be entrusted with the duty of cutting the Gordian knot.

Paris, June 20, 1832.—I expect M. de Talleyrand on the evening of the day after to-morrow.

I am seeing a great many people just now; in fact they are boring me to death. What absurdities, what mistakes, what misguided passions! Poor M. de Talleyrand; he is going to fall into a pretty mess of intrigue!

The present state of affairs, which is condemned by everybody, must necessarily change, at least so far as the Ministry is concerned. The outcry against ministers is general, and alarm is growing. La Vendée, however, is about over, and people believe that the Duchesse de Berry has fled; that, if true, is a great thing. But the state of the Cabinet is pitiable. Its jerky, hesitating conduct of affairs, no less than the innumerable blunders which it makes, foreshadow its downfall. M. de Talleyrand is expected to do great things, poor man!

The real difficulty lies in the character of the head of affairs. How ugly all this is! Sébastiani is day by day failing more; yesterday I was really grieved about him; he is quite aware of his condition, and it makes him very unhappy. To-night I am going with him to Saint Cloud, and I tremble lest he may fall dead by my side in the carriage.

Wessenberg writes to me from London that the Ministry there is cast down, anxious and embarrassed by its triumph, and fears that it may soon fall. I see that in England they are disquieted about the state of Germany. Here the Corps Diplomatique are complaining of Sébastiani's double game in respect of events on the Rhine. In a word, no one is pleased, no one is at ease. We live in strange times!

Paris, September 6, 1832.—M. de Talleyrand has letters which say that the coquetry at St. Petersburg was intended to detach England from her alliance with us, and that they

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had even gone so far as to propose to place Antwerp in the hands of the English. All this has miscarried and coldness has succeeded to civilities. All the difficulties about the Conference now come from Brussels, where the marriage[1] has turned everybody's head, and where they now think themselves able to force France's hand.

Paris, September 21, 1832.—It seems that M. de Montrond hopes to get Pondichery, and is very anxious to go there. Sébastiani's friends say he is quite restored to health since Bourbonne, and is steering adroitly among the difficulties of his ministerial career.

The King of the Netherlands is in an evil mood, and the King of the Belgians is no better. The Conference is flagging, and, they say, has much need of M. de Talleyrand to help it to recover its cohesion.

All the Cabinets are said to be much on edge about what is passing between Egypt and the Porte. Every one shrinks from the consequences which are imminent in the North, South, East and West. They are clearly foreseen everywhere, but no one has the courage to meddle with them.

Paris, September 23, 1832.—The horizon is gloomy all round. Strange events are happening in the East. The condition of Germany and Italy is precarious. The French Cabinet is disunited, there are complications in Portugal, and Holland is growing more and more obstinate. To all this must now be added the sudden death of Ferdinand VII., a civil war of succession between the partisans of Don Carlos and those of the little Infanta, the possibility of Spain interfering in Portugal, and consequently the appearance of France and England in the Peninsula.

Further, there is the change of ministry at Brussels, and the sudden departures of the Duc d'Orléans, Marshal Gérard, and M. le Hon for Belgium. Pandemonium reigns more than ever!

M. de Talleyrand is receiving many letters both from London and from Paris urging him to hasten his departure.

[1] Leopold I., elected King of the Belgians in 1831, married in 1832 Louise, Princess of Orléans, daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French.

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Paris, September 27, 1832.—The resurrection[1] of Ferdinand VII. is very mysterious. It is also very fortunate, for when there are so many complications, the disappearance of even one is something to be thankful for!

1 In 1832 King Ferdinand VII. became so seriously ill that he was thought to be dead. Calomarde then joined the Carlists, and forced the dying monarch to sign a decree cancelling the declaration of 1830 abolishing the Salic Law in Spain.

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CHAPTER III

1833

Valençay,[1] *October* 12, 1833.—M. Royer-Collard passed part of the morning here. He was at once original and witty, serious and vivacious, showed much affection for me, and made himself very pleasant to M. de Talleyrand. He does not openly carp at the present situation, but it is not pleasing to him, and he speaks ill of it in his solitude.

M. de Saint-Aulaire writes from Vienna: "My summer holiday which I have been spending at Baden has not been disturbed by the meetings at Téplitz and Münchengraetz,[2] because I was not given anything to do, and because, for my part, I feel no anxiety about them. But M. de Metternich has just got back to Vienna; we must put our affairs in order, and my holiday is near an end. The measures considered advisable for Germany are apparently very sharp;

1 Valençay, where the Duchesse de Dino had just gone, is situate in the Department of the Indre. The château and the park are magnificent, and the ornamental water is very fine. The house was built in the sixteenth century by the d'Étampes family, from the designs of Philibert Delorme. In 1808 and 1814 it served as the prison of Ferdinand VII. and the Spanish Princes when they were detained by Napoleon I. The Prince de Talleyrand, who had bought the property at the end of the eighteenth century, was very fond of the place and lived there a great deal.

2 The three great allied powers—Austria, Prussia and Russia—held meetings in three successive years either at Téplitz or at Münchengraetz for joint deliberation on the European situation. There by a new secret compact they guaranteed to each other their respective possessions in Poland, whether against external aggression or internal revolution. They also considered the affairs of France and Italy, and the constant activities of Italian societies and refugees in French territory, which were then causing serious anxiety about the tranquillity of the Peninsula. It was finally decided that the Cabinets of Austria, Prussia and Russia should each send a separate note to the Government of King Louis Philippe, urging a more careful surveillance of the revolutionary propaganda.

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were they otherwise the attempt would be futile. Will France be content to look on and do nothing? I think so, unless some independent sovereign cries for help in maintaining his independence. The King of Hanover would be a good leader in a movement of this kind, but if he will not come forward, I have no confidence in Prince Lichtenstein. I know that in England they think M. de Metternich has tricked us, and that he went shares with Russia in the Treaty of Constantinople of the 8th of July last. But I persist in maintaining that he was the dupe, not the accomplice. I hope I am right, not so much for my own self-satisfaction as because the game to play must vary according as the good understanding of Austria and Russia is apparent or real. Frederick Lamb told me yesterday in detail of the Duke of Leuchtenberg's campaign in Belgium. I had heard something of it from the rumours of the town, but not a word from the Cabinet, which has the bad habit of keeping us the worst informed of the diplomatists of any country."

Valençay, October 23, 1833.—The Duchesse de Montmorency is quite fresh on the subject of Prague, her eldest daughter having told her much about it. Charles X. himself took his two grand-children to their mother at Leoben with the precise object of preventing the Duchesse de Berry from coming to Prague; from Leoben it is said she will return to Italy. M. le Dauphin[1] and Mme. la Dauphine refused to go.

They say that Charles X. is much broken, and the Dauphine is aged and very thin and nervous, always in tears. Certainly, however strong her character may be, her misfortunes have been such as to break the highest courage and the most masculine spirit. Beyond doubt she has been more persecuted by destiny than any character in history.

M. de Blacas is in supreme command of the little Court,

[1] Louis-Antoine, Duc d'Angoulême (1773–1844), eldest son of King Charles X., married during the emigration in 1799 his cousin Marie Thérèse Charlotte, daughter of King Louis XVI. and Queen Marie Antoinette, but had no children. After 1830 the Duc d'Angoulême ceded his rights to his nephew, the Duc de Bordeaux (Comte de Chambord), and retired into private life.

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and is more opposed than any one to the proposal that the Duchesse de Berry should settle there.

I have seen a letter from M. Thiers, who says, referring to his marriage: "The great moment is at hand. I am agitated, as is proper; and I am fonder of my young wife than is fitting at my age. This shows I was right to make up my mind at thirty-five rather than at forty, for then I should have been even more absurd. In any case it matters little; I can banish false shame, but there *is* one thing which I find insupportable, and that is to expose those who are dear to me to the insults and the malice of the world. For myself I am inured, but (great as is the necessity) I shall never become inured to the sufferings of those I love. The world must work its will; it would be foolish to wish that so huge a machine should alter its eternal motion to suit one's convenience."

I sincerely hope that his philosophy will not be tried too severely; but, as the proverb has it, "the sin brings its own punishment."

Valençay, November 3, 1833.—I am greatly surprised that the Duc de Broglie has not once written to M. de Talleyrand. He has written three times to me on private affairs, and each time promised a letter for M. de Talleyrand, which has never come.

Mme. Adélaïde has written twice, very kindly expressing her desire that M. de Talleyrand may go back to London, but without any definite inquiry on the subject. I think, however, that she and the King wish it much more than the Duc de Broglie does; and I believe that it is owing to some intrigue between Lord Granville and Lord Palmerston that the King's wishes have not so far been more clearly expressed.

M. de Talleyrand has come to no decision. There are so many real inconveniences in entering on active political life. On the other hand, there are so many real inconveniences in staying in France that even if I wished to advise I do not know what advice it would be best, in the interests of M. de Talleyrand, to give him. He fears—and I think with reason—the isolation, the *ennui* of the provinces, and the

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slackness of country life. Paris he thinks impossible, as he would there be invested in the eyes of the people with political responsibilities which it would not be either in his interest or in his power to discharge. On the other hand, he is under no illusions as to the gravity and the difficulty of the situation which he would find on his return to London, and which would be aggravated by the character of the people with whom he would have to deal on both sides of the Channel. Finally, he knows quite well how easily he might lose, on the turn of a single card, all that he has so miraculously gained during the past three years.

All this agitates him greatly; and me, on his account, even more. We have every reason to apply to ourselves what M. Royer-Collard said in 1830 of the struggle between the Polignac Ministry and the country: "An end there will surely be, but I see no issue."

Valençay, November 10, 1833.—M. de Talleyrand has just heard from the Duc de Broglie and from King Leopold. The former says that the King of the Netherlands is making overtures at Frankfort, that the Germanic Confederation and the Duke of Nassau are on the point of giving way, and that in less than a fortnight Dedel will receive instructions to resume active participation in the Conference. The Duke, and the King also, are most anxious that M. de Talleyrand should come to Paris to settle everything, hear the details of the Conference at Münchengraetz on the affairs of Spain, and then return to London.

King Leopold writes to say that Belgium will pay Holland nothing; this quasi-manifesto being enveloped in a mass of honeyed compliments.

Valençay, November 11, 1833.—The following is the general sense of M. de Talleyrand's answer to the Duc de Broglie: "My dear Duke,—You overrate the goodness of my health, but you will never overrate the warmth of my friendship for you or of my devotion to the King. I cannot give you a better proof of this than by dragging my eighty-two years out of their idleness and retirement in midwinter and getting to Paris by December 4, as I promise you I shall.

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As to going to London, is it really necessary? I am very old, and another would now do as well, perhaps better, than I.

"We shall discuss matters at Paris, and out of my 'long experience,' which you are so good as to consult, I will tell you frankly what I think of all you have to tell me of political affairs. That is all I am good for nowadays. If by any chance you so far flatter my vanity as to make me believe that I am still indispensable for a time in this business, I shall, of course, feel it my duty to do what you ask. But once it is over I shall at once return to my den to resume the torpor which is alone appropriate to my present condition.

"In any case, no harm will be done by leaving things for a week or two in the hands of M. de Bacourt, who, I am sure, is justifying more and more, by his energy and sagacity, all the good that I have said to you of him. Adieu!"

Valençay, November 12, 1833.—People are beginning to be anxious about the situation in Spain. The Northern provinces are all for Don Carlos. Madrid, Barcelona, Cadiz, and almost all the South are for the Queen, on condition that the revolution takes its course. This is what is chiefly agitating the French Government.

The anticipation of the attitude of the Chambers is making the Ministry rather nervous. It will present itself just as it is, but not without fear, for there is a certain difficulty in facing a Chamber which must wish to court popularity if it hopes to be re-elected. The huge expenditure of Marshal Soult, the very slight reduction (in some cases none at all) in other Departments, are difficulties which may become serious embarrassments.

Paris, December 9, 1833.—Our return to London is settled. When I arrived here yesterday I found M. de Montrond on the steps, M. Raullin on the stairs, and Pozzo in the cabinet. I am to dine with him to-morrow. He has a careworn look, and fulminates against Lord Palmerston, who is said to be out of favour everywhere. M. de Talleyrand does not think that the Duc de Broglie lets himself be

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carried away by Lord Granville as much as his Lordship would like, and he has expressed himself in clear terms about this.

M. de Talleyrand does not believe in the possibility of war except between England and Russia, and will make every effort in his power to prevent it. He seems to me on the best possible terms with Pozzo, and to stand extremely well with the King and Madame Adélaïde, who are beginning to distrust Palmerston and Lord Granville and to consider that Broglie is wanting in insight; and, moreover, that he treats them without sufficient consideration and respect. He is certainly behaving with great lack of frankness and confidence towards M. de Talleyrand, but one's financial position must be revealed to those who are to invest one's money.

Lady Jersey has been to the Tuileries; the Duc d'Orléans has been in all things her humble servant. At the palace, indeed, where they are rather badly off for society, everyone was charmed by the arrival of the fair aristocrat from the other side of the Channel, which has been quite an event.

The Faubourg Saint-Germain is more irreconcilable than ever. Napoleon had places which he could bestow, estates which he might restore: he could threaten confiscations. There is nothing of that sort nowadays; and so they all sulk with an easy insolence which is quite indescribable. The fact is that if one is not compelled to go there the Court is too mixed to be attractive. I am sorry about it for the sake of the Queen, whom I both love and honour.

It seems that Baron de Werther is much annoyed with Palmerston and the Duc de Broglie. Certainly there is a great deal of ill-humour in the air, but M. de Talleyrand still says that it will not find its outlet in shot and shell.

Paris, December 11, 1833.—Yesterday I dined, along with M. de Talleyrand, at the Thiers'. There was no one but himself, his wife, his father and mother-in-law; Mignet, who talked platitudes about Spain, and Bertin de Veaux, who talked of nothing but the bull-fights he saw at Saint Sebastian.

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Madame Thiers, who is only sixteen, looks nineteen. She has a fine colour, pretty hair, a good shape, large eyes which have as yet nothing to express, a disagreeable mouth, an unpleasing smile, and a too prominent forehead. She says nothing herself, hardly answers when she is spoken to, and she seemed thoroughly bored with us all. She has no presence, and no idea of how to behave in society, but no doubt she may acquire all this. Perhaps she will take only too much trouble for other people than her little husband, who is very much in love and very jealous—ashamed of it too, I gather, from what he told me. The looks his young wife bestows on him are very cold; she is not shy, but inclined to be sulky, and not at all inclined to make herself pleasant.

I used to think Madame Dosne had the remains of beauty, but I thought on this occasion that she never could have been good looking. She has an unpleasing laugh, which is ironical without being gay. Her conversation is witty and animated, but her dress was pink and girlish, and affectedly simple to a degree which quite astonished me.

Paris, December 15, 1833.—Yesterday I dined with the King. M. de Talleyrand was dining with the Prince Royal. During dinner the King spoke of nothing but traditions and memories of the past and ancient castles. I was quite at home. First we exhausted the topic of Touraine: he promised stained glass and portraits of Louis XI. and Louis XII. for Amboise. He will buy back the remains of Montrichard, and will prevent the ruin of the Château de Langeais. If he does all this my dinner will not have been in vain! He then told me about the restorations he is having done at Fontainbleau, and ended by explaining to me his great plan for Versailles, which is really great and worthy of a great-grandson of Louis XIV. But will it come to pass? The conversation then turned on the new work which he has had done at the Tuileries themselves. He gave orders for the whole palace to be lit up, and after dinner he took me all through it.

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Everything is really fine, very fine; and if the staircase, which is rich and elegant, were only a little broader, it would be quite perfect. This promenade took us from the Pavillon de Flore to the Pavillon de Marsan. Here the King asked me if I would like to pay a visit to his son, and I said, of course, that I would follow the King anywhere. We found the Duc d'Orléans playing whist with M. de Talleyrand, whose friends the Prince had invited to meet him.

The Prince's apartments are too beautifully furnished for a man's; that is the only criticism one can make, for they are full of lovely things found in the Royal garde-meuble, where all the fine pieces of the time of Louis XIV. were placed at the Revolution, and it did not occur to anyone at the time of the Restoration to take them out. The Duc d'Orléans has put a great many of them in his rooms. It is curious how often I have been at the Tuileries without ever suspecting the presence of the interesting things collected there. Thus, on this occasion in the King's room, among other things with which I was unfamiliar, I saw a portrait of Louis XIV. as a baby represented as a sleeping Cupid, and another of Anne of Austria as Minerva. I also saw some allegorical wood-carving of the time of Catherine de Medici, who built the Tuileries.

The King is an admirable guide to his palaces. I wondered during all our conversation how a man could know the traditions of his family so well and be so proud of them, and yet ——. However!

I leave the day after to-morrow for London.

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CHAPTER IV

1834

London, January 27, 1834.—Sir Henry Halford has just been telling me that the late King George IV., whose senior physician he was, asked him two days before his death to say on his word of honour whether the case was desperate. Sir Henry, with a significantly grave face, answered that his Majesty's condition was very serious; whereupon the King thanked him with a movement of his head, desired the Sacrament and communicated very devoutly, inviting Sir Henry to communicate along with him. Lady Conyngham was in the adjoining room. So no human interest was absent from the deathbed of the Royal charlatan while he partook of the Sacrament for the last time.

London, February 7, 1834.—Yesterday I was at Lady Holland's, who finished some story or other which she was telling me by saying, "I didn't get this from Lady Keith (Mme. de Flahaut), for she hasn't written to me for more than two months." Then she added, "Did you know that she hated the present Ministry in France?" "Of course," I answered; "it was you who told M. de Talleyrand all the nasty things she was saying here about the French Cabinet at the time when it was formed." "True," replied Lady Holland, "all the same, the Cabinet must be preserved. Lord Granville has written to Lord Holland to say that we must not believe everything Lady Keith says about the precariousness of the Duc de Broglie's position, for she is a bitter enemy of his and longs for his downfall." I said nothing, and the subject dropped. But, after this, don't speak to me of the friendships of this world!

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Anyhow, they write rather amusingly of M. and Mme. de Flahaut from Paris, saying that their favour at the Tuileries is declining, he being considered a superannuated coquette, and she a foxy old intriguer.

Warwick Castle, February 10, 1834.—I left London the day before yesterday, and got as far as Stony Stratford, where I advise no one to pass the night. The beds are bad even for England, and I never experienced anything more like a trappist's couch. I left yesterday morning in the midst of a bitterly cold and extremely thick fog. It was impossible to get any idea of the country, which, however, from certain occasional glimpses, I believe to be rather pretty, especially about Iston Hall, a beautiful place owned by Lord Porchester. You pass a superb gate, from which there stretches a vast park, beyond which there is a view of a valley which seemed to me charming. Leamington, a few miles further on, is well built and cheerful.

As to Warwick itself, where I arrived yesterday morning, one enters by a fortress gate. Its aspect is the most severe, its courtyard the most sombre, its hall the most enormous, its furniture the most Gothic, and its style the most perfect that you can possibly imagine. Everything suggests the feudal system. A large and rapid river bathes the foot of the great dark old battlemented towers. The monotonous noise of the water is interrupted by the crackling of the great trees which burn in the gigantic fireplaces. In the hall huge logs are piled upon the dogs which stand on slabs of polished marble, and each log requires two men to put it on the fire.

I have only just glanced rapidly at the stained glass in the great broad windows, which are on the same scale as the fireplaces, at the armour and the antlers and the other curiosities of the hall, at the fine family portraits in the three great drawing-rooms. As yet I am only familiar with my own room, which is completely furnished with Boulle and carved walnut, and, in addition to these antique splendours, is full of all the modern comforts.

Lady Warwick's boudoir is also full of interesting things.

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She came to my room yesterday to fetch me, and after showing me the boudoir she took me to the little drawing-room, where we found Lord Monson, the son of her first marriage, a little man, or rather boy, shy and silent, and much embarrassed by the exiguity and weakness of his person. Lady Monson was also there. She is a striking contrast to her husband, being a tall blonde Englishwoman, stiff and bony, with long features and large hands, a great broad flat chest, angular in her movements, and rather like an old maid, but pretty and kindly. Here, too, was Lady Eastnor, the sister of Lady Stuart of Rothesay; ugly, like all her family, but well-bred, like all Lady Hardwicke's daughters. Lord Eastnor, a mighty hunter and a great eater and drinker, was also of the party; and his brother, a parson, who, I believe, has not shaved since Christmas, and who never opened his mouth except to eat. Lord Brooke, the son of the house, is fifteen and very nice looking; his tutor was with him, and was silent and respectful, as tutors should be. Finally, there was the striking figure of Lady Catherine Neeld, a sister of the Ashleys and a daughter of Lord Shaftesbury. She is celebrated for the suit she brought against her husband, of which all the papers were full last year. She is a friend of Lady Warwick's who protects, shelters, and defends her. She is a bold, rather loud person, with a malicious tongue and familiar and somewhat audacious manners. She is well made, has a white skin and beautiful fair hair, but neither eyebrows nor eyelashes. Her face is long and narrow; her eyes have no special merit, and her nose and mouth remind you of what Madame de Sévigné said of Madame de Sforze when she described her as being like "a parrot eating a cherry."

Lord Warwick had a touch of rheumatic gout, and kept his room. No one seemed to miss him.

The lady of the house is far from being in harmony with the splendid pile which she inhabits. She has been pretty without being beautiful; she is naturally witty, but has not improved her gifts by study. She knows nothing of the traditions of her castle. Her disposition is all towards fun

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and informality; her bodily habits are nonchalant, and altogether this plump, lazy, idle little woman seems anything but the natural mistress of her vast, sombre, and almost terrifying house. Moreover, every one seems to me a pigmy in these rooms, to fill which you would require superhuman creatures like the King-maker. Our generation is too meanly proportioned for such an abode.

The dining-room is fine, but less grandiose than the rest of the house. On leaving table a long time before the men we went to the great drawing-room, which is flanked by two smaller ones. In this huge room there are some splendid Van Dycks, and the panelling is entirely of cedar in its natural colour. The perfume of this wood is very agreeable. The furniture is covered in velvet damask, the prevailing tone of which is deep red. There are many really magnificent pieces of Boulle, and several marbles brought back from Italy. The two enormous windows form deep recesses and have no curtains, being simply framed in cedar wood. In this huge area there were only about a score of candles, which reminded me of will-o'-the-wisps, which deceived the eye rather than illuminated the room. I have never seen anything more chilling and depressing than this drawing-room, in which the ladies' conversation was very languid indeed. I kept thinking that the portrait of Charles the First and the bust of the Black Prince would come and join us at coffee before the fire. At last the men came, and after them the tea, and at ten o'clock a sort of supper. At eleven a general move was made to bed, which seemed to be a relief for every one.

During this long evening I thought many times of the description given by Corinne of her mother-in-law's château. At dinner nothing was talked of but county balls and Leamington Spa, and other petty gossip of the neighbourhood. Feature by feature it recalled Madame de Staël's description.

In the morning Lady Warwick took me over the Castle, which I should have got to know better if I had been left to myself, or had been put in charge of one of the two

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housekeepers, the elder of whom is ninety-three. To look at her you would think she was going to tell you all about the Wars of the Roses. The châtelaine cares nothing whatever about all the curiosities with which her domain is stored, and took me through them at breakneck speed.

I did, however, manage to stop for a moment before the saddle and caparison of Queen Elizabeth, which she used on her progress from Kenilworth to Warwick, and I took up the lute presented by Lord Leicester to her Majesty, a wonderfully carved instrument, with the Queen's arms in raised copper on the wood, and close by them the favourite's own, which seemed to me a trifle impertinent. I noticed a curious portrait of the Queen in her coronation robes which showed a terrible resemblance to her terrible father. *Apropos* of this portrait Lord Monson told me a thing I did not know, viz., that Elizabeth, who always affected a youthful appearance, never allowed herself to be painted except in full face and so lighted as to avoid any shadow on her features which might accentuate the lines, and so indicate the number of her years. It is said that this idea was so constantly in her mind that she always faced the light when she gave audience.

The library at Warwick is not particularly remarkable, and did not appear to me to be much used. Queen Anne's bed-chamber with the bed of the period is a fine room.

At ten Lady Warwick and I entered a carriage, Lady Monson and Lord Brooke escorting us on horseback, and we drove through an interesting landscape to the celebrated ruins of Kenilworth. There I was really disappointed, not because the ruins do not give the idea of a vast and noble building, but because the country is so flat, and the absence of trees is so complete, that there is nothing which you could call picturesque. It is true that there is a superb coat of ivy over all, which is good as far as it goes, but is not enough to make a picture.

Lady Monson is less ignorant of the locality than her mother-in-law, and she pointed out to me the banqueting-hall, Queen Elizabeth's room, the buildings constructed by

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Leicester which, though more modern, are more ruinous than the rest, and the gate-house through which the Queen's procession passed, and which was built specially for the occasion. This erection is still in a good state of preservation, and is inhabited by one of the tenants of Lord Clarendon, the owner of the ruins. In the interior there is a chimney-piece with the initials and the crest of Leicester. The wing in which Sir Walter Scott lodges Amy Robsart owes its celebrity to romance and not to history.

I was not allowed to ascend the towers, as the stability of the ruins is doubtful, and only last year Lady Sefton's niece had an accident here. Besides I was assured that the view was in no way remarkable.

We made a *détour* on the return journey and passed right through Leamington. The whole town, and especially the bathing establishment, seemed to me quite pretty. Just now it is gay with hunting men, who live here much as they do at Melton Mowbray.

When we got back it was not yet dark, and Lady Warwick took me to see a pretty view of the River Avon at the bottom of the park, which is beautifully planted. I was also shown some glass-houses, which are neither very well kept nor very full of flowers, but in which is kept the Warwick Vase—a huge vessel of white marble beautifully shaped and carved. It was brought back from the Garden of Trajan by the father of the present Lord Warwick.

To-morrow I return to London.

London, February 12, 1834.—M. de Talleyrand told me that yesterday evening, while playing whist with Madame de Lieven, who had Lord Sefton for a partner, the Princess, with her habitual absence of mind, revoked twice, whereupon Lord Sefton quietly remarked that it was quite natural that these abominable Dardanelles should often cause Madame de Lieven to revoke. This caused much merriment to the company.

I have a letter from M. Royer-Collard in which occurs the following sentence: "I like M. de Bacourt very much indeed. His clear, simple and intelligent conversation is

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charming, and I find no one here who talks so well. Our mutual understanding is complete."

London, February 15, 1834.—The Duchess-Countess of Sutherland called for me yesterday and took Pauline and me to the *Panorama of the North Pole* in which Captain Ross plays a prominent part. Both painting and perspective are beyond anything I have seen of its kind; but everything which relates to adventures so terrible and sufferings so prolonged is intensely interesting.

One of Captain Parry's crew in the *Fury* who had afterwards been with Captain Ross, happened by chance to be there. He gave Pauline a little piece of the fur with which he had covered himself when among the Esquimaux, and presented me with a fragment of granite taken from the most northerly point reached by the expedition. We asked him many questions, and he often recurred to the moment when they sighted the *Isabella*, which rescued them and brought them home. This was on the 26th of August, and he told us that as long as he lived he would drink to the memory of that happy moment on every anniversary.

Last night we had a rout, at which there was nothing remarkable either in the way of dresses or of beauties or of absurdities. The Marquis of Douglas is extraordinarily handsome, and Miss Emily Hardy seemed to me rather smitten with him.

The Ministry was represented by Lord Grey, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Melbourne. The Cabinet is much embarrassed, for every day incidents are happening in the House of Commons which show up vividly the serious divisions in its ranks. Last night Lord Grey's face showed visible traces of this.

London, February 20, 1834.—A new and very ugly story is afloat concerning Count Alfred d'Orsay which is as follows: Sir Willoughby Cotton, writing from Brighton at the same time to Count d'Orsay and to Lady Fitzroy Somerset, cross-directed the letters so that M. d'Orsay on opening the letter which he received, instead of seeing the mistake and stopping at the first line, which ran "Dear Lady Fitzroy," read it

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through and found, among other Brighton gossip, some pleasantries about Lady Tullemore and one of her lovers, and a sharp saying about himself. What did he do but go to the club, read out the letter before every one, and finally put it under cover and send it to Lord Tullemore! The result very nearly was a crop of duels. Lady Tullemore is very ill, and the guilty lover has fled to Paris. Friends intervened, however, and the thing was hushed up for the sake of the ladies, but M. d'Orsay cut (and cuts) an odious figure.

London, February 27, 1834.—The latest joke is to spread rumours of Lord Palmerston's marriage with Miss Jerningham. She was at the Russian Embassy yesterday overdressed and bedizened as usual. Madame de Lieven made her a target for her wit, but couldn't quite get out of inviting her. No doubt, in order to avenge this constraint, she said quite loudly that Miss Jerningham reminded her of the usual advertisement in the *Times:* "A housemaid wants a situation in a family where a footman is kept." Clever and only too true, but most uncharitable! She was good enough to add that the comic papers had christened Lord Palmerston "the venerable cupid."

London, May 1, 1834.—Mr. Salomon Dedel arrived this morning from the Hague, bringing me a letter from General Fagel, which contained the following: "Someone has found out that Dedel had expressed the hope that he might reappear in London armed with instructions to bring the affair to a conclusion." Dedel mentioned the matter to the King, who replied: "The purpose of your absence was to see your relatives and friends of whom you can give news if anybody asks you." Further on the same letter runs: "We wish to be forced by the five powers, and will take no account of a partial coercion like that of 1832. If the powers are not unanimous we shall continue to refuse any definite arrangement. At the worst we prefer the road to Silesia to recognising Leopold."

Madame de Jaucourt, referring to the insane party spirit now in the ascendant in France, writes to M. de Talleyrand that her brother M. de Thiard said at her house the other

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day: "I would give my right arm to have Charles X. back in the place from which we deposed him."

Is it not curious that young Baillot, who has just been assassinated during the late troubles in Paris, should have often boasted of having killed several people during the days of July 1830 in exactly the same way as he was killed himself?

I have just heard of an amusing thing said by the old Marchioness of Salisbury. Last Sunday she was at church, a rare thing with her, and the preacher, speaking of the Fall, observed that Adam excusing himself had cried out, "Lord the woman tempted me." At this quotation Lady Salisbury, who appeared not to have heard of the incident before, jumped up in her seat saying, "Shabby fellow indeed!"

I have just been paying a morning call on the Queen, whom I found much agitated, anxious, and yet pleased, about her impending journey to Germany. The King arranged it without her knowledge and superintended the smallest details. It is he who has chosen the suite, engaged the servants, and selected the carriages. It has all been done in such a hurry that the Queen has not yet recovered from the shock. She doesn't know whether to be glad at the prospect of seeing her mother, who is aged and infirm, or to be worried about leaving the King alone for six weeks. She told me that the King wanted to invite M. de Talleyrand and me to Windsor during our stay at Salt Hill, but that she herself had dissuaded him as it would have led to other invitations, and they would have had to ask, among other people, the Princesse de Lieven, for whom the King does not care.

The Queen coughs and thinks herself quite ill, but she hopes to be restored by her native air.

It is impossible not to be struck, every time one sees her, with the perfect simplicity, truth and uprightness of her Majesty's character. I have rarely seen a person more devoted to duty or more self-consistent in all that she says and does. She is both kind and cheerful, and, though not beautiful, she is perfectly graceful. The tones of her voice

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are unfortunately nasal, but what she says is so full of good sense and real kindness that it is a pleasure to listen to her. The satisfaction she feels in speaking German is very natural, and I feel this every time she does so. I wish, however, that she indulged herself in this way more sparingly in the presence of English people. In her own interest it would be better for her if she had more of the Englishwoman in her; no one could have remained more characteristically German than she has, and I fear that this sometimes gives offence. How is a monarch to escape doing so nowadays? They are made responsible for everything and are always threatened with punishment merited or unmerited. The poor Queen has already a sad experience of the bitterness of unpopularity and of calumny. She has always faced attack with dignity and valour, and I am sure she has courage enough to confront any danger.

This is St. Philip's day; the Lievens and Lady Cowper dined with us, and Prince Esterhazy came in afterwards. I have noticed for some time a certain sharpness in his manner to the Lievens which is unusual in him. The pleasantries which he addresses to the Princess soon turn to irony. I suspect that on her side she will not regret his departure. She has never managed to subdue him; he slips through her fingers, and his jests, always subtle and sometimes malicious, embarrass her and put her out. They are constantly on their guard with one another, and they make up for the resulting constraint by frequent interchanges of pin pricks.

The Queen told me that Esterhazy, when lately at Windsor, spoke to her of M. de Talleyrand with the greatest enthusiasm, saying that one of his greatest pleasures was to listen to his conversation. He added, that when he got home he often made a note of what he had heard from M. de Talleyrand. It seems that Esterhazy keeps a journal in great detail. He told the Queen so, and explained that this habit was of such long standing that the journal already filled several large volumes, which he was fond of re-reading. The Queen was surprised, not unnaturally, to discover such a sedentary habit so consistently maintained

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by one whose manners were so restless and whose ideas were so often scattered.

Lord Palmerston since our return from France has never accepted an invitation to dinner with us, and has never come to a single one of our receptions. However, we invited him again to-night, and thought that the presence of Lady Cowper might attract him, but he sent excuses at the last moment.

London, Friday, May 2, 1834.—Alva writes that he hears from his nephew, the Marquis de Miraflorès the Spanish Minister in London, that Lord Palmerston never ceases praising the brilliancy of his diplomatic *début* here. The marquis, being a fool, does not perceive the cause of this eulogium, which is, of course, the treaty of quadruple alliance proposed by him at Lord Palmerston's own instigation, the results of which, though by no means apparent as yet, may be more embarrassing than pleasing to its author and to France.

M. de Montrond writes to M. de Talleyrand to say that he has caused his desire to come to London to be intimated to M. de Rigny, who, before allowing him to go, desires him to make sure whether M. de Talleyrand would like it. M. de Montrond is much annoyed at this obstacle, but I am grateful to M. de Rigny for having raised it. As a matter of fact, last year M. de Montrond professed to be charged with a secret diplomatic mission, and was simply a nuisance. The bad temper he felt and showed when he was not admitted to the secret concerns of the Embassy often made him forget his manners, annoyed M. de Tallyrand and was most unpleasant for everybody. For the last eighteen months M. de Montrond has had the management of a thousand Louis of the Foreign Affairs Secret Service money: I doubt if he ever gives them back the change!

In London all the workmen are in rebellion; the tailors have stopped work for want of bands. It is said that on the cards for Lady Lansdowne's ball there was inscribed: "The gentlemen to appear in their old coats." Now the laundries have caught the infection, and soon we shall have to wash our own linen like the princesses in the *Odyssey*.

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London, May 3, 1834.—M. de Talleyrand speaks with as much truth as wit of the "dangerous benevolence" of Lord Holland. With the most perfect geniality, the most equable temper, the gayest pleasantries, and the most obliging manner in the world, his Lordship is always ready to set light to the revolutionary train, and he feels the greatest annoyance of which he is capable when he is unsuccessful.

Yesterday I dined with Sir Stratford Canning. His house is curious, beautiful, admirably planned and full of souvenirs of Constantinople and of Spain. He himself is full of courtesy and learning; his conversation is witty, and if it were not for a certain contraction of the lips which spoils an otherwise fine face, and for the oppressed air of his wife, one could hardly understand the bad accounts of him which one hears almost everywhere. This, at least, was the pretext on which the Czar refused to receive him last winter as Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

London, May 4, 1834.—Koreff is a braggadocious creature with a vein of indiscreet curiosity which I have sometimes noticed on the Continent, and which here inspires me with the most profound mistrust. His wit and his learning are lost among the bad features of his character, which often make him quite impossible. He lives on gossip of all kinds, public and private, and when he can get nothing else to talk about he talks about medicine. Then he assumes the physician and deifies his art. You hear of patients saved by him when all hope was gone; of his marvellous discoveries, of magnetism, homeopathy true and false, of things natural and supernatural, possible and impossible. Everything serves to magnify his importance, to surround the poor creature with an atmosphere of the marvellous, which covers his want of real dignity.

We had him to dinner with Sir Henry Halford, and I don't think they took to each other. What, indeed, could they have in common? Science perhaps, if by science they both understood the same thing. Sir Henry is a suave and polished person—measured, discreet, supple, and deferential;

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a perfect courtier, a man of fortune, highly respected, and a great practitioner. He has never sought to be anything to the great but their doctor, and consequently, without seeking it, he has found himself in all family and State secrets. Koreff, on the other hand, poses as a man of letters and a statesman, and has thus made persons in great places chary of having him as their doctor. This was how he came to grief at Berlin; he will find it difficult to regain his ground at Paris, and he won't, in my opinion, be a success in London.

A propos of gossip and indiscreet curiosity, I cannot forget a very true reflection which the Duke of Wellington has just imparted to me on the subject of Alava. "Whoever aims at being in everybody's confidence," said his Grace, "must necessarily give his own confidence to more than one person, and this he usually does at some one else's expense." The Duke's honest commonsense is admirable. I had a long talk with him to-day at dinner, and I should like to remember everything he said. Truth and simplicity are becoming so rare that one is anxious to gather up the crumbs.

The Duke of Wellington's memory is very sure. He never quotes inexactly; he forgets nothing and never exaggerates; and if there is something a trifle abrupt, a little dry and military in his conversation, what he says is nevertheless attractive owing to its naturalness, its fairness, and the perfect good manners with which he says it. His manners are indeed excellent, and a woman has never to be on her guard against a conversation taking an awkward turn. In this respect he is much more reserved than Lord Grey, though in many ways the latter's education is more elaborate and his intelligence more cultivated than the Duke's.

The Duke of Wellington made a rather striking remark to me about the English character, to the effect that no people have a greater hatred of crimes of violence. In England a murder is discovered with the greatest promptitude. Every one helps to discover the assassin; tracks him

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out and denounces him, and is eager that justice should be done. He assured me that the English soldier is the least cruel in the world, and that once a battle is over he hardly ever commits deeds of violence. He is a great robber, no doubt, but not a murderer.

The excessive and *naïve* vanity of Lady Jersey, which amuses the Duke, led us to talk of Madame de Staël, with whom he was well acquainted, and whose absurd pretensions struck him as much as her wit and eloquence dazzled him. Madame de Stäel, who wished to appear to his Grace in every character—even in the most feminine—observed one day that what she liked most in the world to hear was a declaration of love. She was so elderly and so ugly that the Duke could not help replying, "Yes, when you can be sure that it is genuine."

Lady Londonderry, who is celebrated for her eccentricities, being near her time, and certain she would have a son, has ordered a little hussar costume—the uniform of her husband's regiment. When she was ordering it she told the tailor that it was for a child six days old. "Your ladyship means six years?" replied the tailor. "No, indeed," answered Lady Londonderry; "six days; it is for his baptism!"

In the last years of George IV. the Duke of Cumberland enjoyed a good deal of his favour. Yet it was then that the King said, in reply to the Duke of Wellington's inquiry why H.R.H. was so universally unpopular: "It is because there are no lovers, no brothers and sisters, no friends, whom the Duke of Cumberland would not set by the ears if he came among them." It is said, however, that the Duke is no fool, but so cross-grained that he spoils everything he touches.

The Queen's approaching departure for Germany is causing anxiety to the King's best friends. It appears that his Majesty, who is the best of men, is subject to occasional attacks of strange excitement, that he takes extraordinary ideas into his head, and that his condition is sometimes so abnormal that he threatens to lose his balance altogether.

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The Queen, with her watchful kindness and her excellent good sense, watches over him at these crises, cuts them short, exercises a calming and moderating influence, and brings him back to a proper frame of mind.

At the present moment the King is very angry with Dom Pedro about the last commercial decree, which was published in Portugal the very day before the signature of the treaty of quadruple alliance in London. His annoyance will probably not carry him so far as to refuse to ratify the treaty, for with all his goodness the poor King is not very "consistent," as they say here.

I am told that Lord Durham was so uplifted by the reception prepared for him two years ago at St. Petersburg by the efforts of Madame de Lieven, and by that which he obtained recently at Paris (thanks to M. de Talleyrand's letters), that he doesn't think that a private situation is any longer worthy of him. His plan, of which he makes no secret, is to turn out Lord Grey, his father-in-law, and to put himself in his place, or at least to get into the Cabinet, the result of which would be the resignation of all the other members. He would, perhaps, consent to be satisfied with the Viceroyalty of Ireland, or as a last resort to take the Embassy at Paris; but if all these fail, he declares that he will put himself openly at the head of the Radicals and declare a war to the knife on all existing institutions.

I know that Pozzo is writing hymns in honour of the King of the French, reminiscences of which occur in the speech he has just made on the occasion of the Feast of St. Philip. He doesn't mind M. de Rigny, for, as a matter of fact, it is the King who is now his own Minister of Foreign Affairs. Above all, he seems much pleased to be rid of M. de Broglie, whose passion for argument, scornful manners, and exclusive devotion to Lord Granville did not smooth or sweeten his relations with the rest of the diplomatic corps.

Pozzo, like many others, does not think that France has got through her revolutionary troubles. He seems anxious about the future, and I think this feeling is shared by all who are not blinded by preposterous over-confidence,

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London, May 5, 1834.—I have just heard a piece of very sad news, my excellent friend the Abbé Girollet is very ill. I shall soon have no one left to love, no one in whose affection I can trust. The dear Abbé was so happy at Rochecotte in his pretty house among his books, his flowers, his poor, and his neighbours. It was a touching picture which I had few opportunities of enjoying, and which I shall probably never see again. It will remain to me as a dream cut short by my absence, but pleasant to remember while life lasts, for it will be consecrated to the purest and most faithful of God's servants, to the most faithful of friends, to the most tolerant of men.

The Duchess of Kent gave a reception last night in honour of her brother, Duke Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg. There was such a crowd that it was like one of the Queen's drawing-rooms. The young Princess Victoria struck me the moment I saw her as having grown a little and as being paler and thinner. By this she is much improved, though still too small for the fifteen years which she will complete in three weeks time. The little queen that is to be has a fine complexion and magnificent chestnut hair. In spite of her small stature she is well made; she will have pretty shoulders and fine arms, her expression and her manners are sweet and kindly, she speaks several languages fluently, and it is said that she is being very carefully educated. Her mother and the Baroness Lehzen, a German lady, take complete charge of the Princess. The Duchess of Northumberland only fulfils her functions as Governess on State occasions. I have heard the Duchess of Kent reproached for surrounding her daughter so much with Germans that her English accent is defective.

London, May 6, 1834.—Last night I dined at Lord Sefton's; he was just back from the House of Lords, where Lord Londonderry had been renewing his attack of a few years ago, and accusing the Government of being managed and duped by "that wily politician" M. de Talleyrand. His expressions are as unalterable as his opinions, for they are the very ones he used three years ago. On that

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occasion he was sharply taken up by the Duke of Wellington, who, though belonging to the same party as Lord Londonderry, made the rude speech of the latter the occasion for a most flattering reference to M. de Talleyrand. It seems that Lord Grey did the same yesterday. To him it came much easier, for it was his own cause that he was defending; still I am obliged to him, though I do not class what he did with the conduct of the Duke of Wellington.

I went with Lady Sefton to the opera of *Othello*. It used to be my favourite opera, but yesterday it did not impress me so favourably. Rubini, with all the grace and expressiveness of his singing, lacks the ringing force which made Garcia incomparable in the part of Othello. The orchestra was meagre, and the concerted pieces were not worked up enough. Mlle. Grisi acted and sang well; I thought her better than Mme. Malibran, but she fell short of the sublime simplicity and greatness of Mme. Pasta. There are more beautiful voices than hers and more beautiful women than she, but Mme. Pasta and no other is the true Tragic Muse, and no one can replace her in my admiration or in my recollection. When she was making her *début* at Paris, Talma, who was still alive, was transported by her words, her poses, and her gestures, and exclaimed: "That woman has discovered in a day what I have been seeking for thirty years."

London, May 8, 1834.—I have already spoken of the good action performed three years ago by the Duke of Wellington in answering Lord Londonderry's attack on M. de Talleyrand. He completed it the day before yesterday by showing openly by repeated exclamations of *Hear! Hear!* how thoroughly he agreed with the high opinion which Lord Grey expressed of M. de Talleyrand. Several people have been kind enough to seize the opportunity of expressing their regard for M. de Talleyrand. Prince de Lieven and Prince Esterhazy, at the King's levee yesterday, both thanked Lord Grey for doing justice to their veteran colleague.

M. de Rigny writes confidentially to M. de Talleyrand

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that the marriage of Princess Marie of Orléans to the second brother of the King of Naples has been decided, and that the contract will be prepared with Prince Butera, who has just arrived in Paris. The admiral seems to think that certain questions of interest will delay the conclusion of this affair. I should be sorry, for the Orléans Princesses—pleasant, well-mannered, well-dowered great ladies as they are, are none the less difficult to marry. There is about them a faint aroma of usurpation which deters certain princely families from an alliance with them. It is curious that King Louis Philippe, who has for his children the sort of affection which it is the fashion to call bourgeois, is so stiff about helping the Princesses, his daughters, out of their difficult position by the large dowries to which they are entitled. Princess Marie would be better in Italy than anywhere else. She has any amount of imagination and vivacity, but her deportment is defective, and in spite of an education which should have assured her principles, she has a freedom of manner and conversation which might produce an idea (utterly mistaken as it would be) that they were not very solid in their foundations.

Yesterday we carried out our plan, formed more than a year ago, of visiting Eltham, a barn which once was a banqueting-hall of the Kings of England. From the days of Henry III. down to the time of Cromwell, they frequently occupied the palace of which this hall was a part. Its proportions are fine, but it is no longer possible to judge of its decoration. Several pieces of wall, the moat, now planted and watered by a pretty brook, and a Gothic bridge covered with ivy and very picturesque, show the former extent of the Royal manor.

Yesterday we dined with the Duchess of Kent. The strong scent of the flowers with which her small and low rooms were crowded, made them unwholesome without making them pleasant. Everything was stiff and sombre at this party to which a few of the nobility and the more important of the diplomatic corps were invited to meet the Royal family. The Princes present were on far from good terms,

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The King was cross with the Duchess of Kent. The Duke of Cumberland was absent for the good reason that he wasn't invited, not having called on his sister-in-law since his return from Berlin. Everything down to the arrangement of the chairs, which made conversation impossible, emphasised the weariness of the evening. The proceedings were interminable, the room was very hot, our hostess was visibly ill at ease. She is not uncivil, but has an unnatural sort of air, awkward and pedantic at the same time. The Duke of Somerset took the most sensible course and went to sleep, leaning against a pilaster, immediately after dinner.

Everybody was disposed to criticise, and hardly concealed their desire to do so. The Queen complained of the heat, and at dessert said to the Duchess that if she had eaten enough it would be a mercy if she might leave the table. The King said to his neighbours that the dinner was *à l'entreprise*, and pretended not to understand a word of what Duke Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg was saying. His Highness, who is the Duchess of Kent's brother, is ugly, awkward, and embarrassed; he has made no great impression here, especially not with the King, to whom he showed no great anxiety to be introduced. His Majesty, on the other hand, kept him waiting for a long time before receiving him, which made the Duchess of Kent very cross.

Madame de Lieven pointed out to me the familiarity with which Esterhazy addresses and treats the Royal Family. She professed to be much scandalised, and said that the fact that he was a relation (to which I referred) was no excuse at all. They are always rivals, and this, they say, was very marked in the late reign. The Princesse de Lieven by cultivating first Lady Hertford and then Lady Conyngham, and by reason of her thinness, which kept the favourite from fearing her as a rival, managed to get into the King's intimate circle, and thus she contrived to get even with the Esterhazys, whose pleasant manners, great position, and family connection, naturally brought them nearer to the throne.

The absence of Lord Palmerston, who should have been asked to meet the ambassadors, was much noticed. It is

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said that he is in the Duchess of Kent's black books, and that when he bows to her at Drawing-rooms she never says a word to him. It was a surprise, also, not to see the Saxon Minister, a sort of family envoy for the Queen, for the Duchess herself and, above all, for Duke Ferdinand, to whose person he is officially attached.

The Duchess of Gloucester could not deny herself the pleasure of ending a civil and apologetic phrase by a charitable remark on the innate awkwardness of the Duchess of Kent, and the Princesse de Lieven was bold enough to recall the fact that George IV. used to speak of his sister-in-law as "the Swiss Governess." Whatever be the faults of the Duchess of Kent, it must be admitted that her political conduct shows much prudence. As she will, no doubt, be called upon to act as Regent, this is not unimportant. No one knows what her political opinions are, or to what party she leans. She invites them all, mixes them well at her parties, and keeps everyone in a state of perfect balance. Her obstinate conduct towards the Fitzclarences is small-minded of her, and to explain it she affects a ridiculous prudery. I know that in answer to the remonstrances of Lord Grey on the subject, she said, stupidly enough: "But, my lord, you would not have me expose my daughter to hear people talking of bastards and have her asking me what it meant." "In that case, madam," replied Lord Grey, "do not allow the Princess to read the history of the country which she is destined to rule, for the first page will teach her that William of Normandy was called the Bastard before he was called the Conqueror." It is said that the Duchess was much annoyed with Lord Grey.

London, May 9, 1834.—M. de Talleyrand learns by telegraphic despatch from Paris that a Secretary of Embassy coming from Spain brings news that Don Carlos has left the Peninsula, and is embarking for England, which he wishes to choose as arbitrator in his family quarrel about the Crown. This seems very improbable, and before believing it everybody is awaiting comfirmation.

The curiosity and interest aroused by M. de Talleyrand

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in England are as great as ever. As we were leaving our carriage at Kensington the other day, we saw women being lifted up by their husbands in order to see him better. Scheffer's portrait of him is now with Colnaghi, the print-seller, for the purpose of being engraved. It attracts many interested spectators, and the shops in front of which M. de Talleyrand's carriage stops are immediately surrounded by a crowd. The portrait at Colnaghi's is placed next to that of Mr. Pitt. "There is a man who made great events," said someone, pointing to the latter, "he" (indicating M. de Talleyrand) "was clever enough to foresee them and profit by them."

M. de Talleyrand told me yesterday that when he got rid of his priest's orders he felt an extraordinary desire to fight a duel. He spent two whole months diligently looking for a quarrel, and fixed on the Duc de Castries, who was both narrow-minded and hot-tempered, as the man most likely to gratify him. They were both members of the Club des Echecs, and one day when they were both there M. de Castries began to read aloud a pamphlet against the minority of the nobility. M. de Talleyrand thought he saw his chance, and requested M. de Castries to stop reading what was personally offensive to him. M. de Castries replied that at a club everybody might read or do what he pleased. "Very well!" said M. de Talleyrand, and placing himself at a *tric-trac* table near M. de Castries, he scattered the pieces lying on it with so much noise as to drown entirely the voice of the reader. A quarrel seemed inevitable, and M. de Talleyrand was delighted, but M. de Castries only flushed and frowned, finished his reading, and left the club without saying anything. Probably for him M. de Talleyrand could not cease to be a priest.

London, May 10, 1834.—Yesterday I read very hurriedly M. de Lamennais' book the *Paroles d'un Croyant;* it is the Apocalypse according to a Jacobin. It is, moreover, very tedious, which surprises me, as M. de Lamennais is a man of much intelligence and undeniably has talent. He has just reconciled himself with Rome, but this will break the peace,

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for his sworn enmity to all temporal power must be displeasing as much to the Pope as to any autocrat.

It was much whispered yesterday that the King of England was feeling more keenly than usual the influence of the spring season, during which every year his physical and mental equilibrium is markedly disturbed. When one thinks of the family history of the House of Brunswick one finds reason to be alarmed.

I never heard on the Continent of the malady known here as "Hay Fever," which shows itself at the time when the hay is cut. At this time many people, the Duke of Devonshire and Lady Grosvenor among the number, suffer from fever, insomnia, and much nervous trouble. Those who suffer from this disorder come back to town and avoid all meadows and the scent of hay.

The King's physical malaise, however, is accompanied by a curious mental agitation and a strange loquacity. If this unpleasant state of matters is not ended by July, I am convinced that the Queen will disregard his wishes, and will not go to Germany. She alone has any salutary and moderating influence on him at such times.

I hear from Paris of the marriage of Elisabeth de Béranger to Charles de Vogüé, one of my cousins, who is both well bred and well endowed. She was much sought after, for, besides her birth and fortune, she has both beauty and talent. I knew her well when she was a child—a charming creature, with much vivacity and a strong will of her own—a characteristic which has probably become more marked since her mother's death, as she is an only child and worshipped by her father.

Another marriage is also announced—that of my niece *à la mode de Bretagne*, the Princesse Biron, whose *fiancé* is Colonel Lazareff, an Armenian in the Russian service. He is said to be fabulously rich, and to possess palaces in the East, and gems and treasures of all kinds. I don't know what brought him to Dresden, where he made my niece's acquaintance while she was staying with her sister, the Comtesse de Hohenthal. She is said to be very much in love,

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but I confess that this Armenian origin, this splendour in the manner of the Arabian Nights, make me rather anxious. Sorcerers and swindlers often come from unknown countries; their jewels often turn to coal-dust; they can rarely face the light of day. In a word, I should have preferred for my niece a man who was rather better born, rather less wealthy, and rather less oriental.

London, May 12, 1834.—The febrile and nervous condition of the King of England becomes more and more marked; he really says the most bizarre things. At the State Ball he said to Madame de Lieven that people's minds had been rather unbalanced lately, and pointing to his cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, he added: "Now, for instance, *he* believes in the transmigration of souls, and he thinks that the souls of Alexander the Great and Charles the First have passed into his." The Princess replied rather flippantly: "The dear departed must be much astonished to find themselves there!" The King looked at her with an uncertain air and went on, "Fortunately he is not clever enough to bring his head to the block;" which for His Majesty is really not so bad.

What is more serious than these absurd speeches is that he sleeps ill, has frequent fits of anger, and has a childish military mania. Thus he goes to the barracks, gives the most preposterous orders without consulting the officers, reduces the regiments to disorder, and makes himself the laughing-stock of the troops. The Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Gloucester, both Field Marshals, and Lord Hill, the Commander-in-Chief, thought it their duty to make joint representations in respectful but serious terms. They were very ill received, Lord Hill being especially mishandled by his Majesty, who frightened him very much. If the poor King's mind were to give way they say it would certainly be on the subject of the army, for he thinks he has great military talent, or about women, with whom he thinks he is irresistible. They say that his only reason for hastening the Queen's departure is his desire to be a bachelor for six weeks.

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He has already taken time by the forelock in handing to the Queen all the presents that she will find it necessary to give while on the Continent. The Royal Family is very anxious; they would like to prevent the King from exposing himself so much to the sun, from drinking so much sherry, from seeing so many people. They want him, in fact, to lead a more retired life till the present crisis, which is so much worse than its predecessors, has quite passed off, but he is very hard to manage.

Among his strangest remarks I must quote his inquiry addressed to Prince Esterhazy, "whether people married in Greece?" "I ask," he added, noticing that the Prince was rather astonished, "because, as of course you know, there are no marriages in Russia."

The good Duke of Gloucester, who is much attached to the King, is sincerely grieved. As to the Duke of Cumberland, he doesn't hesitate to proclaim in the clubs that the King is mad, and that it is his father's case over again. This is neither brotherly nor filial. Some people are already beginning to consider who would get the Regency if this sad state of matters should persist or become acute; it is still rather a feverish condition than absolute insanity. The Duchess of Kent doesn't count so long as the King lives and may have children. The Princess Victoria, heiress-presumptive, is not of age, and the question would therefore be between the Queen and the Duke of Cumberland, both of whom are almost equally unfavourable to the present Cabinet. Thus things will be allowed to go pretty far before the existence of the evil is admitted. Yesterday Lord Grey was saying with a great affectation of emphasis, that the King was never better in his life.

When it became known here that Jerome Bonaparte intended to come, the Court of Würtemberg was warned that it would be undesirable that he should bring the Princess, his wife, along with him, as, in spite of the near relationship, she could not be received. Jerome, therefore, came alone, and in spite of the hint he had received he sought an audience with the King which M. de Mendelsloh,

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the Würtemberg minister, was foolish enough to request. The moment the King heard of it, he said: "He may go to the Devil." He is so touchy about the Bonapartes that he very nearly forbade the Duke of Sussex to come to Court for having received Lucien, and took it very ill that the Lord Chancellor exposed the Duke of Gloucester to the chance of meeting the Prince de Canino at one of Lady Brougham's parties.

Lord Durham dined with us yesterday for the first time, and I had my first opportunity of a direct conversation with him. I watched the movements of his face, which is praised highly, and with reason; but I noticed that it does not improve when he is speaking, and his smile suits him ill. His lips express bitterness more than anything else, and all that comes from within seems to diminish his good looks. A face may remain beautiful even when it ceases to express kindness, but a laugh which is not genial impresses me most unfavourably.

Lord Durham passes for a wit. He is ambitious, irascible, a spoilt child of fortune; the most susceptible and the vainest of men. For all his pretensions to a nobility dating from the Saxons, while his father-in-law, Lord Grey, is content to trace his descent back to the Conquest, Lord Durham professes all the most Radical doctrines. This, they say, is only a device to obtain power. Heaven grant that it may not be his ruin.

London, May 13, 1834. Charles X. said to Madame de Gontaut on April 25: "Louise's education is finished. I should be glad if you would go the day after to-morrow—the 27th." Mademoiselle who is much attached to Madame de Gontaut was in despair.[1]

The Duchesse de Gontaut behaved with great courage, and spent the 26th in vain attempts to console Mademoiselle, whose new governess is said to be, provisionally, the

[1] The little Court of Charles X. was the scene of two factions, one being the partisans of inertia, though not of resignation; the other, being all in favour of action. Mme. de Gontaut fell a victim to the former, a letter in which she expressed disapproval of the situation to her daughter, Mme. de Rohan, having been intercepted. The King, whom she accused of weakness, reproached her violently, and after the interview she finally left Prague and the Court.

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Vicomtesse d'Agoult. This is to replace a clever woman by a Saint. All this happened before the Duchesse de Berry arrived; she did not get back till May 7.

I hear that Jerome Bonaparte played the King as much as he could. At the Opera he sits alone at the front of his box, and the gentlemen who accompany him stand behind his chair.

I spent an hour or more yesterday with the Princess Sophia of England. She is well read, a good talker and very animated, and yet on the plea of bad health she lives a very retired life. She is said to possess in a high degree the talent (if it can be so called) of mimicry in which she resembles his late Majesty George IV. I am told that they used to amuse each other very much and mutually drew each other out. Yesterday, indeed, the conversation turned on Mme. d'Ompteda, a good sort of woman, but, to say the least, eccentric, and the Princess was pleased to repeat for my benefit a complaint which Mme. d'Ompteda had made to her of someone at Court. It was the most comic imitation I have ever seen, and I was so convulsed with laughter that I had to beg the Princess's pardon. She did not appear, however, to be very much shocked at my unconventional behaviour.

London, May 14, 1834.—M. Dupin, the elder, has written to M. de Talleyrand to announce his arrival, and signs himself "*votre affectionné Dupin.*" M. Dupin has often taken M. de Talleyrand's part, and I believe to good purpose, but his letters did not use to be so Royal in their terms.

It appears that the Quadruple Alliance Treaty has reached Lisbon and has been approved. The ratification is expected at any moment in spite of the violent anger of Dom Pedro, who is much incensed because France, England, and Spain thought fit to give the title Infante to Dom Miguel in spite of Dom Pedro's decree depriving him of it.

London, May 15, 1834.—It is asserted that M. Dupin is coming to London to show himself, wishing to accustom Europe to his greatness, for it seems that he hopes next session to combine the Presidency of the Council with the

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Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In a time like the present it is no longer safe to describe the most extravagant ideas as chimerical! This is not the first time that M. Dupin has aspired to the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. Two years ago he tried to take it by force, and when the King tried to make him see that he was perhaps not quite fit for this department, M. Dupin had a violent fit of temper, and taking one of his feet in both hands he showed the sole of his shoe to the King, saying, "Ah! Ah! is it because I have nails in my shoes that I am not considered fit to treat with *Monsieur Lord Granville!*" The King, in spite of his habitual indulgence, grew so angry at the increasing insolence of M. Dupin that he seized him by the collar and, pressing his closed fist against his chest, forced him out of the room. This I have from an eye-witness. They were soon reconciled however, and met again on friendly terms. The Parisians have thick skins.

The *Quotidienne* at first praised M. de la Mennais's text-book, but after some hesitation the Faubourg St.-Germain decided to dislike it. They even asked M. de Chateaubriand to undertake a refutation, but he replied that he admired every page and every line of it, and that if he said anything publicly about it at all he would give it the praise which it deserves. M. de Chateaubriand becomes, or affects to become, more and more Republican, and is saying that any form of monarchy has become impossible in France.

The Carlists are going to take part in the elections, and to send as many Republicans to the Chamber as they can when they can't succeed themselves. The words Republic and Republican are now current everywhere and no one is shocked. People's ears have got used to them.

London, May 16, 1834.—This is the most charming time at which to see London. The squares are green and full of flowers; the vegetation in the parks is extraordinarily rich; all the balconies of the houses are packed with plants. All this, with the creepers which cover many of the houses up to the second storey, makes such a pretty picture that one is the less inclined to regret the sun, which would soon put an end to all its freshness.

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The same sort of reflection occurred to me yesterday morning at the Queen's Drawing-room, where the brilliancy of these splendid English complexions, the beautiful blonde hair falling in long ringlets on the rosiest cheeks and the whitest necks in the world, almost prevented one from lamenting the absence of expression and movement which accompanies these beauties. It is the fashion to criticise Englishwomen for their want of style. They walk badly, it is true, but in repose their nonchalance is not ungraceful. They are usually well made and less pinched in their toilettes than Frenchwomen. Their proportions are finer and more developed. They sometimes dress without much taste, but at least each pleases herself and there is a diversity in their dresses which brings out each one very well. The bare shoulders, the flat coiffures, and the long locks of the young girls here, would be very unsuitable in France, where very young girls are almost all small, dark and thin.

I am tempted to apply to Englishmen morally what I say of English gardens and of the beauty of Englishwomen. Their conversation is cold, reserved and unimaginative to a degree which, for a long time, is very tedious. But this feeling gives way to one of real pleasure if one takes the trouble to look for the good sense, the goodness, the learning, and the cleverness which are concealed under the shyness and embarrassment of their exterior. One has hardly ever any reason to regret having encouraged their timidity, for they never become either familiar or indiscreet, and they are so grateful to one for having divined them and for coming to the rescue of their *mauvaise honte* that this alone is a reward in itself. I only wish that they would not expose those miserable orange blossoms to the thick fogs of their atmosphere, that the women would not take the Paris *Journal des Modes* as a model of dress, and the men would not attempt the freer and more animated style of conversation which is current on the Continent. Detestable caricatures when they are copying others, the English are admirable when they are themselves; they are well fitted to their own territory, and they should be judged only on their own ground. An

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Englishman on the Continent is so much out of his element that he runs the risk of being taken either for an idiot or a coxcomb.

London, May 17, 1834.—The Swedish Minister, M. de Bjoerstjerna, who is always singing the praises of his sovereign even in the most trifling matters, was boasting to M. de Talleyrand the other day of the strength, the grace, and the youthfulness which King Charles-John has retained at his advanced age. He was particularly enthusiastic about the thickness of his Majesty's hair, which he asserted was all "as black as jet." "That seems indeed wonderful," said M. de Talleyrand, "but is it not possible that the King dyes his hair?" "No, I assure you," replied the Swede. "Then it is indeed extraordinary," said M. de Talleyrand. "Yes, indeed," continued M. de Bjoerstjerna, "the man who every morning pulls out the white hairs from his Majesty's head must have sharp eyes." This is worthy of the popular reputation of Sweden as the Gascony of the North.

Samuel Rogers the poet is, no doubt, a great wit; but he has a turn for malice and even brutality. Someone once asked him why he never opened his mouth except to speak evil of his neighbours. He replied, "I have a very weak voice, and if I did not say malicious things I should never be heard." He lives with Lady Holland, and amuses himself by exacerbating her fears of illness and death. During the cholera epidemic Lady Holland was a prey to indescribable terrors. She could think of nothing but precautionary measures, and on one occasion was describing to Rogers all that she had done. She numerated the remedies she had placed in the next room—the baths, the apparatus for fumigation, the blankets, the mustard plasters, the drugs of every sort. "You have forgotten the only thing that would be of any use," observed Mr. Rogers. "And what is that?" "A coffin," replied the poet. Lady Holland fainted.

Count Pahlen has returned from Paris. He saw the King privately one evening, not having with him the uniform necessary for a formal presentation. The King said he should like to see him at one of the great balls at the Palace,

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and, the Count having excused himself on the score of having no uniform, the King replied, "Never mind, come in an evening coat *as a member of the opposition!*" As a matter of fact, M. de Pahlen went to the ball, which was splendid in a material sense, and found himself and a group of opposition deputies in plain clothes among the Diplomatic Corps, and what is called the Court who were all in uniform.

Prince Esterhazy came to say good-bye yesterday. He was visibly moved on leaving M. de Talleyrand, who, on his side, was hardly less so. One cannot part from anyone so old as M. de Talleyrand without a feeling of anxiety, and when an old man says farewell he does so with a kind of self-consciousness which is unmistakable.

Prince Esterhazy is generally popular here, and will be justly regretted. Everybody wishes him very much to come back. The subtlety of his wit does not affect the uprightness of his character. The sureness of his manners is beyond praise, and in spite of a certain informality in his bearing, and his ways of behaving, he never ceases to be a great nobleman.

London, May 18, 1834.—This week the King of England seems better. The weather is not so hot, and his excitement has given place to a kind of exhaustion. He has often been seen with tears in his eyes. This, too, is a sign of want of balance, but it is less alarming than the irritability of last week.

Woburn Abbey, May 19, 1834.—This house is certainly one of the finest, the most magnificent, and the greatest in England. The exterior is without interest; the site is low and, I think, rather damp. English people, however, hate to be seen, and, to secure privacy, are quite willing to dispense with an extended view. It is rare that a great house in England has any prospect but that of its immediate surroundings, and you need not hope to amuse yourself by watching the movements of the passers by, the travellers, the peasants working in the fields, the villages or the surrounding country. Green lawns, the flowers round about the house, and splendid trees which block all the vistas—these are what they love and what

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you find almost everywhere. Warwick and Windsor are the only exceptions that I know at present.

The party at present at Woburn are almost the same as those I met on my first visit. There are Lord and Lady Grey with their daughter Lady Georgina, Lord and Lady Sefton, Mr. Ellice, Lord Ossulston, the Duke and Duchess, three of their sons, one of their daughters, M. de Talleyrand and I.

All these people are clever, well educated and well mannered, but, as I observed before, English reserve is pushed further at Woburn than anywhere else, and this in spite of the almost audacious freedom of speech affected by the Duchess of Bedford, who is a striking contrast to the silence and shyness of the Duke and the rest of the family. Moreover, in the splendour, the magnificence, and the size of the house, there is something which makes the company cold and stiff, and Sunday, though it was not kept very strictly, and they made M. de Talleyrand sit down to cards, is always rather more serious than any other day in the week.

Woburn Abbey, May 20, 1834.—Our party has been increased by the arrival of the Lord Chancellor. He talked to me of the great aristocrats of the country, and said that *previous to Reform* the Duke of Devonshire with his £440,000 sterling a year, his castles, and his eight boroughs, was as powerful as the King himself. This expression "*previous to Reform*" well expresses the blow which has been struck at the ancient constitution. I made Lord Brougham admit as much. He maintained that it was necessary, and though he began by saying that he had only clipped wings which had become rather too long, he ended by claiming that a *complete* revolution had been effected without bloodshed. "The great moment of our Revolution," he added with evident satisfaction, "was in 1831, when we dissolved the parliament which had dared to reject our Bill. The people is as imperishable as the soil, and all changes must in the end work for their benefit. An aristocracy which has lasted for five centuries has lasted as long as it can last!" This was the

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point in his conversation which chiefly struck me, the more so as he commenced with a sort of hypocrisy which evaporated sooner than mine. He began by sparing my aristocratic prejudices to some extent, and I returned the compliment by sparing his passion for levelling. Five minutes more of our *tête-à-tête* and he would have got to 1640 and I to 1660.

London, May 21, 1834.—They showed us a corner of the park at Woburn which I had forgotten. It is called the Thornery, because of the number of hawthorns which the enclosure contains. The blossom is very charming just now, and there is a cottage in the middle which is quite pretty.

Lord Holland told the Duke of Bedford that he should take us to Ampthill, which belongs to him and which lies only seven miles from Woburn. Lady Holland wanted us very much to see a fine portrait of herself as a Virgin of the Sun which is there, and which is, in fact, very pleasing; it must have been very like her.

The house at Ampthill is gloomy, damp, ill-furnished, and ill-kept—a sad contrast with one of the most delightful parks you could see anywhere. It is not, however, without some associations of interest. Katherine of Aragon retired here after her divorce, but there is no trace of the ancient castle which was on the mountains, and not at the bottom of the valley like the present house. A Gothic cross is placed on the site of the ancient building, and on the base are inscribed some bad verses, which have not even the merit of being contemporary, commemorating the cruelties of Henry VIII. Another of the curiosities of the place is a number of trees so old that, in the time of Cromwell, they were already past being used for shipbuilding. They have quite lost their beauty, and will soon be like what in Touraine are called "*truisses*."

Lord Sefton said yesterday in the presence of Lord Brougham that all Queen Caroline's defenders had risen to the highest positions in the State, and instanced Lord Grey, Lord Brougham, and others. On this, I said to the Chancellor that I supposed he would now be ready to admit

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that his cause was a very bad one. But he would not admit it, and tried to convince us that if the Queen did have lovers, Bergami was not among the number. He wished us to believe that he at least was convinced of this, and in support of this assertion, which neither he nor anyone else took seriously, he told us that during the last three hours of the Queen's life, when she was quite delirious, she spoke much of Prince Louis of Prussia, of Victorine Bergami's child, and of several other people, but never once mentioned Bergami himself. I thought that for a great lawyer, this style of proof was much too negative and inconclusive.

London, May 22, 1834.—On our return to town yesterday, we heard the news of the Prince de Lieven's recall. This is a political event of some importance; it is a very serious matter for London society. M. de Lieven's excellent character, his cleverness and perfect manners won him friendship and esteem everywhere, and Mme. de Lieven of all women is the most feared, respected, sought after, and courted. Her political importance, which was due to her wit and knowledge of the world, went side by side with an authority in society which no one dreamed of questioning. There were complaints sometimes of her tyranny, of her exclusiveness, but she maintained in this way a useful barrier between really good society and society of the second class. Her house was the most select in London, and the one the *entrée* to which was the most valued. Her grand air, which was perhaps a trifle stiff, was most appropriate on great occasions, and I can hardly imagine a Drawing-room without her. Except Lord Palmerston, who has brought it about by his obstinate arrogance, in the matter of Sir Stratford Canning, I am sure that no one is glad at the departure of M. and Madame de Lieven. M. de Bülow, however, is perhaps also rather relieved to be freed from the surveillance of the Princesse. The part he had to play before her was never a simple or an easy one.

M. de Lieven's appointment as Governor of the young Grand Duke may flatter and console him, but it can hardly give her much pleasure, and she will not care much for the

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frigidity and emptiness of St. Petersburg after twenty-two years spent in England amid political excitements of all kinds.

It would appear that the three Northern Courts, in opposition to the Southern Quadruple Alliance are disposed to conclude a separate engagement with Holland. Little is being said, but arms are being sharpened in silence.

The Cortes is summoned for July 24. The telegraphic news from Spain, which arrived the other day, only caused a flutter on 'Change and evaporated pitiably enough. I hear from Paris that General Harispe has been requested not to telegraph in future anything that is doubtful, and that the President of the Council has been made to promise not to spread news of this kind before it is confirmed.

Admiral Roussin has refused the Ministry of Marine. There was some question of appointing Admiral Jacob. M. de Rigny left the Council quite free to appoint him either Minister of Marine or Minister of Foreign Affairs. The decision is not yet known.

A propos of the departure of the Lievens, the Princesse tells me that some weeks ago when Lord Heytesbury came back from St. Petersburg, Lord Palmerston said to M. de Lieven that he intended to appoint Sir Stratford Canning as Ambassador. The Prince de Lieven wrote to his Government, and M. de Nesselrode replied in the name of the Emperor that the violent temper and unaccommodating disposition, and, indeed, the whole character of Sir Stratford, were personally disagreeable to him and that he desired that someone else might be sent—anyone but Sir Stratford. Lord Palmerston then explained his reasons for wishing to overcome this opposition, and M. de Lieven promised to lay them before the Emperor. The next day he sent a courier with despatches to this effect to St. Petersburg, but the courier had hardly embarked before the nomination of Sir Stratford Canning as Ambassador at St. Petersburg appeared in the *London Gazette*. This piece of discourtesy confirmed the Russian opposition on the one hand, and the obstinacy of Lord Palmerston on the other. The English Cabinet claimed

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to nominate whom it pleased to diplomatic positions, and the Emperor Nicolas, without contesting its right to do so, claimed an equal right on his part to receive only whom he pleased. The breach widens, and the opposition of the two political systems, coupled with the antagonism of individuals, makes one fear that in the present complicated state of international politics peace is neither well established nor likely to last for long.

London, May 23, 1834.—I believe the Cabinet is embarrassed by M. de Lieven's departure, and that Lord Grey is personally very sorry. Lord Brougham also seems to feel how regrettable it all is. I have long letters on the subject from them both, which are very interesting and which I shall carefully preserve.

M. de la Fayette is dead. Though he had all his life never given M. de Talleyrand cause to like him, his death has not been indifferent to the Prince. At eighty-four and upwards it must seem that all one's contemporaries are one's friends.

London, May 24, 1834.—Lord Grey has just paid me a long and very friendly visit. He was much grieved at the departure of the Lievens, but was at pains to refute the opinion that the rudeness of Lord Palmerston was the cause. I could see that he was most anxious that the germs of controversy between M. de Talleyrand and Lord Palmerston should not develop. He could not have shown more personal goodwill to us than he did.

We dined at Richmond with the poor Princesse de Lieven, who is really much to be pitied. I fear that things are really much worse for her than they seem. I think that she flatters herself that she will be able to keep up with things both by reason of the confidence of the Emperor and the friendship of M. de Nesselrode, as also through the favour enjoyed by her brother, General de Benckendorff. I fear, however, that she will soon lose touch with the map of Europe, or that she will only be able to look at it through some very small spy-hole, which would certainly be for her a living death. Her hopes and her regrets are all expressed with naturalness and vivacity, and she seemed to me even nicer

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than usual, for she was keeping nothing back, and was quite simple and unconstrained. Such communicativeness in persons usually reserved always produces a specially striking impression.

The abominable article about her in the *Times*, which is really a disgrace to the country, made her weep at first. She confessed that she was deeply hurt to think that these were the farewell words addressed to her by the people of a country which she was leaving with so much regret. But she soon felt that nothing could be more despicable or more generally despised. In the end she recovered her equanimity so completely that she described in her best manner (which is very good indeed) a ridiculous scene in which the Marquis de Miraflorès played a prominent part. This little creature, whom I have always considered an insupportable idiot, but whose face pleased Mme. de Lieven as it certainly did not please me, came and sat beside her at a Ball at Almacks. The Princess having asked him whether he were not struck with the beauty of the English girls, he replied with a sentimental air, a voice full of emotion, and a long and significant look, that he did not like women too young, and preferred those who had ceased to be so and whom people called *passée*.

The Duchess of Kent has a really remarkable talent for giving offence whenever it is possible to do so. To-day is her daughter's birthday, and she was to have taken her for the first time on this occasion to Windsor, where there was to be a family party in honour of the occasion. Owing to the death of the little Belgian Prince, who was less than a year old, and whom neither his aunt nor his cousin had ever even seen, the Duchess decided not to grace this mild festivity with her presence. Nothing could have annoyed the King more.

London, May 25, 1834.—King Leopold seems disposed to call his nephews to the succession to the Belgian Throne. Does this mean that he has ceased to count on direct descendants? They are annoyed about it at the Tuileries, but I fancy that no one minds very much anywhere else, as

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the new kingdom and the new dynasty are not taken very seriously as yet.

The exhibition of pictures at Somerset House is very mediocre, even worse than last year's. The sculpture is worse still. The English excel in the arts of imitation, but are behind everybody in those which require imagination. This is one of the most conspicuous results of the absence of sun. Surrounded as they are by masterpieces from the Continent British artists produce nothing which can be compared with these! All colour is lost in the fog which envelops them.

London, May 26, 1834.—Lord Grey's Ministry is on the verge of breaking up, owing to the resignations of Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham, which are threatened if he makes further concessions to the Irish Catholics at the expense of the Anglican Church. If he refuses these concessions in order to keep Mr. Stanley, whose parliamentary talents are of the first order, the Cabinet will probably find themselves in a minority in the House of Commons, and the fall of the whole Ministry will be the result. This, at least, is what was being said and believed yesterday, and Lord Grey's careworn face at Lord Durham's dinner-party, and some remarks which Lady Tankerville, with *naïve* silliness, let fall, gave ample confirmation to the rumour. The question will be settled to-morrow (Tuesday the 27th) on the occasion of Mr. Ward's motion.

Madame de Lieven has not concealed from me her hope that, if the Cabinet changes, either wholly or in part, and if Lord Palmerston is among those who go out, there may be a chance of her staying here. She flatters herself that the first act of the new Foreign Secretary would be to ask the Russian Government that M. de Lieven might not be removed. In these circumstances, she added, she would count on the influence of M. de Talleyrand with the new Minister, whoever he might be, to persuade him to take this step.

London, May 27, 1834.—It is a curious thing that Marshal Ney's son, who is in London, should wish to be presented at the Court of England who abandoned his

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father when they might have saved him. It is also curious that he should wish to get himself presented by M. de Talleyrand, who was Minister when the Marshal was arrested and tried, and that his presentation should take place on the same day as that of M. Dupin, who was his father's defender, and that all this should happen in the presence, as it were, of the Duke of Wellington who, without departing in the least from the terms of the capitulation of Paris, might have protected the prisoner, but did not think fit to do so. The young Prince de la Morkowa doubtless failed to make these reflections, but M. de Talleyrand knew very well that others would make them for him, that they would be unpleasant for everyone concerned, and by no means least for the young man himself. He, therefore, declined to make the presentation on the ground that the interval between his receiving the request and the date of the presentation was too short to fulfil the necessary formalities.

Yesterday, at seven o'clock in the evening, I received an interesting note from a confidential friend of the Prime Minister: "Nothing has changed since yesterday, and there is no improvement in the situation. We shall spend to-night in trying to keep the question open, that is to say, to keep it from being regarded as a Cabinet question, and to leave everyone free to vote as he likes. The Lord Chancellor is trying hard to secure the adoption of this expedient, but Lord Grey, who is evidently anxious to resign, may very likely wreck the plan."

London, May 27, 1834.—After much agitation and uncertainty Lord Grey has decided to let Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham leave the Ministry; their example will probably be followed by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Ripon. Lord Grey remains, taking the side of Mr. Ward's motion. For a moment his better instincts suggested that he should resign, but Mr. Ellice, under whose influence he is at present, pushed him in the other direction, and the Chancellor was urgent with the King, who begged Lord Grey to remain.

Yesterday Ministers were singing the King's praises with

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tears in their eyes. The poor King, in spite of his scruples of conscience, has supported Reform, so the Lord Chancellor says he is a great King and joyfully adds, with that verbose intoxication which is so characteristic of him, that yesterday was the second great day in the annals of the beneficent English Revolution. This strange, undignified, unconventional Chancellor dined with us yesterday. He is dirty, cynical and coarse, drunk both with wine and with words, vulgar in his talk and ill-bred in his habits. He came to dine with us yesterday in a morning coat, ate with his fingers, tapped me on the shoulder and conversed most foully. Without his extraordinary gifts of memory, learning, eloquence and activity no one would be more anxious to have done with him than Lord Grey. I do not know any two characters more diametrically opposed. Lord Brougham who was wonderful in the House of Commons is a constant source of scandal in the Lords where he turns everything upside down. He, the Chancellor, is often called to order! He is always embarrassing Lord Grey by his eccentricities; in short he is wholly out of his element, and I believe that he would be only too glad to bury the whole Peerage with his own hands.

Yesterday we had M. Dupin at dinner to meet him, another of the coarser products of the age. He is loud and sententious as becomes a public prosecutor, and he has a heavy plebeian vanity which is always in evidence. The first thing he said to the Chancellor, who remembered meeting him some years before, was, "Oh yes, when we were both at the bar."

Lord Althorp, in the House of Commons yesterday, asked that Mr. Ward's motion might be adjourned in order that the Government might have time to fill the gaps left by the resignation of several members of the Cabinet. This was agreed to.

No one can understand what inspires the Duchess of Kent's continued ill-feeling against the Queen. In spite of the Duchess's refusal to take the Princess Victoria to Windsor, the Queen wished to go to Kensington to see her the day

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before yesterday evening. The Duchess of Kent refused, on some trifling pretext, to receive Her Majesty, who was much hurt. Nobody can understand what motive there can be for such conduct. Lord Grey yesterday attributed it to Sir John Conroy, the Duchess's Gentleman-in-Waiting, who is said to be very ambitious, very narrow-minded, and very powerful with the Duchess. He thinks that if the Duchess became Regent he will be called upon to fill a great position, which he is even now anticipating. He imagines that he has been insulted in some way or other by the Court of St. James's, and his revenge is to sow discord in the Royal family. I heard of the latest scene at Kensington from Dr. Küper, the Queen's German Chaplain, who, on leaving Her Majesty yesterday morning, came to tell me how unhappy the good woman is about it. Lord Grey, to whom I was talking about it at dinner, told me that King Leopold, when he left England, had told him that he was very sorry to leave his sister under such a bad influence as that of Sir John Conroy, but that, as the Princess Victoria was fifteen and would be of age at eighteen, the Duchess would either not be Regent at all or would be so only for a very short time.

London, May 29, 1834.—Princess Victoria as yet only appears at the two Drawing-Rooms which celebrate the respective birthdays of the King and Queen. I thought at yesterday's (which, by the way, lasted more than three hours, and at which more than eighteen hundred people passed the Presence) that this young Princess had made great progress in the last three months. Her manners are perfect, and she will one day be agreeable enough to be almost pretty. Like all Royalties, she will have acquired the art of standing for a long time without fatigue or impatience. Yesterday we all collapsed in turn, except the wife of the new Greek Minister, whose religion accustoms her to remain standing for long periods. She stood the ordeal very well, being further supported by curiosity and by the novelty of her surroundings. She is astonished at everything, asks the strangest questions, and makes naïve observations and mistakes. Thus, seeing the Lord Chancellor pass in his State robes and full-bottomed

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wig, and carrying the embroidered purse containing the Great Seal, she took him for a bishop carrying the Gospels, an error which, in the case of Lord Brougham, was particularly comic.

Yesterday the Princesse de Lieven, for the first time, appeared in the Russian national dress which has just been adopted at St. Petersburg for State occasions. This costume is so noble, so rich, and so graceful that it suits any woman, or rather it suits no woman ill. The Princess's dress was particularly well planned and showed her off well, as the veil concealed the thinness of her neck.

Nothing else was talked of yesterday at Court and elsewhere but the resignation of four members of the Ministry, which deprives it of much of its moral force. This is particularly so in the case of Mr. Stanley because of his great talents, and in the case of the Duke of Richmond because of his great position. The Conservatives are much pleased, their ranks being increased and those of their adversaries, if not numerically diminished, at least very ill-filled. Lord Mulgrave, Lord Ebrington, Mr. Abercromby, and Mr. Spring Rice are spoken of for the Cabinet, but nothing is settled yet.

At the big Diplomatic dinner for the birthday, which took place at the house of the Foreign Secretary, Lord Palmerston had for the first time invited ladies, and sat between the Princesse de Lieven and myself. He was chilly on the right and breezy on the left, and obviously ill at ease, though his embarrassment was not at all increased by the fact that he was not in his drawing-room ready to receive the ladies as they arrived, but came in afterwards without making the slightest excuse.

M. Dupin is being very well treated here by all that is brilliant and exalted in society, and likes it so much that he is quite out of conceit with Paris. He considers that the Court at the Tuileries is wanting in dignity, that the women are not well enough dressed there, that the company is too much mixed, and that King Louis Philippe is not *Royal* enough! What with dinners and drawing-rooms, receptions

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at Court, routs, concerts, the Opera, races, &c., M. Dupin is launched on a course of dissipation which will make a grotesque dandy of him; and the result, if I am not mistaken, will astonish Paris.

Madame de Lieven is fond of talking about the late King George IV. She tells me that he hated common people so much that he never showed the least civility to M. Decazes, whom he saw only on one occasion—when he presented his credentials. As to Madame Decazes, as he held no drawing-room while she was in London, he avoided receiving her at all, and he could not be persuaded to grant her a private audience or to ask her to Carlton House. He behaved with almost equal incivility to the Princesse de Polignac, the obscurity of whose English origin was an offence to him. As to Madame Falk, the reason why she never saw the late King is even more curious. Madame Falk's exuberant Flemish charms are so well developed that they alarmed Lady Conyngham as being likely to be too much to the King's liking, and she always succeeded in preventing her from being received.

M. Dupin was so much struck by the magnificent apparel of the ladies of the English Court that he made a remark to me on the subject, which is really amusing. "The Queen of the French should lay down a rule about Court dress; this would impose on the *bourgeois vanity*, which in our country is always wishing to show itself at Court, the tax of an expensive dress."

London, May 30, 1834.—The Portuguese ratifications of the treaty of Quadruple Alliance have come in at last. They are however inexact and incomplete. The whole preamble of the Treaty is passed over in silence. It is difficult to believe that this is not due rather to malignity than inadvertence. The Attorney-General was summoned to the Foreign Office to discover some device which would make the exchange possible. Nothing could be found to which there was not some objection, but Lord Palmerston was inclined to carry out the exchange leaving the preamble on one side. This would deprive the Treaty of its moral force

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—perhaps the only kind of force which it possesses. The decision on this point will not be reached until this morning.

I have often heard it said that there is no one more astute than a madman; something I have just heard makes me think that this is true. Replying to the congratulations of the Bishops on the occasion of his birthday, the King assured them with tears in his eyes that as he felt himself an old man and near the time when he must render up his soul to God, he did not wish to charge his soul with the guilt of wronging the Church and would support with all his strength the rights and privileges of the Anglican Clergy. This remark was made the very day that His Majesty pressed Lord Grey to remain and to allow Mr. Stanley to resign.

Last night the rearrangement of the Ministry was not completed. What seems to me certain is that no one wants Lord Durham. They say he is in an indescribable state of fury. Lady Durham, whom he has treated with great cruelty as he does every time he is angry with Lord Grey, fainted yesterday while dining with her mother, and her husband did not even turn his head to look at her.

The Marquis of Lansdowne who has quite lately spoken in Parliament in favour of the Church, may very well also retire from the Cabinet. It depends on what happens next Monday in the House of Commons. When she heard this, Lady Holland went in all haste to Lord Brougham's to tell him that she should consider Lord Lansdowne's resignation a great misfortune which should be avoided at all costs. The Chancellor who has no liking for Lord Lansdowne's moderation replied that for his part he thought it would be a very good thing and that he would do all he could to bring it about. Thereupon Lady Holland got angry and enumerating the merits of her friend asked Lord Brougham if he had considered all that Lord Lansdowne represented. "Oh yes," was the answer, "I know that he represents all the old women in England."

London, May 31, 1834.—The English Ministry is rearranged, but none of its characteristics are any more distinct than they were before.

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By means of declarations and reservations it has been found possible to proceed with the exchange of ratifications with Portugal.

I think that this week's work is a poor performance indeed and that its results in the future will be no better.

London, June 1, 1834.—Yesterday I met the Ministers who were leaving office and those who were coming in. The former seemed to me happier than the latter and I think they had reason.

Lady Cowper in spite of her subtle and delicate wit is both nonchalant and naïve. This makes her say things which are startling in their excessive frankness. Thus she said to Madame de Lieven yesterday morning, "I assure you that Lord Palmerston regards you as an old and pleasant acquaintance whom he is very sorry to lose, that he is quite aware of all your husband's excellent qualities, and that he knows that Russia could not be more worthily represented than by him. But you see that that is the very reason why England must profit by your departure." Madame de Lieven was no less struck by the sincerity of the avowal than annoyed by its implication.

Lady Cowper rather thoughtlessly also showed her a letter from Madame de Flahaut in which, after expressing some polite regret at the recall of M. de Lieven, she lamented the choice which had been made of a *chargé d'affaires*. He was, she said, a venomous and wicked little wasp, fiercely Russian in sentiment, a savage enemy of Poland, and to sum all up in one word a cousin german of Madame de Dino, which she added is very much against the interest of England whose one object must be to keep Russia and France apart.

For the rest it is said that Pozzo is delighted that my cousin Medem is leaving Paris. He has always praised him and treated him well, but perhaps Paul's direct and intimate relations with M. de Nesselrode had begun to embarrass Pozzo. I don't believe it however.

Yesterday, while dining with Lord Holland, M. Dupin showed rather too much of the legislator. Poor Lord Melbourne, especially, who was half absent and half asleep,

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was bored with a long dissertation on divorce which was all the more out of place as his wife, who had for long been a source of great trouble to him, has just died insane and under restraint. Lord Holland, who makes friends easily with all those whom he does not wish to hang for their political opinions, told me that he disliked M. Dupin very much, and that he had all the bad points of Lord Brougham with none of his extraordinary ability and versatility.

A propos of the Chancellor I hear bad accounts of his character. For instance it was Lord Holland who forced the Duke of Bedford's hand and so got him into Parliament. For four years thereafter Lord Brougham never set foot in Lord Holland's house. When he did call he did so for no apparent reason, without embarrassment and without excuses. The Chancellor's leading gift is his ready memory and presence of mind which enable him to have at hand at a moment's notice all the facts and arguments relevant to the subject of his speech. Thus Mr. Allen says of him that he has always a legion of devils of all colours ready to obey him, and that of these he is himself the chief. Lord Holland says that no scruple can stop him. Lady Sefton told me in confidence the other day that as a friend he was neither sincere nor faithful. Lady Grey says outright that he is a monster and it is in this way that every one talks who is intimate with him or belongs to the same party.

Hylands, June 2, 1834.—The Republicans are annoyed with M. de la Fayette for choosing as his burying-place the aristocratic cemetery of Picpus. They are also angry because there were so many priests at the mortuary chapel to receive the body. A hogshead of earth from the United States was placed in the grave. *A propos* of M. de Lafayette, I have several times heard M. de Talleyrand tell how he went to his house with the Marquis de Castellane, another member of the Constituant Assembly, early on October 7, 1789, to propose some arrangements for the safety of Louis XVI., who had been taken to the Tuileries the night before. They found Lafayette, after the terrible two days which had passed, calmly having his hair done!

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Here at Hylands we are with M. Labouchere, an old and kind friend. The place is very cheerful, and distinguished for its wonderful flowers and vegetables. M. Labouchere, who is a cosmopolitan sort of person, has collected about him many souvenirs of travel, but Holland is the most conspicuous; and he takes most pains with his flower-beds, on which he spends a great deal of money.

Hylands, June 3, 1834.—A note from Lord Sefton, written yesterday from the House of Lords before the end of the sitting, the result of which we do not yet know, informs me that the Commission of Inquiry on the Church of Ireland, which Lord Althorp has proposed, will not satisfy the demands of Mr. Ward and his party. Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham scoff at the Commission, and intend to move the previous question. Sir Robert Peel holds back; Lord Grey is very low, and the King is quite ready either to support him or to send for another Minister. Pressed by the difficulties of the situation, he has neither principles nor affections, and in this he shares what I believe to be the position common to all Kings.

London, June 4, 1834.—It seems that Dom Miguel is *hors de combat*, and is on the point of giving in and quitting the Peninsula. I gather that the signatories of the Quadruple Alliance attribute his submission to the news of the signing of their treaty. If this be so, the moral effect is all the more satisfactory, as the material result would probably not have been great.

In the English Parliament Mr. Ward declined to be satisfied with the Commission of Inquiry. Lord Althorp moved the previous question, supported by Mr. Stanley—who made an admirable speech on the inviolability of Church property—and by all the Tories. The previous question was adopted by a large majority. It cannot be pleasant for the Ministry that this vote is due only to their enemies, for whom it is a triumph, and to the four Ministers who have resigned. The real opinion of the Cabinet, the different combinations which have divided it and ruled its actions—all this is so confused and complicated that it is

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difficult to understand what really is the idea which governs its jerky and inconsequent mode of progression.

In the Commons Lord Palmerston has denounced the principle upheld by Lord Lansdowne in the Upper House, where every one was surprised to see a known Socinian [1] like him speak in favour of the clergy. In this matter all is contradictory. Lord Grey has wavered hesitatingly among all the combatants, not exalting one party, not urging on the others. He is shouldered, jostled, and pushed about by everybody, and he emerges in a battered condition from the *mêlée*. If in his friends' eyes he is still a decent, honest sort of person, in the eyes of the public he is now only a feeble old man—an exhausted Minister.

Lady Holland usually does everything that other people avoid. She went to a window in Downing Street to observe the Members of Parliament who went to Lord Althorp's meeting two days ago in order that she might speculate with more accuracy about each. Her speculations are rarely charitable. She thinks that she palliates her inconceivable egotism by flaunting it without shame; she exploits other people without mercy for her own benefit, and treats them well or ill according to calculations more or less personal. She never allows any one else's convenience to stand in her way. The most one can do is to credit her with a few good qualities, and even these are based on some interested motive. When her caprices and her *exigence* has worn out the patience of her friends, she tries to regain their favour by the most abject condescension. She abuses the false position she holds in society—with which well-bred people are careful not to reproach her—in order to conquer and oppress them. The position she has is, it must be admitted, the best proof of her ability. In her time she has done the most unheard-of things, and she has been forgiven everything. For instance, she gave out that her eldest daughter was dead in order not to be forced to surrender her to her first husband, and when she had ceased to care for this child

[1] A follower of Socinus, who disbelieved in the Trinity and in the Divinity of Christ.

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she brought her back to life again, and to prove that she was not buried she had the grave opened, and the skeleton of a goat was found in the coffin. This is going a little too far! However, she is a social despot in her own numerous circle. The reason of this is, perhaps, that she does not try to force herself on any one, and that she may be said rather to rise superior to prejudice than to struggle against it. M. de Talleyrand keeps her very well in hand, and is becoming the avenger of all her acquaintance. Every one is delighted when Lady Holland is a little mishandled, and no one comes to her assistance, Lord Holland and Mr. Allen as little as any one.

Lady Aldborough came one day to Lady Lyndhurst and asked her to be so kind as to find out from her husband, who was then Chancellor, what steps she should take in an important case. Lady Lyndhurst refused, in the rude and vulgar manner which is characteristic of her, to undertake to obtain the required information, adding that she never interfered in such tedious matters. "Very true, my Lady," answered Lady Aldborough, "I quite forgot that you are not in the civil line." Lady Aldborough is witty, and what she says is brilliant, even when she speaks French. She is often a trifle too bold and free-spoken. Thus, when she heard how the Princesse de Léon had been burned to death, and when some one said that the Prince had been more of a brother to his wife than a husband, Lady Aldborough exclaimed, "What! Virgin as well as Martyr! Ah! that is too much."

The condition of the English Cabinet is very curious. Sir Robert Peel said in the House that he couldn't understand it at all; and this being so, every one else's ignorance may well be excused. What is clear to everybody is that if no member of the Cabinet is absolutely destroyed they are all wounded, some say mortally. That they are enervated is evident. I am sorry for it for Lord Grey's sake, for I am really attached to him; in the rest I have not the slightest interest. Lord Palmerston will not restore their credit. M. de Talleyrand may say what he likes. He may have a

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gift for the despatch of business; he may speak and write French well; but he is a rude and presumptuous person, his behaviour is arrogant, and his character not upright. Each day some new and more or less clear proof of his duplicity comes to light. For instance, how is it that, while Lord Grey is arguing loudly against King Leopold's plan for choosing himself a successor, and while Lord Palmerston seems to be of the same mind, the latter is writing privately to Lord Granville in support of the King's idea? This constantly embarrasses the Ambassadors in their relations with him, and above all puts M. de Talleyrand in a very painful position.

London, June 5, 1834.—The Duc d'Orléans writes to me, without any prompting on my part and without any obvious motive, a letter of which the point seems to lie in the following phrase, which appears to be intended to show that he does not approve of the conduct of his father's ministers: "I consider there is already a reassuring sign in this disposition to limit party quarrels to an electoral college and to wage war by manifesto alone. May this tendency in time eliminate the system of brute force, which I regret to see nowadays in all parties, and which is the favourite argument not only of the opposition but also of those in power!" I think there is good sense and good feeling in this reflection.

If the Duc d'Orléans had good counsellors I should have confidence in his future. He is intelligent, brave, graceful, well-educated, and energetic. These are excellent gifts in a Prince, and, matured by age, they might make him a good king. But those about him, both men and women, are so commonplace and small-minded! Since the death of Madame de Vaudémont there is no one of any distinction or nobility of mind or character.

Lady Granville has given a ball in Paris in honour of the birthday of the King of England. She had the gallery filled with orange-trees, and the company waltzed round them. Lamps were placed behind the flowers, so that there was very little light in the room. Nothing could be more favourable to private conversation. Eight thieves dressed

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to perfection came in through the garden, but such a large number of unknown men attracted attention, and notice was taken of it too soon. They saw that they had been observed, and made good their escape. Their intention seems to have been to snatch the women's diamonds when they had gone into the garden, which was to be illuminated.

London, June 6, 1834.—The English Cabinet, so feebly reorganised, does not hold its head very high; all the honours are with the seceding Ministers. Lord Grey is under no illusions, and is by no means proud of the great majority of last Monday; for, as one of his friends said to me: "This majority is not the result of affection for Ministers; it is due merely to fear that the Tories will come in and dissolve Parliament." Nothing, I think, can be truer. For the rest, the Cabinet already feels the need of strengthening. They say that Lord Radnor, a friend of the Chancellor's and a Radical big gun, will be made Lord Privy Seal.

It seems certain that Dom Miguel and Don Carlos are really leaving the Peninsula, the one for England, the other for Holland.

The Prince de la Moskowa having persisted in his desire to be presented, was presented yesterday, along with the Prince d'Eckmühl. Their desire was so strong that they tried to get Mr. Ellice to present them in the absence of M. de Talleyrand, as if that were possible, apart from its being objectionable! Really, young Frenchmen have no idea how to behave, and Mr. Ellice, whose gentility is of recent growth, had lent himself to this pretty scheme!

Lord Durham and Mr. Ellice are called here, comically enough, "the Bear" and "the Pasha."

London, June 7, 1834.—Lucien Bonaparte has at last reappeared here, and is addressing the French electors from London. After his manifesto to the Deputies last year he disappeared for several months, and is said to have visited France secretly during the recent troubles at Lyons and Paris. His new letter is more turgid than ever, and even

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more full of literary affectations than the first; is in other ways a most abject production and in very bad taste.

Lucien, whom I had never seen before his arrival in England, as he was in disgrace with the Emperor, was said to be at least as able as his brother, and to have more decision of character. I have heard it said that it was he who saved Napoleon on the 18th Brumaire, and, in fact, I had heard him greatly praised. My actual meeting with him, as often happens, did not come up to my expectations. He seemed to me cringing in his manners and false in his look. He is like Napoleon in the outward shape of his features —not at all in expression. I saw him last year, at a concert at the Duchesse de Canizzaro's, beg her to introduce him to the Duke of Wellington, who was present. I saw him cross the room, and come up bowing and scraping to be presented to the victor of Waterloo, whose reception was as cold as such baseness deserved.

As I live in a London house[1] celebrated for the great robbery suffered by the old Marchioness of Devonshire, who is its owner, and for a ghost which appeared to Lord Grey and his daughter during their tenancy, I will relate here what Lord Grey and Lady Georgiana have often told me in the presence of witnesses—Lord Grey quite seriously and circumstantially, Lady Georgiana with repugnance and hesitation. It seems, then, that Lord Grey was crossing the dining-room on the ground floor, whose windows look into the square, to go to his own room. He had a light in his hand, and he saw behind one of the pillars by which the room is divided a pale face, which appeared to be that of an old man, though the eyes and hair were very black. Lord Grey at first started back, but on raising his eyes he again saw the same face staring at him fixedly, while the body seemed to be hidden behind the pillar. It disappeared as soon as he moved forward. He searched, but found nothing. There are two small doors behind the pillars and a large mirror between them, so there may well be some natural explanation of the apparition. Lord Grey, however, denies

1 No. 21 Hanover Square, the French Embassy of the period.

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that it was either a burglar or the reflection of his own face in the glass. As a matter of fact, at that time his hair was fair and his eyes are blue. However that may be, he told his family next morning at breakfast what he had seen the night before when he was going to bed. Lady Grey and her daughter thereupon exchanged glances with a meaning look, and Lord Grey asked what they meant. They told him that they had concealed the thing from him till then for fear of being laughed at, but that one night Lady Georgiana had been awakened by feeling some one breathe on her face. She opened her eyes, and saw the face of a man bending over her. She shut them, thinking she was dreaming, but when she opened them again the face was still there. She screamed, and the face disappeared. She then jumped out of bed and rushed into the next room, locking the door behind her, and threw herself half dead with fright on the bed of her sister, Lady Elizabeth. Lady Elizabeth wanted to go and examine the haunted room, but Lady Georgiana would not allow her. Next day the windows, doors, and bolts were found in good order, and what she had seen was pronounced to be a ghost, though the fact that a flat piece of roof comes close up under one of the windows might suggest even to the credulous that some footman in love with one of the maids was the hero of this nocturnal adventure.

Nevertheless, the house has a very bad reputation. I sleep in the room from which Lady Devonshire's diamonds were stolen, and my daughter in that in which Lady Georgiana's ghost appeared. When we came to the house there were actually people who thought us astonishingly brave! At first the servants were afraid to go about the house at night except in couples. To be quite frank, the conviction with which Lord Grey and his daughter described their experiences made me also a little uncomfortable—a feeling which did not wear off for some time.

We have been here nearly three years, and nothing has been stolen and there has been no apparition. Yet once, when we were away in France, and when the door of my room was

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locked, the housemaid, the porter, and the maids swore that they heard a violent ringing of a bell, the cord of which is at the foot of my bed. They said that they went to the room and found the door locked as it should have been, and when they opened it they could find no explanation of the noise. They tried to make me believe that the bell rang on July 27, 1832, at the very time of my accident at Baden-Baden. A mouse was probably the real cause of this incident.

It is said that Lord Grey's father had a similar and very curious experience; and that Lord Grey himself, besides the Hanover Square ghost, saw one at Howick, which was even more remarkable, but of which he does not care to speak. Of course, this being so, I have not asked any questions about it, but several versions of what happened are in circulation, and the thing has lent itself to caricature.

London, June 8, 1834.—Lord Radnor's extravagant pretensions have put an end to the idea of admitting him to the Ministry. They are now said to be thinking of Lord Dacre, whose appointment would, it is believed, be satisfactory to the Dissenters. The Privy Seal, which is held provisionally by Lord Carlisle, is destined for the newcomer.

When I called yesterday on Madame de Lieven she had just received letters from St. Petersburg which have at last made clear what her new position in Russia is to be. It seems to me to promise well. Instead of being a puppet at Court and groaning under the burden of perpetual ceremonial, the Princess is to have a house of her own. The Emperor wishes that his son shall learn there to know society and how to converse and conduct himself in the world.

This plan is set forth with infinite tact and kindness in a letter from the Empress, which is very happily expressed, perfectly natural, and full of cleverness and affection. Of course it has become a great interest and a great consolation to Madame de Lieven. She sees herself possessed of a direct influence on affairs, and in a position as independent as is possible in Russia. Her imagination is busy developing and improving this new sphere for her energies, and I must say

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in justice to her that her projects have not a trace of childishness or small-mindedness. She knows exactly what she wants to do, and the lines of her scheme are broad and well thought out. The pleasure she derives from the importance of her prospective position was evident, but anything else would have been hypocritical, and I was pleased that she did not think it necessary to pretend to sentiments she did not feel before me. Her great desire is to render the young Grand Duke the immense service of accustoming him to great and exalted company, to make her house sufficiently distinguished and sufficiently agreeable to accustom every one, including the Emperor and Empress, to enjoy there the pleasures of conversation rather than amusements for which they are perhaps growing too old. Her ambition is to restore to the Russian Court the splendour and the intellectual culture which were its glory under the Great Catherine. She hopes in this way to attract foreigners by exciting their curiosity and providing it with a worthy object. All this fully occupies the Princess, who has it in her to play this part well, though it would be difficult anywhere, and is doubly so in Russia, where thought is as much fettered as speech.

There was a reasonableness and a delicacy in the letters both of the Empress and M. de Nesselrode which accords with all I hear of the Czar Nicolas and which augurs well for the result of this second education of the heir to the throne of ice. I was particularly glad to see that the frankness with which Madame de Lieven had expressed her regret at leaving England had been well received. She said to me *à propos* of this, "It proves to me that one can be sincere in our country without breaking one's neck." I hope that she may find more and more reason to think so, but it will be necessary to keep this sincerity in cotton wool for some time to come.

She spoke to me with great admiration of the Emperor as a man with great gifts who is destined to become the greatest figure in contemporary history. On this I repeated to her a remark made by M. de Talleyrand with which she was

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much pleased. This is what he said: "The only Cabinet which has not made a single mistake during the last four years is the Russian Cabinet, and do you know why that is so? The Russian Cabinet is never in a hurry."

The Queen of England has shewn Madame de Lieven on the occasion of her recall much of the kindness which is natural to her, though it must be difficult for her Majesty to forget how little respect the Princess showed her during the life of George IV. and that of the Duke of York, and above all how discourteous the patronesses of Almack's with Madame de Lieven at their head were to her on the only occasion she was there when she was still Duchess of Clarence. I have even on one occasion heard the Queen remind Madame de Lieven of this incident in such a way as greatly to embarrass her. However all these old quarrels are forgotten, and when the leave-taking came the Queen's conduct was perfect. As to the King it is different; he has never even said either to M. or Madame de Lieven that he was aware that they had been recalled. They blame Lord Palmerston and I don't think they are far wrong.

London, June 9, 1834.—Yesterday I found the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland very busy getting together twenty ladies to join in offering Madame de Lieven some tangible token of the regret felt at her departure by the ladies of her particular acquaintance. This idea is particularly English, for the spirit of association is everywhere in this country and enters even into matters of compliment and civility. I thought that the Princess could not but be pleased and flattered, and I was delighted to add my name to the list. Ten guineas is the subscription and I believe the testimonial will take the shape of a fine bracelet inside which our names will, if possible, be inscribed.

M. de Montrond has returned from Paris. His wit is as ready and as cutting as ever, and, though he is certainly anything but a bore, I again feel with him the uneasiness which one has in the presence of a venomous creature with a poisonous sting. The charm which used for a long time to fascinate M. de Talleyrand is gone and has left behind

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a sense of fatigue and oppression which is the more felt as their long standing friendship and the remembrance of their past intimacy hardly permit them to make an end of it.

I don't think there is anything new in what M. de Montrond tells me of Paris. He speaks of the King's ability; no one contests it. It is equally well known that the King is always talking, and always of himself. M. de Montrond complains of the complete destruction of Parisian Society, of the spirit of division which is breaking up everything and which does not decrease. He gives amusing accounts of the embarrassments of the Thiers family, of the high diplomatic ambitions of Marshal Soult for his son, of the alarm of Rigny and others at the kind of effect produced here by M. Dupin. They think that it is ominous of a future premiership and are almost angry with M. de Talleyrand for showing him attention. They do not see that M. Dupin's reception here is only a compliment to us, he being a man who is less fitted than any one in the world to shine in good English society, and that our object is merely to turn the turgid stream of M. Dupin's eloquence in favour of the English alliance of which he is a bitter opponent.

I found Lord Grey yesterday in a state of depression which he did not attempt to disguise. It is a contagious malady, and seems to have attacked all his adherents. Lord Grey's lassitude and weariness is to my thinking the most alarming symptom of the weakness of the Cabinet as now constituted. Lord Durham's attacks on Lord Grey in the *Times* wound him deeply. Conservatives and Radicals are alike speculating on the succession of the Whigs, and it is impossible to disguise the fact that this is a critical moment for every one.

While talking yesterday to a friend I remembered that when I was seventeen, I, like many other women of the period in Paris, was romantic or silly enough to consult Mlle. Lenormand who was then much in vogue, taking what I thought sufficient precautions not to be recognised by her.

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One had to fix the day and the hour beforehand and this I arranged through my maid giving a false name and address. She gave me an appointment and on the day named I went with my maid in a cab, taken at a distance from my abode, to the Rue de Tournon where the sorceress lived. The house was of good appearance and the rooms clean and even rather pretty. We had to wait till a gentleman with moustaches had left the chamber where the Sibyl delivered her oracles. I made my maid go in first and my turn came next. After some questions about the month, day and hour of my birth, and about my favourite animal, flower and colour, and about the animals, flowers and colours which I particularly disliked, she asked whether she should make the great or the little cabala for me, the price being different. At last she came to my fortune and told me what follows. I may have forgotten some insignificant details but I give the main part of what she predicted, and I have since repeated it to several persons, my mother and M. de Talleyrand among the number.

She said that I was married, that I had a spiritual bond with an exalted personage (my explanation of this is that the Emperor was my eldest son's godfather), that after much pain and trouble I should be separated from my husband, that my troubles would not cease till nine years after this separation, and that during these nine years I should experience all manner of trials and calamities. She also said that I should become a widow when no longer young but not too old to marry again which I should do. She saw me for many years closely allied with a person whose position and influence would impose on me a kind of political position and would make me powerful enough to save some one from imprisonment and death. She said also that I should live through very difficult and stormy times, during which I should have very exciting experiences, and that one day even I should be awakened at five o'clock in the morning by men armed with pikes and axes who would surround my house and try to kill me. This danger would be the consequence of my opinions and the part I was destined to take in

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politics and I should escape in disguise. I should still be alive, she said, at sixty-three. When I asked whether that was the destined end of my days she answered, "I don't say you will die at sixty-three, I only mean that I see you still alive at that age. I know nothing of you or your destiny after that."

The leading circumstances of this prediction seemed to me then too much out of the probable course of events to cause me any anxiety. I told my friends about it as a sort of joke, and, though the most improbable parts of it have come true, such as my separation from my husband, my prolonged troubles, the interest in public affairs which M. de Talleyrand's concern with them has imposed on me, I confess that unless some one has mentioned some similar matter, I think very rarely about what Mlle. Lenormand told me, and very little of herself though she was a remarkable person. She seemed to be over fifty when I saw her. She was rather tall and wore a loose, black, trailing gown. Her complexion was ugly and confused, her eyes were small, bright and wild; her countenance, coarse and yet uncanny, was crowned with a mass of untidy grey hair. The whole effect was unpleasant, and I was glad when the interview was over.

I thought of her prophecies in July 1830, when I was alone at Rochecotte surrounded by conflagrations, and was receiving the news of what was happening in Paris, and when I saw General Donnadieu's regiments marching past my windows on La Vendée where it was thought Charles X. would go. I heard some denouncing the Jesuits whom they were silly enough to accuse of setting fire to their houses and fields, and others crying out against "malignants" such as I. The Curé came to my house for refuge and the Mayor asked whether I did not think that the *soutane*, which according to him reeked of brimstone, should be turned out of the commune. Already I saw myself surrounded by pikes and axes, and escaping as best I could disguised as a peasant. I escaped then, but I have sometimes said to myself that it was only a postponement and that I should not get off in the end.

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London, June 10, 1834.—Lord Dacre, who was to have joined the Ministry, has had a fit and fallen from his horse which puts him out of the question. They are now thinking of Mr. Abercromby for the Mint with a seat in the Cabinet.

Yesterday we had at dinner M. Dupin, the young Ney and Davoust, M. Bignon and General Munier de la Converserie. If to speak ill of every one is to praise one's self M. Dupin did it to perfection. He treated with the utmost scorn the King and his Ministers and every man and woman in Paris. Some are mean, dowdy chatterboxes, others are robbers, smugglers, I know not what. Immorality was castigated and justice brandished her flaming sword. M. Piron, the cicerone and the very humble servant of M. Dupin, multiplied his formulæ of adulation. What he chiefly praised was the lucid and detailed manner in which the great man had explained to the English Ministers the embarrassment and danger of their position. I think they would have been equally obliged if he had not crossed the sea to tell them what they know only too well already.

After dinner I had to endure the honeyed insincerity of M Bignon. He reminded me of Vitrolles' cloying and inferior manner, he is rather like him in face, distinctly like him in his talk and above all in his bearing. I think however, that M. de Vitrolles' conversation is more vivacious, and his imagination more brilliant. As yesterday was the first time I have spoken to M. Bignon it would be wrong to judge him on one conversation, but one cannot fail to be struck with his calm and submissive manner which at once puts one on one's guard.

London, June 11, 1834.—Mr. Abercromby's appointment was in last night's *Globe*. We shall see if this will mollify the tone of the *Times* which ill-treated poor Lord Grey shamefully yesterday morning.

Among the many sayings of M. de Talleyrand here is one which is very good and not much known. M. de Montrond was saying to him last year that Thiers was a good sort of man and not so impertinent as you would

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expect from a parvenu. "I will tell you the reason," replied M. de Talleyrand: "c'est que Thiers n'est pas *parvenu*, il est *arrivé*." I fear that this remark is too subtle to be altogether true, but that is the fault of M. Thiers. Impertinence is becoming a familiar method with him. Since his marriage he has been living in a kind of solidarity with the smallest sort of people, ill reputed pretentions, *parvenus* assuredly and not *arrivés*. It is impossible, in spite of the floods of wit with which he deluges the mud which surrounds him, that he should not be bespattered if not smothered. It is really a great pity.

London, June 12, 1834.—At Holland House yesterday I heard a story of how the Abbé Morellet complained to the Marquis of Lansdowne that at the Revolution he lost his pensions and his benefices though he had written and spoken so much on the Revolutionary side, and of how the Marquis answered: "My dear sir, how can you be surprised, there are always a few wounded in the victorious armies."

London, June 13, 1834.—There is a rumour that Dom Miguel has escaped and that a conspiracy has broken out at Lisbon against Dom Pedro; all kinds of sinister details are added. This, it seems, is nothing but a Stock Exchange trick, the truth being that there were some unpleasant demonstrations against Dom Pedro when he showed himself at the play. The simultaneous expulsion of both the rivals would be the most satisfactory conclusion of the great drama.

There is some surprise that Dom Miguel has not yet disembarked in England. Don Carlos arrived yesterday at Portsmouth in the *Donegal*.

Spain is annoyed, and with reason, because the Duke of Terceira and the English Commissioner who made Dom Miguel sign an undertaking not to return did not exact a similar promise from Don Carlos. They now wish England and France to take measures against Don Carlos so as to make him an outlaw in Europe. This however is not admissible, in spite of the notes of the Marquis de Miraflorès and the diatribes of Lord Holland.

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The conversation at Holland House is very curious. Little Charles Barrington was there the other day and said he had been prevented from riding a donkey because it was Sunday and because religious people didn't ride donkeys on Sunday. Mr. Allen grunted in reply, "Never mind: the religion is only for the donkeys themselves."

Mr. Spring Rice has just been elected at Cambridge, but by a small majority, which is by no means pleasant for the Ministry.

Sir Henry Halford, M. Dedel and the Princesse de Lieven came back from Oxford yesterday, moved, enchanted, intoxicated by the festivities on the occasion of the installation of the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of the University. This occasion is really in its way unique. The Duke's character and his past career—it is only four years since he would have been stoned at Oxford for having passed Catholic emancipation—the magnificence of the ceremony, the number and the quality of the company, the immemorial traditions of the scene, the excitement of everybody, the unanimous applause—everything in fact was wonderful and the like will never be seen again. Even the Duke of Cumberland, universally unpopular as he is, was well received there. The Anglican spirit was in the ascendant, all personal animosities vanished in the presence of the dangers with which the Church is threatened, and this secured a favourable reception for every one who is believed to be ready to rally to her defence. In the Duke of Wellington it was less the great Captain whom they were cheering than the Defender of the Faith.

It is annoying to record that the undergraduates used the licence granted to them on such occasions to hoot the names of Lord Grey and others, which they called out loudly in order to have the pleasure of hissing them. The Duke of Wellington, on every occasion of their occurrence, showed that these demonstrations displeased him, but in spite of these signs of his disapproval they were several times repeated.

They say that when the Duke shook hands with Lord

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Winchelsea, on whom he had just conferred the Doctor's degree, every one recollected the duel which had once taken place between the two, and that this gave rise to a storm of cheering. The applause, however, was not less when Lord Fitzroy Somerset approached the Duke, his faithful friend and comrade, and being unable to give him his right hand, which he lost at Waterloo, extended his left. But what excited the greatest and most prolonged enthusiasm was an ode addressed to the Duke, the two final lines of which were as follows:

> Till the dark soul a world could not subdue
> Bowed to thy genius, chief of Waterloo.

At this point the whole audience rose spontaneously; the cries, the tears, the acclamations were thrilling; and, as Madame de Lieven said: "The Duke of Wellington may die to-day, and I may depart in peace to-morrow, for I have been present at the most marvellous scene that there has been during the twenty-two years that I have spent in England."

London, June 14, 1834.—A German *improvisatore* named Langsward has been recommended to me by Madame de Dolomieu. I had to gather together in his honour all the people here (few enough) who know a little German. The entertainment was not bad. There were *bouts rimés*, which he filled up very creditably; some verses about Inez de Castro; and, later on, a prose piece—a scene of lower-class Viennese life—which showed real verve and talent. The talent for poetic improvisation almost always indicates faculties of an unusual order. This is the case even with Southern people, whose language is naturally very harmonious. Poetic inspiration is a proportionately greater achievement in the less flexible accents of Northern countries. Still *improvisatori*, even Sgricci, have always seemed to me more or less frigid or more or less absurd. Their enthusiasm is overdone and false; the close rooms in which they are confined inspire neither the poet nor his audience. Nothing in them or their surroundings is in the key of

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poetry. I think that if you are to produce an enthusiasm which will really gain every one you must have a landscape for your stage, the sun to light you, a rock for seat, a lyre for accompaniment, for your subject great and immediate events, and a whole nation for audience. Corinna if you like, Homer above all! But a gentleman in a dress-coat in a little London drawing-room, posturing before a few women who are trying to get away to a ball, and a few men, of whom half are thinking of the Belgian protocols and the other half of Ascot races, can never be more than a trifling little rhyming doll who is tedious and quite out of place.

Madame de Lieven showed me yesterday a letter from M. de Nesselrode, in which he complains of the ill-will and the troublesome, teasing manner of Lord Ponsonby, who, he adds, is goading the poor Divan to fury. Admiral Roussin appears charming by comparison.

Dom Miguel has really embarked, and is going to Genoa.

London, June 15, 1834.—Dom Pedro is hardly relieved of his brother's presence and free of the supervision of the Cortes, and he has already begun to destroy convents, monks, and nuns. I do not know whether this, too, will excite admiration at Holland House, but to me it seems a piece of impious folly which may well bring speedy repentance in its train.

The Rothschilds, who are by way of knowing everything, have been to M. de Talleyrand to say that the Marquis de Miraflorès has just left for Portsmouth to take money to Don Carlos on condition of his signing guarantees similar to those given by Dom Miguel.

M. Bignon, the day he dined at Lord Palmerston's, when M. de Talleyrand was there, said to the latter that he wished to have a word with him, and with a mysterious and confidential air, added: "Now that I have dined with Lord Palmerston they can no longer say at Paris that I can't be Minister." This curious piece of reasoning was followed by a series of indiscreet criticisms of the French Cabinet and expressions of surprise that overtures of the same kind had not been made to M. de Talleyrand by

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M. Dupin. Nothing assuredly can be more presumptuous than this spirit, whether it takes the supple and cringing form of M. Bignon or the didactic and crude shape of M. Dupin.

London, June 16, 1834.—*A propos* of M. Dupin, when his mother died some time ago, at Clamecy en Nivernais, he had cut on her tomb, "*Here lies the mother of the three Dupins.*"

There are some good stories here of him and the amiable Piron, his cicerone. Mr. Ellice one day took them both to see some sight or other in London. In the carriage M. Dupin unfolded a large-checked pocket handerchief, very vulgar in design, and holding it some distance from his face, spat into it, aiming very precisely at the middle of the handkerchief. On this M. Piron said to him aloud, with a very knowing air, "Sir, in this country one does not spit in public."

The choice of Mr. Fergusson for a high legal appointment gives an even more Radical tinge to the English Cabinet. Lord Grey, almost without knowing it, has thus been dragged to the verge of an abyss, into which his weakness is thrusting him, but from which all his instincts and natural tendencies hold him back. Lord Brougham boasts that he has set everything right; Lord Durham, on the contrary, says (no doubt in order to prepare the way for himself) that it is he alone who has persuaded all the new recruits to join. Meanwhile he has retired to his villa near London, whence he declares, "I have made Kings and refused to be one myself."

The Marquis of Conyngham is, they say, to go to the Post Office and not to have a seat in the Cabinet. His selection is a social matter, with which politics, it appears, have very little to do.

The Duke of Richmond has accepted an invitation to the High Tory dinner to be given on the 22nd to the Duke of Gloucester. The Duke of Wellington, who has sworn never to go to the City again after their shameful conduct to him in 1830, refused, and did not conceal the

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reason. And yet the Lord Mayor is not the same as in 1830, and probably the Duke would now have a most flattering reception. However, he has taken an oath and will not break it.

Mr. Backhouse, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has been sent to Portsmouth to hold himself at the disposition of Don Carlos on every point except that of offering him money. This reserve seems to be the only way of assisting the negotiations which are being conducted by the Marquis de Miraflorès, who is himself commissioned to offer the Infante, on behalf of his Government, an annual allowance of £20,000 sterling, on condition of his entering into obligations similar to those contracted by Dom Miguel. It is thought that the abject poverty to which the Prince himself, his wife and children, the Duchess of Beïra, seven priests, and a suite of ladies (seventy-two persons in all), who are with him in the *Donegal*, are reduced, will smooth the course of the discussion. It is said that they have not so much as a change of linen. It is not known what Don Carlos's plans are. Some say that he wants to retire to Holland; others say Vienna; others again talk of Rome. This last idea seems to be peculiarly unpleasing to the present Government in Spain, but no one has the right to dictate a choice.

M. de Palmella is expected here quite soon. He says he is coming on private business, but it is generally supposed that it is in order to concert measures for getting rid of Dom Pedro, whose absurd behaviour is displeasing every one. Then would be the time to choose a husband for Doña Maria da Gloria, and the opportunity, perhaps, of bringing out this young Princess who is still somewhat elephantine in her style.

Lord Palmerston, with his usual courtesy, sent Mr. Backhouse to Portsmouth without so much as mentioning the matter to M. de Talleyrand, who only heard of it by public rumour. This led to a candid little conversation between Lord Grey and me. No one, it must be admitted, is better, more frank, more sincere or better intentioned than the

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Prime Minister. I am always as much touched by his good qualities as a man as I am struck by his incompetence as a politician. He ran downstairs after me at his house to exculpate Lord Palmerston, to assure me that he had no ill-intention, and to beg me to make excuses for him to M. de Talleyrand. I replied to him with the old French proverb to the effect that hell is paved with good intentions, and added in English, "Well, I promise you to tell M. de Talleyrand that Lord Palmerston is as innocent as an unborn child, but I don't believe a word of it." This made Lord Grey laugh, and he took what I said in excellent part as he always does.

London, June 17, 1834.—Don Carlos refused to see M. de Miraflorès and would receive no one but Mr. Backhouse, whom he gave to understand that he would not accept a penny if he had to sign away the smallest fragment of his rights. He commissioned M. Sampaïo, formerly Dom Miguel's Consul in London, to find him a house at Portsmouth, where he wants to rest for a fortnight, and thereafter one near London, where he will remain for some time.

The British Government attributes Don Carlos's refusal to a credit of a million, which they are convinced has been opened on the Prince's behalf with M. Saraiva, Dom Miguel's former Minister here. They even say that the credit was opened for him by the Duc de Blacas, which is very unlikely. The Bishop of Leon, who is said to be a bad man but clever after the fashion of a Spanish monk, is with the Infante, and is the leading spirit and the brain of this exiled Court.

The Marquis of Conyngham, son of George IV.'s celebrated favourite, has been definitely appointed to succeed his brother-in-law, the Duke of Richmond, as Postmaster-General. He is a young and good-looking man of fashion with many love affairs, who writes and receives more *billets-doux* than serious letters, and is therefore called "the Postmaster of the twopenny post."

London, June 18, 1834.—At all meetings of ladies there is always much confusion and controversy, so, in spite of the presidency of the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, there

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have been many discussions and hesitations over the bracelet which is to be presented to Madame de Lieven. Some ladies have retired from motives of economy, others because the affair was not put under their charge; thirty remain. The choice of the jewels and the fashion of the setting have also given rise to difficulties. Opals are not to be thought of; the Princess dislikes them. Rubies are too expensive. Turquoises come from Russia; to give them would be to send coals to Newcastle. The same applies to amethysts, and as to sapphires, the Princess already has magnificent sapphires of her own. "Emeralds perhaps."—"No."—"Yes."—"Well perhaps———."—"Why not?"—"It won't be what I expected."—"Peridots are so common."—"Let's ask the Princess herself." This in the end is what we did; the mystery was revealed, the surprise abandoned, and a large pearl chosen.

Then came another question, more literary and more delicate in character, the question of the dedicatory inscription. The committee wished it to be in English, so, as a foreigner, I retired. They kindly expressed regret, but of course I persisted and remained as a mere spectator. It was very amusing. Twenty ways of putting the inscription were tried. Poetry and allegory were suggested. Some wished for a play of words suggesting that a pearl had been chosen because the Princess was a pearl among women. Others thought that the image was not sufficiently precise; they wanted some allusion to be made to the Princess's talent for affairs, a suggestion which was declared out of order. There was the further difficulty of putting on record the names of the donors without offending other ladies in society. So I was consulted. I said that I didn't know enough English to have an opinion. They asked what I should put if it were in French. I told them, and, weary of the struggle, they decided to translate it into English and adopt it. The wording is very simple: "Testimony of regard, regret and affection presented to the Princess Lieven on her departure, by some English ladies of her particular acquaintance, July 1834."

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London, June 19, 1834.—Madame de Lieven called on me yesterday morning. Her agitation grows as her departure draws nearer, and carried away by a sort of feverish excitement which consumes her, she said to me that she was sure there was one person besides Lord Palmerston who was glad she was going, and that was the King of England. He had refused to write an autograph letter, which while saving the Minister's face, might have reversed the decision as to M. de Lieven's recall. Palmerston had lectured the King on the objections to foreign ambassadors staying too long in London, where they became too much at home, and even came to acquire a real and important influence. In short, the King is delighted at Madame de Lieven's departure, and she blames Palmerston for it, which does not increase her partiality for him. She may find some consolation in thinking of the abyss which is opening at his feet. The whole Ministry is as shaky as possible; and Lord Palmerston is the least secure of them all. His colleagues think little of him. Lord Grey does not deny that his speeches in the House of Commons are bad. The *Corps diplomatique* detest his arrogance. English people think him ill-bred. His one merit, when all is said and done, seems to consist in his remarkable facility for speaking and writing French. The Lievens' departure, which every one, and most certainly Lord Grey regrets, is so generally attributed to Lord Palmerston's impudent obstinacy that no one even pretends to conceal his conviction that this is the case, not even Lord Palmerston's colleagues in the Ministry. Thus he is never invited to the numerous farewell dinners and parties which are being given to the Lievens, and this is the more remarkable, as of course Lady Cowper is always there. This has not failed to give him great offence, and he has especially resented Lord Grey's attitude. The latter has made a merit of this with Madame de Lieven, saying to her, on one occasion: "You see I have got all your friends and haven't asked Palmerston." Poor Lady Cowper gets the benefit of all Lord Palmerston's ill-humour, and they say he is very unkind to her.

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The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen has arrived by the King's invitation to escort the Queen, his sister, during her German tour. Her departure, is fixed, they say, for July 4, but the King is pressing her to go on the 2nd, and he is so strangely anxious to hurry her away, having made all the arrangements himself, that many people think that he will not be in such haste to let her come back. No one doubts that he expects to enjoy himself very much in his renewed bachelorhood, and every one trembles to think of the kind of enjoyment he may fancy. The nature of his pleasures, no less than the type of person he is likely to ask to share them, is a source of anxiety to decent people. There is no doubt that he has singular projects in his head, for the other day at dinner, he shouted out to an old admiral, who had been a great friend of his long ago, to ask "whether he was as great a rascal as ever." The admiral answered that the days of his follies were over; but the King replied, "*that for his part he meant to begin again!*"

A letter from M. Royer-Collard is always an event for me: in the first place, because I am very fond of him; and, secondly, because he says so much in so few words, in a striking way, and in a tone which is entirely individual, and gives much food for thought. Here is an extract from one which I have just got; it is quite true and yet malicious in a well-bred way: "He [Thiers] is very clever; what he wants is Society and the experience which Society alone can give, a little dignity and a little *principle*. As I write this it comes into my mind that you will take me for a doctrinaire, which would be very unjust, for principle is a weakness which doctrinaires don't cultivate."

London, June 20, 1834.—Intercepted letters show that the Duke of Leuchtenburg, weary of the tumult caused by the design of the Duchess of Braganza's sister to marry him to Doña Maria, asked the Duchess to do no more in the matter, as too much suspicion had been aroused and success was impossible. At the same time he begged his sister not to forget their young brother Max, who has not been suspected, and who might have a better chance. Now that

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this new plan is revealed it will probably be as keenly opposed as the ex-Empress's first intrigue. They say she is extraordinarily energetic and ambitious, though to outward view she is all quietness, amiability, and simplicity.

Last night, in our drawing-room, the conversation turned on the character and position of Mirabeau, and I heard M. de Talleyrand repeat a curious story. It appears that at the time of the Restoration he was entrusted during the Provisional Government with the most confidential of the Revolutionary archives, and that he found among them a receipt in due form, given by Mirabeau for a sum of money received from the Court. This receipt was made out in detail, and stated precisely the services which Mirabeau undertook to perform. M. de Talleyrand added that in spite of this financial transaction it would be unjust to say that Mirabeau was "bought," and that in accepting the price of promised services he did not surrender his independent opinion. He wished to serve France as much as to serve the King, and reserved for himself liberty of thought and action as well as liberty of choice of means to bring about the object which he engaged to realise. It follows that, without deserving the extreme imputations of baseness and vileness which some have made against him, Mirabeau's moral character was very far behind his astuteness. He belonged to a bad stock; his father, his mother, his brother and sister were all either insane or criminal. Yet in spite of his execrable reputatation, of his being regarded everywhere much as a convict let out of prison, of his hideous ugliness and constant lack of money, what a marvellous influence his very memory has! The book just published by his adopted son brings out very strikingly the power of his prodigious personality and the charm of his superabundant vitality, which imposes itself upon you in spite of the tedious formality with which the author has sought to adorn his subject. The authenticity of the sources, the abundance of quotations from the original, and their extraordinary interest, often make up for the awkwardness and heavy-handedness of the execution.

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The book, moreover, has for me the great merit of enlightening my ignorance. I had only the vaguest ideas on the subject of Mirabeau, owing to my very imperfect knowledge of the Revolutionary period, which is too near my own time for me to have studied it historically, and which is yet too far off for me to have known it as a contemporary. All I know is derived from M. de Talleyrand's stories and the Memoirs of Madame Roland. Besides, I have such a horror of this repulsive and terrible epoch that I have never had the courage to think much about it, and have almost always leapt hurriedly across the abyss which separates 1789 from the Empire. M. de Talleyrand's Memoirs might no doubt have helped me, but I have always been too much occupied with his individual fortunes to pay much attention to the general situation. M. de Talleyrand in the Memoirs is much clearer about the causes of the catastrophe than about its details, and he was out of France during the most critical years. His sojourn in America is one of the most agreeable episodes in his career, and for the reader—as indeed it was in reality for himself—it is a period of rest and relief, during which the horrors of the Convention are kept out of sight, and you have time to take breath before coming to the stirring events of the Empire.

M. de Talleyrand went on to say, as regards Mirabeau's receipt, that he regarded it as a family paper which he had no right to keep, and handed it over to Louis XVIII. himself, and knew nothing of what had become of it.

London, June 21, 1834.—M. de Talleyrand was over fifty-three when he began to write the Memoirs, or rather a small volume on the Duc de Choiseul. In 1809, when he was going to take the waters at Bourbon l'Archambault, he asked Madame de Rémus to lend him a book to read on the way. She gave him Lacretelle's *Histoire du dixhuitième Siècle*, a work both inaccurate and incomplete. M. de Talleyrand, annoyed by the errors and the ignorance of the author, employed his leisure while at the waters in making a rapid sketch of one of the periods which Lacretelle had particularly misrepresented. Those who came

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to know this fragment were so much pleased with it, and M. de Talleyrand was so much amused by writing it, that he formed the idea of grouping subsequent events round another person whom he had known very well. He then put together his study of the Duc d'Orléans, a piece no less curious than the former, but since almost entirely rehandled and incorporated in his own Memoirs. These, of course, contain reminiscences of an even more personal character, and complete the story of the two epochs, of which one saw the preparation and the other the climax of the crisis in which M. de Talleyrand played a historic part. Most of the Memoirs (and in my opinion the most brilliant part) was written during the four years that he was in disgrace with the Emperor Napoleon. From 1814 to 1816 he added almost nothing to the Memoirs; later, and up to 1830, he devoted himself to revision, correction, and amplification. He inserted the portion about Erfurt, and another on the Spanish catastrophe, which brought Ferdinand VII. to Valençay, in the main body of the narrative, and brought it down to just after the Restoration; but as all the copies of his despatches during the Congress of Vienna (of which the originals are at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs) were stolen from him, he was without materials or notes for this interesting period, and this is sometimes obvious in the Memoirs.

It is indeed unfortunate that M. de Talleyrand never kept a journal or took notes. He is abominably careless about his papers, and when he set about collecting his reminiscences he had nothing to depend upon for the details but his memory, which is no doubt very good, but of course is too much overburdened not occasionally to leave regrettable gaps.[1]

I have often heard M. de Talleyrand tell most amusing stories, which are omitted from the Memoirs because by the time he came to write he had forgotten them. I

[1] Here we have a natural explanation of what astonished readers of the Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand, which appeared in 1891 under the supervision of the Duc de Broglie. The controversy which then arose as to whether M. de Bacourt had not cut down the text cannot be more authoritatively set at rest than by this passage from Madame de Dino's journal.

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myself was wrong not to write them down as I heard them, and to trust, like him, to my memory, which is so often deceptive for oneself and insufficient for others.

M. de Talleyrand has, unhappily, been too ready to read his Memoirs, or parts of them, to all sorts of people. He has got sometimes one person, sometimes another, to copy the manuscript, and has dictated portions now and then. The result is that their existence has become known, and has awakened political anxiety in some quarters and literary jealousy in others. Treachery and cupidity have speculated on their importance. It is said, and I am disposed to believe it to be true, that several garbled copies exist, envenomed by the slanderous and uncharitable temper of their possessors, and that these are some day to be published. This would be a misfortune, not only because of the evil passions which would be awakened, but also because these unfaithful copies would deprive the authentic Memoirs, when they do appear, of their merit, their freshness, and their interest. They would be spoiled in the forestalling.

Nothing can be more free from slander than the real Memoirs. I do not say that there are not occasional sallies of that gay and subtle malice which is so characteristic of M. de. Talleyrand's wit. But there is nothing unkind, nothing insulting and less scandal than in any work of this kind. M. de Talleyrand treats women with respect or at least with politeness, restraint and indulgence though they have occupied so large a place in his social existence. It is clear that he is grateful for the charm which they have imparted to his life, and if some day serious persons find the Memoirs imcomplete as history, and curious ones do not find all the revelations they expect, they may perhaps blame M. de Talleyrand's careless indolence; women at least will always be grateful to him for the good manners which inspired his reticence and deprived the cynical publicists of to-day of new weapons for calumny and evil speaking.

London, June 22, 1834. Sir Robert Peel with whom I dined yesterday pointed out to me that M. Dupin, who was also present, was much more like an American than a

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Frenchman. This is nearly the worst compliment which could be paid any one by an Englishman of good breeding. Sir Robert seemed to me to be in quite particularly good spirits. His careful questions about the members of the French Ministry, his insistence on his affection and admiration for M. de Talleyrand made me think that he had some idea in his mind that he would soon be in a position in which he would have direct dealings with them. I asked him whether he thought that Parliamentary manners and the tone of debate had changed since the Reform Bill was passed. He said they had up to a certain point, but that what had particularly struck him was the complete absence of any new talent, notwithstanding the accession of new members to the House of Commons.

I thought him at least as much pleased as surprised by this. He has certainly excellent reasons for not wishing that the old parliamentary celebrities should be effaced.

His house is one of the prettiest, best arranged, and best situated in London. It is full of fine pictures and valuable furniture, yet there is nothing pompous or ostentatious about it. Everything is in the best taste and nothing shows a trace of Sir Robert's humble origin. Lady Peel's modest but distinguished countenance, her quiet and amiable manner, the intelligent faces of the children, the wealth of flowers which shed their perfume through the house, the great balcony opening on the Thames, from which you can see both Westminster and St. Paul's—everything combines to make the general effect both complete and charming. Yesterday evening was fine and really hot, and the combined brilliance of a lovely moon and of the gaslight on so many bridges and buildings made one feel one's self anywhere rather than in foggy England.

London, June 23, 1834.—Lord Clanricarde, Mr. Canning's son-in-law has resigned his place in the Household because he is angry at not getting the Post Office which was given to Lord Conyngham.

The great Conservative dinner in the City the day before yesterday was signalised by the presence of the Duke of

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Richmond, and by his Grace's reply to the Lord Mayor when he proposed the toast of the Duke of Wellington and the Peers who were present. The Duke of Richmond made a sort of public profession of his attachment to Church and State, and when the Lord Mayor proposed the health of the Earl of Surrey, the eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk, who is a member of the House of Commons, but who is not a Conservative and who is a Catholic, the Earl replied that he was convinced that the House of Commons would not be behind the Upper Chamber in maintaining the Church, yes, the Church and the ancient constitution of the realm. The cheering was immense.

Everything, it seems, tends to bring Mr. Stanley and Sir Robert Peel closer and closer together. It is hoped that this alliance, already far advanced, will bring about the fall of the present Cabinet, but a sharp transition is not desired, for that might frighten John Bull who doesn't like Coalition Cabinets.

London, June 25, 1834.—In the large provincial towns of England there are every year what are called "Musical festivals." At these as a rule the great oratorios are given, and celebrated artists from all countries are engaged at great expense. These festivals last for several days; all the smart people from the various parts of the county come into the town where the music is performed in the churches in the mornings, the evenings being given up to diversions of a more worldly character. Next to horse racing these functions draw the greatest crowds.

In London a festival takes place only every fifty years, and yesterday was one of these anniversaries. The whole Court was present in state and will be on the three remaining days. Westminster Abbey was full, and, though less imposing than at the King's coronation, the spectacle was even more brilliant. The arrangements were excellent; there was no crowding or embarrassment; everything went very well. The number of musicians, vocal and instrumental, was enormous—seven hundred in all. Unfortunately the Abbey is so high, and constructed on principles so detrimental to all musical effect, that the prodigious numbers of voices and

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instruments which, it was said, was enough to bring down the building, hardly filled it. One felt this particularly during the first part of Haydn's *Creation*. Handel's *Samson*, a broader and more powerful composition, was more suited to the circumstances of the occasion. The Funeral March made a deep impression on me and the final air sung by Miss Stevens with a trumpet *obbligato* was very fine. But the general effect was marred by the great mistake of placing the singers so low that their voices were lost before they could rise to the roof, there to find the point from which they could re-echo. I think the organ is the only instrument which can sufficiently fill a great cathedral. In such a place all the orchestras in the world sound thin and incongruous, and I was sorry yesterday that the organ was not used in the concerted pieces as it would have made the effect richer and more impressive. I even felt that this concert music was out of place in a church. It was like the effect of an academic panegyric, however beautiful and noble, being pronounced in a pulpit instead of a funeral sermon.

London, June 26, 1834.—*A propos* of certain of our countrymen M. de Talleyrand remarked yesterday: "It is extraordinary how much talent vanity consumes." Nothing can be truer, especially as he applied it.

It is announced that the Greek Order of the Saviour and the Portuguese Order of Christ have been conferred on M. de Talleyrand. On the occasion of his receiving the latter he told me that under the Empire, when Orders were raining upon him from every side, the Comte de Ségur, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, seemed rather cast down because he had not got any. M. de Talleyrand begged the Emperor to allow him to give M. de Ségur the Order of Christ which he had just received. This was done to M. de Ségur's great satisfaction, and he never afterwards appeared without his broad ribbon.

London, June 27, 1834.—The late Lord Castlereagh had a curious way of speaking French. He said to Madame de Lieven that what gave him most pleasure in her conversation was that his mind became "*liquide*" when in her company,

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and one day, speaking of the union which prevailed among the Great Powers, he said to her that he was delighted to say that they were all *dans le même potage*, a rather too literal translation of the English idiom "in the same mess."

Yesterday I had a long conversation with my cousin Paul Medem. He understands very well the difficulties of his position, which begin with the keen regret with which M. and Madame de Lieven are yielding him the place. These difficulties will be removed in part by the very wise advice of the Czar, that he should remain altogether outside the internal politics of England, and become neither Whig nor Tory. He told me that the real reason why he had been preferred to Matuczewicz, was the marked and uncompromising character of the opinions which the latter had adopted in England, where he went in for politics with the vigour of John Bull himself.

June 28, 1834.—The King of England is ill and his haste to see the Queen depart has suddenly changed into keen regret that she is going. She did everything she could to persuade him to allow her to stay, but the King replied that it was too late to change his mind, that all was ready and that she must go. To stay now would give rise to all sorts of unfortunate conjectures which should be avoided. "Besides," he added, "if a change in the Ministry comes soon it is better that you should be absent so that they cannot say, as they did some years ago, that you influenced me." The same day, speaking of his Ministers, the King said, "I am tired to death of these people," and when some one observed that if so, it was very curious that he did not dismiss them, he replied very sensibly, "But two years ago when I sent for the Tories they left me stranded at the end of twenty-four hours and abandoned me to the Whigs. This must not happen a second time. I shall therefore do nothing one way or the other, but let them fight it out as best they can among themselves." Things will not, however, turn out as before, for it was the refusal of Sir Robert Peel to take office which wrecked the plan on the former occasion. Now he is willing to take up the succession, and public opinion is prepared to see him do so.

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I hear much of internal dissensions in the Cabinet. It appears that Lord Lansdowne will not remain with Mr. Ellice, especially since the declaration of the latter in favour of the principles of Mr. O'Connell. It is also said that Lord Grey doesn't get on with Mr. Abercromby. Finally the disunion of the Cabinet is obvious, even to the public, and is being, I think, rather cleverly exploited by the Conservative Party.

The Prince de Lieven yesterday introduced Paul Medem to Lord Grey, who appeared much embarrassed, and, after a long silence, found nothing to talk about but France, M. de Broglie, M. de Rigny, the elections, &c., just as he might have done with a French *chargé d'affaires*. For a Russian one, just come from St. Petersburg, this was very curious—Lord Grey's praises of Broglie were excessive; his questions about Rigny cold and distrustful.

London, June 29, 1834.—It is very strange that, as things are, Lady Holland, who has always professed to be a friend of Lord Aberdeen in spite of the difference of their political opinions, should have asked M. de Talleyrand to meet him at dinner at her house!

Yesterday I took leave of the Queen; everything seemed definitely arranged for her departure.

Don Carlos and his suite are established at Gloucester Lodge, a pretty house in one of the suburbs, which is called Old Brompton. This house, whose present owner is unknown to me, was built by the mother of the present Duke of Gloucester who gave it its name. Don Carlos's close proximity to London much embarrasses all the members of the diplomatic corps, whose courts have left their relations with Spain conveniently vague. The signatories of the Quadruple Alliance are of course out of the game.

London, June 30, 1834.—The Marquis de Miraflorès makes no progress in the difficult art of behaving tactfully in society. The other day he made another curious lapse. It was at the house of Lord Brougham the Chancellor, where he had been talking to M. de Talleyrand. The latter, turning to go, found himself face to face with Lucien

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Bonaparte. They greeted each other and exchanged inquiries, coldly but politely, and M. de Talleyrand was about to take his leave when he was stopped by the Spanish Minister, who in a loud voice asked the French Ambassador to present him to Lucien Bonaparte! It was a perfect example of tact!

The Duke of Wellington, whom I saw yesterday at a concert in honour of Madame Malibran, told me that he had been with Don Carlos that morning, and had had a very curious conversation with him. He could not give me an account of it then because of the crowd which surrounded us listening to everything we said, but he told me that nothing could exceed the squalour, poverty and untidiness of this King and Queen of Spain and the Indies. The Duke was the more astonished at this, as they have found money here, and might easily have bought a little soap and clean linen. All that the Duke told me of the conversation was as follows. First he told them the truth as he always does, and, seeing a priest, then observed, "God doubtless does much for those who invoke His help, but He does even more for those who do something for themselves." The priest only said that there was a Spanish proverb to the same effect.

London, July 1, 1834.—Yesterday we received the news of the death of Madame Sosthène de la Rochefoucault, an event which proves that I am right in maintaining that there is no such thing as a *malade imaginaire*. Nothing, in fact, can be so tedious and wearisome as to be constantly watching, dieting and pitying one's self. How could any one keep up such a pretence unless some serious and painful symptom condemned one to it? But there are two things which the world never will believe in—the troubles and the sufferings of others. Every one is so afraid of being asked for sympathy and help, that it is found more convenient to deny the facts than to sacrifice one's self. All my life I have heard Madame Sosthène abused; she was described as a lazy, complaining creature who had in reality the constitution of a Turk. When one does not look delicate, and

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even sometimes when one does, nothing short of dying will convince people that one is really ill. The world is only too ready to give exhibitions of its curiosity, its indiscretion, and its calumny, but its compassion, like its indulgence, only comes after the event, when you have no longer any need of it.

M. de Montrond talks of returning to Louèche to put his poor body in a bath. It would be a good thing if it were possible to put his soul in also. His visit here was an even worse failure than that of last year. When you have survived yourself, your fortune, your health, your wit, and your manners, and when there does not even remain the faintest reflection of your past glories to give you a little consideration in the world, the spectacle which you present is deplorable. I said one day to M. de Talleyrand that in my opinion nothing was left to M. de Montrond except to blow out his brains. He replied that he would do nothing of the sort, because he had never been able to put up with the smallest deprivation, and he would not willingly accept the deprivation of life any more than any other.

Madame de Montrond, who was divorced from her first husband [1] in order to marry M. de Montrond, told me that one day, after she had been divorced for the second time and had resumed her maiden name Aimée de Coigny, she was being driven in a phaeton with M. de Montrond, who himself took the reins. She was admiring the fine pair of English horses and praised the view, the equipage, and the driver. "It is not much of a pleasure," he replied; "what would be worth doing would be to harness two young tigers, lash them to fury, to tame them, and then to kill them." This is, indeed, the language of an insatiable soul.

London, July 2, 1834.—The Queen is definitely going on the 5th. She will cross in the yacht *Royal George*, which people are going to visit out of curiosity, as well as two splendid steamboats, which will act as tugs when necessary. The whole Yacht Club will escort her, and the North Sea will be covered with a charming little fleet. The Queen is to land at Rotterdam some time on the 6th, and will

[1] The Duc de Fleury, grand-nephew of the Cardinal.

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proceed the same evening incognita to her sister, the Duchess of Weimar, who lives in the suburbs of The Hague. The Prince of Orange, I understand, is to be there as if by chance. The Princess of Orange is in Germany with her sister.

London, July 3, 1834.—Lord Grey has become extremely nervous and irritable. Yesterday, while dining with Lord Sefton, he was, as they say here, quite cross because dinner was later than usual; because Lady Cowley, a witty and animated woman but a great Tory, was there; and, finally, because every one was in full dress for the Duke of Wellington's ball. It is really curious that a man in Lord Grey's exalted position and of such a noble nature as he, should be so sensitive to small matters, and should have nerves so childishly susceptible.

The Duke of Wellington gave a splendid ball, very magnificent, brilliant, and well-arranged. All the guests did their best not to dim the lustre of the proceedings, and I think they were successful.

M. Royer-Collard writes to me: "The aspect of the elections is deceptive; they are much less ministerial than they seem. Next Session will be very heavy, and the Ministry is prepared for trouble. The great number of coalitions is a very serious symptom. What must be the violence of the hatreds which have formed such an alliance!" Further on he adds, "When one knows a person one is usually able to predict with fair accuracy what he will say or do in given circumstances, but M. Dupin defies all calculation. The rashness of his speech is such as cannot be foreseen; it is the same here as in London, and it makes it impossible that he should ever come into power."

London, July 4, 1834.—The other day the Queen said something which seemed very ridiculous to the person to whom she said it, but which seems to me quite intelligible, probably owing to what M. de Talleyrand would call my *allemanderie*. She said that "during the sixteen hours which she spent last week in Westminster Abbey during the performance of the great oratorios, she had had more time

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and leisure to reflect on her position, and for self-examination than she usually had. This has led to her making discoveries, for instance that she was more attached to the King than she was perhaps aware, that she was more necessary to her husband than she had thought, and, in a word, that henceforth England was her only true country. All this makes her departure particularly painful, but she has one consolation. This is the thought that when she is away the King will be more disposed to assist in bringing about a change of Ministry, and that it cannot be supposed that in doing so he is yielding to her influence. There is much, perhaps too much, frankness in such pieces of self-revelation, but I think that all these ideas are perfectly natural, and I understand perfectly how they were inspired in the places and circumstances above described.

The King for his part gives the most curious explanations of his regret at the Queen's leaving him, which grows keener day by day. Thus he said to Madame de Lieven yesterday. "I could never explain to you, Madame, the innumerable ways in which the Queen is of use to me." This is a strange and rather ridiculous way of putting it. The King has gout in his hands which makes it difficult to use them, prevents him from riding, and often from writing. This causes him much pain when he has many papers to sign, and makes him depend on his valet in the smallest matters. All his fine plans of resuming his bachelor existence and of amusing himself as suits his fancy are abandoned. So much so that his Majesty concluded his confidences to Madame de Lieven by saying that once the Queen is gone he would go to Windsor and live there like a hermit, never leaving the place till she came back.

The departure of her Majesty, which takes place to-morrow, will be a really splendid spectacle. Besides her own vessel the two great steam-boats and all the Yacht Club, the Lord Mayor, and all the City Companies will escort the Queen in their State barges as a mark of respect up to the point on the river at which their jurisdiction ends. It is said, too, that a Dutch fleet is to be sent to meet her.

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Almack's, the celebrated Almack's,[1] which for twenty years has been the despair of the middle classes, the object of the emulation and the desire of so many young ladies in the provinces, Almack's, which gives or withholds the stamp of fashion, Almack's, the despotism *par excellence*, ruled with a rod of iron by six of the most exclusive ladies in London; Almack's, like all modern institutions, carries in its bosom the seeds of its own destruction! Following on a relaxation of internal regulations came a violation of its privileges, for the Duke of Wellington dared to give a ball on Wednesday, the day devoted and consecrated exclusively to Almack's. Finally, there has been disunion and a conflict of jurisdiction in the Council of Six, and like the constitution of Church and State, so much shaken at present, Almack's also threatens to fall to pieces, and we fear for the safety of an institution where young ladies find husbands, women of position an exercising ground for their pretentions, novelists the most brilliant scenes in their stories, foreigners their introduction to society, and everybody a more or less legitimate interest to occupy them in the height of the season.

Lady Jersey is accused of being the subversive spirit. The counts in the indictment against her are numerous. She would not allow the appointment of younger patronesses, who being livelier than their elders might have revived the fading interest people took in the place. She had been much to blame in giving tickets carelessly to people who were anything but elegant, and had refused to submit her lists to the inspection of her colleagues. Further, having herself introduced an undesirable element at the balls, she had decried them, and in spite of the fact that she was a patroness had ceased to go herself, and had persuaded the Duke of Wellington to give a ball on Wednesday. She had tried to force the other patronesses to change the day, and finally, not content with having set at naught in this way all the most sacred traditions of the institution, she had

1 Almack's was an academy of fashion where all the best society in London collected. The patronesses were six ladies of high rank; every man of the world had to make his *début* at Almack's.

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written an arrogant and preposterous letter, or rather manifesto, to Lady Cowper, complaining that, as her advice had been disregarded, Almack's had clashed with the Duke of Wellington's Ball, and threatening that, as she was very angry at this, she would resign her position as a member of the Committee. It is expected that at the next meeting there will be a great row. I confess that if the public were admitted I should certainly be present.

It must be admitted that Lady Jersey carries blind vanity to a degree which is beyond all bounds. She is absolutely stupid, and her origin is bourgeois.[1] Her husband is too indulgent, and she is beautiful with a beauty which is imperfect but very well preserved. Her health is robust, her energy untiring, and the possession of all these advantages has convinced her that she has enough money to excuse all her caprices, enough beauty to be the despair or the rapture of all the men about her, enough wit to rule the world, and enough authority to be always paramount without question in the favour of princes, in the confidence of statesmen, in the hearts of the young men, and even in the opinion of her rivals. She thinks her superiority so incontestable that modesty is unnecessary and would be merely hypocritical, so she does without it perfectly. She speaks of her beauty, which she exhibits with all the complacency of Helen of Troy, of her wit, her virtue, and her sensibility each in its turn. Piety arrives punctually on Sunday and departs on Monday. She has neither restraint nor ability, nor generosity, nor kindness, nor honesty nor dignity. She is either mocked or hated, either avoided or feared. In my opinion her heart is bad, her head empty, her character dangerous, her society tedious, but when all is said and done she is as they say, "the best creature in the world."

London, July 6, 1834.—The rather violent altercation in the House of Commons between Mr. Littelton, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. O'Connell has not been well received, and has brought out in a strong light both the indiscretion

[1] Through her mother Lady Jersey was the grand-daughter of Robert Child, the banker.

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of the former and the want of principle of the latter. After such a scene it was expected that the two champions would have a mutual explanation not without arms, and that Mr. Littelton would resign or be dismissed. But the political epidermis is neither very fine nor very sensitive; the manners and customs of Parliament make people callous very quickly, and ambition and intrigue promptly dethrone every sentiment of delicacy, and sometimes every sentiment of honour.

Mr. Stanley made another long speech the day before yesterday on the eternal question of the Irish Church, launching defiance at the Government of which he was so lately a member. This was so easy to foresee that I was astonished at the stupidity of Ministers and their friends, who maintained breathlessly that Mr. Stanley would remain their friend and defender after his resignation as he had been before. As if between politicians there could be any other bond of union except common ambition?

The Neapolitan Minister thought it his duty to present himself before Don Carlos, who sent for him. He made up his mind, however, not to commit his Court without instructions, and to give Don Carlos no higher title than "Monseigneur." However, when he got to Gloucester Lodge, he was solemnly introduced into the presence of the Prince, who received him standing in the midst of his Court, the Princesses at his side so black and ugly, with eyes of such an African cast, that poor old Ludolf became confused, and hearing every one cry "the King," and feeling these four terrible black eyes fixed on him with the fury of wild beasts, he felt that if he did not go beyond "Monseigneur" his last hour was come; and so he scattered "King" and "Majesty" right and left, and was glad to escape alive from that den of brigands!

The Princesse de Lieven gave us a charming day in the country yesterday. The company showed both good humour and good taste, and consisted of the Princess, Lady Clanricarde, M. Dedel, Count Pahlen, Lord John Russell, and myself. The weather was splendid, except for two thunder-

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showers, which we all took in good part. We dined at Burford Bridge, a pretty little inn at the foot of Box Hill, only half of which we were able to climb owing to the heat. We also visited Deepdene, a country house which belongs to Mr. Hope,[1] and well deserves its name. The vegetation is fine, but the place is low-lying and melancholy; the house is in a pretentious Egyptian style, which is grotesque and ugly.

Mr. Denison's property of Denbies,[2] which we next visited, is admirably situated; the view is rich and varied, but the house is insignificant, at least from the outside. All this country is quite picturesque—remarkably so, in fact, when one thinks how near it is to a great city like London. The party was undoubtedly very pleasant, and I like to look back on it.

London, July 7, 1834.—The Duke of Cumberland has announced his intention of visiting Don Carlos, which much displeases the King. The Duke of Gloucester would be tempted to go too, but he was unwilling to do so without telling the King, who begged him not to do so.

Here is exactly what passed between the Infante Don Carlos and the Duke of Wellington. The Infante began by sending the Bishop of Leon to the Duke, who thought him a fat and rather common priest, but that he had more sense than all the rest of the party put together. The Bishop begged the Duke to go to see his master and give him his advice. The Duke declined to advise on a position the details of which, as well as the resources available, were unknown to him, but felt that he could not very well refuse to call on Don Carlos, with whom he had the singular conversation which follows:

Don Carlos. Do you advise me to go by sea and rejoin Zumalacarreguy in Biscaya?

Duke of Wellington. But have you the means of

[1] This house still belongs to the Hope family, and contains a remarkable picture gallery. The park and the Italian garden are among the finest in England.

[2] Denbies now belongs to Mr. G. Cubitt; it is situated in the county of Surrey, near Dorking.

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getting there? (*No reply.*) Have you a seaport at your disposal where you would be sure to be able to disembark?

Don Carlos. Zumalacarreguy will take one for me.

Duke of Wellington. But in order to do so he would have to leave Biscaya. Moreover, you must not forget that, in accordance with the Treaty of Quadruple Alliance, England will not allow you to start for Spain, having engaged to expel you from that country.

Don Carlos. Very well. I will go by way of France.

Duke of Wellington. But France has entered into the same engagements.

Don Carlos. What would be done if I crossed France?

Duke of Wellington. You would be arrested.

Don Carlos. What impression would be produced on the other Powers by this?

Duke of Wellington. The impression that a Prince had been arrested.

Don Carlos. But if there were a change of Ministry here they would restore me in Spain.

Duke of Wellington. Many intriguing persons, some of them of the highest rank, will try to persuade you that this is so, and I cannot sufficiently warn you against such a delusion. England has recognised Isabella II., and cannot go back on that recognition or on the engagements entered into by treaty. What I say may be unpleasant, but I think that to say it is the greatest service I can do you. I know this country well; you need expect nothing from it. I am indeed astonished that, after the treaty our Government has signed, you should have chosen it for your residence. From many points of view you would, I think, be much better off in Germany. I do not know the strength of your party in Spain, or what its chances of success may be, but I do not believe that you will ever find any honest or efficient help except in Spain itself.

Such is the conversation, which seems to me very interesting as illustrating the extraordinary ignorance of the one and the simple straightforwardness of the other. The Duke was much struck by a sort of cretinism which distinguishes

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this unhappy Prince, who knows and has learned nothing, who has neither dignity, nor courage, nor address, nor intelligence, and who really appears to be on the lowest rung of the human ladder. It is said that the Princesses, the children, and, in fact, every one about him, are much of the same sort. It is a pitiable spectacle.

The Duke of Wellington does not believe in the million sent by M. de Blacas. He thinks that it is no doubt rather the Spanish clergy who have sent a little money.

I told the Duke that I had seen many people who were very curious to know what title he had given to Don Carlos when he was with him. He said, "You see from what I have told you that there is nothing in the conversation I had with the prince which might not be printed; there is nothing which could offend any one. The curiosity you mention reminds me of that shown by all Spaniards during the Peninsular War, to know the manner in which I addressed Joseph Bonaparte when I communicated with him as I often did. His French correspondence was often intercepted and brought to me. It contained much information that I could not allow him to have, but also news of his wife and children of which I had no wish to deprive him, and which I used to send through the French outposts. On these occasions I used to write to the French General saying, 'Acquaint the King that his wife, or his eldest daughter, or his younger daughter, is better, or not so well, as the case might be, that they have gone to the country,' &c. &c. I never said the King *of Spain*, and I addressed my communications to the French General commanding, and not to the Spanish Generals of Joseph's party. Thus in this title of King there was no recognition to be inferred. It was a piece of civility and nothing more, and as such was of no consequence." Thus the Duke left me to my own reflections on the manner in which he addressed Don Carlos when he saw him.

All these poor Spaniards were at the Opera yesterday, where, as was natural, they were the object of much curiosity.

I hear from Paris that they are busy bringing a Governor

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of Algiers into the world. Marshal Soult would like to send a Marshal, others want a civilian in order that the Duc Decazes may have the place. He is loudly asking for it, and Thiers for one has promised that it shall be his. It is a curious thing to see a favourite of Louis XVIII. taking refuge in Algiers! I can remember a time when people were casting about for a means to send him far away and when Algiers with its Dey, its slavery and its bow strings, would have been considered at the Pavillon Marsan to be a most excellent solution of the problem. Rascality, eccentricity, reverses of fortune, catastrophes have not been wanting in the years which I have seen, the number of which seems double and treble what it really is when I think of the immensity of the events which have happened, the destinies which have been destroyed, the ruins and the recoveries which they have witnessed.

London, July 8, 1834.—The English Ministry cannot either live or die. Each day demolishes a fraction of the edifice; it is impossible that the Cabinet should not feel itself shaken to its foundations, and yet against all parliamentary tradition it remains in office in defiance of the insults and indiscretions, the paltry cowardice of one set of people, the paltry treachery of others. Even the King is not acting straightforwardly; the Conservatives are ready to take up an inheritance which seems within their grasp, but they prefer taking it over quietly to snatching it from the dying hands of its present owners. Meanwhile nothing is done, nothing decided, and the astonished and expectant public looks on uncomprehendingly. Lord Althorp announces that Mr. Littleton has offered his resignation which Lord Grey has refused to accept. Lord Grey denies that the Cabinet has taken a decision announced by the Duke of Richmond with (according to his account) the special permission of the King. If the old Parliamentary tradition were observed this strange incident would lead to some drastic solution of the problem, but as things are, no one expects anything more than some paltry patching up of the Ministry. In the meantime while they are haggling over

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the price of existence at home, Lord Palmerston is finding a peremptory settlement for all foreign questions, refusing explanations to one party, declining to accept them from another, irritating and alarming everybody. It is not assuredly a case for imitating John Huss on his way to execution who, seeing a poor old woman hurrying with a blind zeal for the glory of God to throw another faggot on the pyre on which he was to be burned, exclaimed *Sancta simplicitas!*

A propos of Lord Palmerston and his reputation even among those who cannot do without him, I shall quote the remark of Lord William Russell, the most tranquil and moderate of men. Madame de Lieven had expressed to him her desire to see him Ambassador at St. Petersburg, at an early date, to which he replied, "Nothing could be more splendid or fortunate for my career, yet if Lord Palmerston thought of me I should refuse. What he wants is not an enlightened and truthful agent, but a man who will distort the truth to suit his prejudices. If you display any independence, whether of language or of opinion, it irritates him. His one thought is how to get rid of you and bring about your ruin. When I was at Lisbon my views did not agree with his, so he attacked my wife's reputation, and if I were to send him any information from St. Petersburg except what he wanted to receive, he would simply say that I had been bought by Russia and try to dishonour me in that way. No gentleman can in the end consent to do business with him."

London, July 9, 1834.—Paul Medem was telling us yesterday that nothing was so curious as the excessive partiality shewn by the Duc de Broglie, when he was Minister, for Lord Granville. The preference given by him to the British Ambassador over all the rest of the diplomatic corps seemed natural in the circumstances, but, as it was not only an exclusive preference but an anxious, jealous and absorbing passion, it became ridiculous, embarrassing and often inexpedient.

Another fact which was not less curious was that the

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day after he left the Ministry when he was going the round of the Ambassadors and explaining to them the reasons for his resignation, the Duc de Broglie, by way of softening what he wrongly supposed to be their regret, added that his ideas and his system were still represented in his pupil M. Duchâtel whom he had put there after having initiated him into the great affairs which were to be the chief concern of his life, and having formed him as a statesman of the first eminence. This legacy so pompously announced seemed of less importance to the legatees than to the testator.

London, July 10, 1834.—I learned from the *Times* yesterday that Lord Grey and Lord Althorp, having asked for the adjournment of several Bills in the House of Lords, and having had a very long meeting of the Cabinet, tendered their resignations to the King, who immediately accepted them.[1]

Without hearing any more I left Town with the Countess of Sutherland and Countess Batthyány to spend the morning at Bromley Hill, a charming country house where Lord Farnborough, Mr. Pitt's old friend, always lives, devoting himself entirely to this delightful habitation which is remarkable alike for its fine situation, its beautiful woods, flowers and water, and the perfect taste and care with which it is managed. We were quite delighted with everything and sorry to go back to the smoke and politics of London.

We could hear nothing more about the great event of the day except the simple fact of the King's message to Lord Melbourne. Nothing is known as yet of what passed between the King and him. In the evening we went to Lord Grey's and found him *en famille*. His children seemed cast down, his wife angry; he alone was cheerful, simple and friendly,

[1] The following was the composition of Lord Grey's Cabinet: First Lord of the Treasury, Earl Grey; Lord Chancellor, Lord Brougham; Lord President of the Council, the Marquess of Lansdowne; Lord Privy Seal, the Earl of Durham; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Althorp; Home Secretary, Viscount Melbourne; Foreign Secretary, Viscount Palmerston; Colonial Secretary, Viscount Goderich; President of the Board of Trade, Lord Auckland; First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir James Graham; Postmaster-General, the Duke of Richmond; Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Stanley; Paymaster-General, Lord John Russell; President of the Board of Control, Mr. Charles Grant; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Lord Holland.

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displaying the noble and candid demeanour which is natural in him, and which in its way is quite touching. He told us quite naturally that there had been a series of difficulties and dissensions which were constantly renewed from the beginning of the session onwards, and that the last incident —the foolish indiscretion of Mr. Littelton of which Lord Althorp gave such a lame explanation in the House of Commons—had made Mr. Littelton's resignation insufficient, and had necessitated his own and Lord Althorp's.

I thought that in Lord Grey's family it was Mr. Stanley who was hated most, for it was his resignation, followed by a bitter speech, which produced the situation in which the Littelton incident was only the culminating crisis. The Commons were so far from satisfied with Lord Althorp's speech on this that a series of groups developed, each of which was capable of making its displeasure felt. This is what put an end to Lord Grey's prolonged uncertainty. He seemed to us satisfied with the effect produced by the personal explanation of his whole conduct which he had just given in the House of Lords.

Mr. Ward his son-in-law came with news of the House of Commons, where it appeared that Lord Althorp's explanations were received coldly enough. The impression there was that, besides Lord Grey and Lord Althorp, Messrs. Abercromby, Grant, and Spring Rice had also left the Ministry. This Lord Grey said was incorrect. Only he and Lord Althorp had actually resigned, and indeed the Chancellor had gone so far as to say in the House of Lords that for his part he meant to stay, and would not give up the Great Seal unless formally ordered to do so by the King. On this I ventured to ask whether the Premier's resignation did not necessarily involve that of all the other members of the Cabinet. "In theory, yes," replied Lord Grey, "but in fact, no. But you are right, it is the usual custom, and, as a matter of fact, any Ministry is dissolved. However, these gentlemen individually may remain in the new Cabinet." His manner in answering was visibly awkward and embarrassed.

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Next we went to Lord Holland's; he was much more upset than Lord Grey, and much irritated at the attack made on the Cabinet by the Duke of Wellington in Parliament, which he considered to be malicious and in bad taste. He said that the Tories seemed quite ready to take up the succession, but he hoped the Chancellor's speech would disgust them with the undertaking by showing them what enormous difficulties they would have to contend with. He added, moreover, that "you can't go out to dinner without being asked," and that, so far, the King had not summoned the Tories to office, but had sent for Lord Melbourne, though he did not know what had passed at the interview.

To our question whether the Cabinet was entirely or only partially dissolved, Lord Holland replied that the King must consider himself to be without Ministers, and that for his part, though he had not handed in his resignation, he regarded himself as out of office. On this question there is an air of uncertainty which proves how much these gentlemen are attached to their places and how unwilling they are to give them up. Lord Melbourne arrived while we were there, and we discreetly retired, being no more enlightened by the end of the day than we had been at the beginning.

There is no new light, it seems, on the Spanish situation. There is a cholera scare which the Queen Regent is trying to make an excuse for retirement from the public eye at a time which is said to be embarrassing for her. It is a bad thing for Her Majesty to lose the esteem of a public whose good opinion and goodwill are so desirable. The cholera and the Queen's seclusion are throwing the conduct of Government business into great confusion. They talk of changing the place of meeting of the Cortes.

It is asserted that the Infante Don Francesco, is still at Madrid with his wife, who is on bad terms with the Queen Regent although she is her sister, and is aiming at the Regency for himself instigated by his consort. It is even hinted that his plans are more ambitious still. Civil war is still general in the north, and the principal actors in the drama

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being placed as they are, it is impossible to predict what the result of the present state of matters in the South of Europe will be.

London, July 11, 1834.—When the King sent for Lord Melbourne yesterday he spoke to him of his desire that a Coalition Ministry should be formed, and asked him to undertake it. Yesterday morning, however, Lord Melbourne had to write to the King to say that the task was impossible. At the same moment Lord Brougham, who does not conceal his desire to stay in office and direct affairs, has also written to the King to say that nothing would be easier than to reconstruct the administration out of the ruins of its predecessor and to continue to govern on the same system. Two leading Tories have told Madame de Lieven that if they were sent for by the King they would accept office. Their plans were made, they said, and when asked whether they would have the courage to dissolve they said that they would not dissolve because they believed that they could control the existing House bad as it is. They also expressed themselves very favourably on the subject of the French Alliance and especially regarding M. de Talleyrand, whose conservative policy inspires them with so much confidence that they say he is the only French Ambassador who would suit them.

Yesterday we had at dinner some relics of the fallen Ministry. The causes of the catastrophe were freely discussed; it seems to have been due to a series of small treacheries or, as Lady Holland said, to High Treason.

Lord Brougham, whom Lord Durham, perhaps justly, described as a rogue and a madman, appears to be the villain of the piece. He has been secretly corresponding with the Marquess Wellesley, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in order to persuade him to make reports to Lord Grey different from those previously sent and intended to induce him to abandon the Coercion Bill. On the other hand he asked the Lords Justices for an opinion on the state of Ireland and on the measures which should be adopted, but, as it was not what he wanted, it never reached Lord Grey and has every appearance of having been suppressed. Mr. Littelton's indiscretions—

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Lord Althorp's want of energy, the difficulties of the situation as a whole—all this put together ended Lord Grey's irresolution. He had for some time past been decided not to face next session. He wished to retire after the present one and to choose his successor. I believe that he is sincerely glad to be out of the turmoil, but that he is sorry to have resigned when his position was honey-combed with treason and without knowing into whose hands power would fall. He is very dignified about it, but his wife is full of regret and irritation at the loss of all the chances of establishing her family which came from her husband's being Prime Minister.

Lady Holland is quite prostrate with regret for the comfort in which the Duchy of Lancaster kept her husband. Lord Holland talks of it all with a mixture of geniality, indifference, annoyance and good spirits which is rare, amusing and astonishing.

No one knows, foresees, or even guesses what is to be the result of the crisis.

The King is at Windsor surrounded by an undistinguished crowd of relatives, legitimate and illegitimate, who have neither cleverness nor consistency and who are not even agreed among themselves. It is impossible to gauge what influence they will have one way or the other. The presence of the Queen would have had more effect, but I am glad to think that her absence relieves her of all responsibility. The King foresaw this, and said so several times, and her own consolation on leaving was the thought that she could not be accused of influencing the Royal decisions.

London, July 13, 1834.—It is evident that several people have been duped this week. The most surprised and upset are of course the Conservatives. They and the public with them have always imagined that the King, too weak to dismiss the Ministry, would none the less be delighted to get rid of them and would eagerly seize the first opportunity to recall the Tories to office. Yet hours and days pass without their being sent for.

I dined with them yesterday; they were obviously disappointed, and the Duke of Wellington, next whom I sat at

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dinner at Lady Jersey's, talked quite frankly to me about it. I quite agreed with his opinion of the inevitable result of the King's conduct. Lord Grey represented the last stage between innovation and revolution, and the King, by letting slip a natural and decent opportunity, will be unable to retrace his steps, and will precipitate himself into the abyss which is destined to engulf the monarchy and the country. The effect which this will have in Europe is incalculable.

Some one who was dining last night in the opposite camp told me that the Whigs were sure that the King had come back to town in order to leave Lord Melbourne free to choose what Ministry he liked as he had refused to construct a coalition. This conjecture is confirmed by the fact that several prominent members of the House of Commons have appointments with Lord Melbourne this morning. It appears that the question is whether the more drastic clauses of the Coercion Bill for Ireland are to be abandoned. Lord Melbourne wishes to retain them, but in that case it would be necessary to do without Lord Althorp who seems to be the only person capable of leading the House of Commons. All doubts will probably be resolved when it comes to the point, and to-morrow we shall have a reconstructed or at least a readjusted Ministry, smoothly plastered to the outward view but bearing in itself the seeds of its destruction. What I have long believed and sometimes said seems to be coming true.

Sir Herbert Taylor, George III.'s private secretary, with whom once upon a time Princess Amelia fell hopelessly in love, who was said to be without influence under George III., and who was a model of discretion under George IV., occupies the same position under the present King. I have always suspected him of being a devoted friend of the Whigs and especially of Lord Palmerston. He was the only man at Windsor to whom the King could speak during the crisis, and through whom all the necessary communications could have passed. His prompting and his subterranean, yet active and long prepared intrigues are believed to be the cause of what is now happening.

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Rumours succeed and destroy each other. One is wearied out with curiosity, unsatisfied and unjustified. It is said again that Lord Melbourne will be quite at liberty to govern his Ministry as he will. It is also said that the King, who has certainly not left Windsor, has sent Sir Herbert Taylor to Sir Robert Peel.

Again it is asserted that Dom Pedro is dead and Don Carlos gone. In fact the city and the clubs are amusing themselves (to kill time I suppose) by disseminating the most extraordinary and contradictory news. People end by believing nothing and listening to no one, and meanwhile one waits patiently with a sort of lassitude until the *Gazette* announces officially who is going to take up the heavy and difficult task of the Ministry.

Meanwhile Lord Grey occupies himself with little dinners at Greenwich, where he consoles himself for his fall and the treachery of his friends, Madame de Lieven for her gilded exile, and M. de Talleyrand for the conflict of unsatisfied ambition and a natural weariness. The other day Lord Grey said very happily in his farewell speech in Parliament, that when one was seventy years old as he was, one might manage affairs very well in ordinary times, but that in a period so critical as the present it needed the activity and energy which belong only to youth.

This is a truth which I have had the opportunity of verifying in my own circle, and I have felt that in public life it is above all things necessary to choose a good moment for retreat, not to lose the proper moment, and so to quit politics gracefully, thus carrying with you the applause of the spectators and avoiding their hisses.

London, July 14, 1834.—This morning people were writing from Windsor to London to find out what was going on. The King's silence had been complete; and in his long walks with his sister, the Princess Augusta, or his daughter, Lady Sophia Sidney, all conversation was carefully avoided, and nothing was talked of but the weather.

The Queen's journey has met with some difficulties; and Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, who it appears is not a very

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skilful sailor, had some difficulty in finding the way, and besides, the royal yacht drew too much water. Fortunately, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, and the Prince and Princess of the Netherlands had come in a Dutch steamer to meet her Majesty, who was able to go on board the latter vessel with her maid, and proceed to The Hague direct; the suite reached Rotterdam with some difficulty.

It seems to have been very fortunate that the Queen was able to avoid Rotterdam herself, for they are so much annoyed that they had prepared an ugly reception for her. It had been arranged here that she was to meet neither the King nor the Queen of the Netherlands, and this condition had been strongly insisted on by the King of England. A "chance meeting," however, which might take place at the palace of Loo, had been talked of.

Sir Herbert Taylor has of late been the centre of interest for a good many people, and has been discussed in many conversations. In this way I learned that when he was proposed as private secretary to George III., who had become blind, it was also proposed that he should be made a Privy Councillor. The mere idea roused the King to fury, and, in the presence of all his Ministers, he said to Mr. Taylor: "Remember, sir, that you are to be my pen and my eye, but nothing else; that if you should presume but once to remember what you hear, read, or write, to have an opinion of your own or to give any advice, we should part for ever." And, as a matter of fact, under George III. and later under George IV., Mr. Taylor was never more than a kind of lay figure without eyes to see or ears to hear, or a memory to remember. They say that things are changed now, though he still keeps up the appearance of the greatest reserve and the most profound discretion. I heard on the same occasion that, until he grew blind, George III. never used a secretary, even for making envelopes or sealing his letters. His correspondence was extensive as well as secret; he always knew what was going on in society and all the political intrigues; and when displeased with his Ministers or distrusting their measures he would secretly take

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the advice of the Opposition. He was never taken by surprise, followed public opinion, and combined considerable learning with a great dignity of carriage.

Since the day before yesterday a rumour has been afloat that Don Carlos has already quitted London and has already landed in France, everybody supposing that he was lying ill at Gloucester Lodge. This though generally believed is not yet proved. What makes me doubt it is that M. de Miraflorès claims that it is true, and boasts that he has led Don Carlos into this proceeding by means of an agent in his pay who, he says, persuaded the unfortunate Prince to take this step in order to betray him to the first Spanish patrol on the frontier, from whom he would receive short shrift. This singular and horrible boast would have to be taken seriously if uttered by any other person. But M. de Miraflorès is as idiotic in politics as in love, and it is quite likely that the whole story is false, or at any rate, that the agent who is said to have inveigled the Prince has only duped the diplomat.

Yesterday evening, politeness, interest, curiosity, and affection, in a word, every possible motive, good and bad, brought an unusually large number of people to Lady Grey's Sunday reception, which is believed to be her last. It was being said there in veiled language, but in a manner which admitted of no doubt, that Lord Melbourne had come back from Windsor, Prime Minster, and charged with the construction of a new Ministry out of the old Cabinet, to which Lord Grey alone will not return. If this is so, the former will commence in the sinister character of a traitor, and the latter will end with the melancholy countenance of a dupe. The King will have been weak enough to prefer patching up matters to being energetic for a day or two, which might doubtless have been difficult, but would have been at least dignified, and certainly salutory for the country. The Tories will never forgive him for having drawn back, and posterity will condemn him for his feebleness.

Last night it seemed as if everything in the greatness of England was dwindled, shrunken, and soiled. The Diplomatic

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Corps separated into groups, the expression of which was remarkable. The new Spain, the new Portugal, Belgium still in outline, everything which depends on the disorder and weakness of the Great Powers, looked at Lord Palmerston with great anxiety, which as the certainty grew that he would stay in office, changed into an expression of affection and triumph. Scorn and hatred contracted every fibre of the Princesse de Lieven. The French Ambassador, neither a reactionary like the North, nor a propagandist like the English, seemed full of care rather than annoyance, more sorry than surprised, and had the air of a man who, seeing the part of honest man played out, feels that his own is finished, and that the time has come for retiring with honour. The English themselves seemed humiliated, and under no illusions about the appearance of moderation which cloaks the feebleness of the present policy. In fact, the patch-up of the Ministry will lead more slowly perhaps, but by a process of disintegration equally sure, to the ruin which would have been the result had Lord Durham and Mr. O'Connell reached office at a single stride.

The more one examines Lord Brougham's conduct, the more one is struck with the shamelessness of his character. The day before yesterday the venerable Lord Harewood asked him where we were, and whether the Ministry would be reconstructed, and the Chancellor replied, "Where are we? Where do you suppose we can be when at a critical moment like this we have to deal with people who take it into their heads to talk of their honour? What have we to do with honour at such a time?"

If he is not troubled by considerations of his honour, he troubles himself equally little about his dignity. Yesterday when every one was so much agitated, in spite of the established custom that the Chancellor of England shall attend Divine Service at the Temple Church, he thought fit to accompany Madame Peter to Mass, and to sit beside this lady all the time, courting her not less assiduously than his colleague, Lord Palmerston.

This morning, it is said, they will throw a sop to Lord

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Durham, and will make him Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in order to get rid of him. At the same time, the revived Ministry will abandon the Coercion Bill. If this be done, they will have crowned Mr. O'Connell King of Ireland on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. July 14 is certainly the great day in the modern revolutionary annals.

I have just met a Conservative Peer, a clever and honourable man who moved me greatly. With tears in his eyes he lamented the degradation of his country, the ruin of this great and venerable fabric. He foresaw the terrible struggle which may immediately arise between the two Houses; the Radical spirit which, whether they like it or not, must control the present Ministry, and those which will rapidly succeed it. The present Cabinet in everybody's opinion is still-born, and people are surprised that so good and intelligent a man as Lord Melbourne should lend himself to such a farce. His sister tried to explain it by saying that one must sacrifice one's self for one's country, but Madame de Lieven answered, "The country cannot be saved by men who dishonour themselves."

Lord Melbourne's friends who know him well say that his indolence will very soon get the upper hand, and that with a vigorous "damn!" he will cast off everything. It is, indeed, strange to see the most nonchalant man in England called to the conduct of affairs at such a critical moment for the country.

London, July 15, 1834.—Lord Grey called and stayed a long time. We spoke of the recent crisis as if it were already ancient history, and with the same detachment and sincerity as of old. He argued feebly, and as it were to ease his conscience, against my melancholy forebodings, defended his successors collectively and abandoned them in detail; or at least he agreed that their position was difficult, and that they cut a sinister figure on their re-entry into power. He was silent when I told him that the public thought Mr. Littleton was the fool, Lord Althorp the weakling, the Chancellor the villain of the piece. He shrugged his shoulders when I quoted to him a curious

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remark made by his brother-in-law, Mr. Ellice, in Lady Grey's drawing-room the evening before, which was as follows. Replying to the regret expressed by some one at Lord Grey's retirement, "No doubt," he said, "it is a pity from many points of view, but it was bound to come. He was quite sick of the business, and, at any rate, this will have the advantage of giving us more scope, making our progress freer and getting us out of the policy of compromise, which is no longer possible."

Lord Grey said and repeated several times that he regretted neither power nor office, and that for several months past he had felt enfeebled, without interest in anything, and unable to do any business except with repugnance and lassitude. He confessed that what had made him feel most bitter was the conduct of some of his own people, especially Lord Durham, whose violence, hauteur, ambition and intrigues had afflicted him the more as his daughter had been the first to suffer. He could not doubt that Lady Durham's last miscarriage was due to her husband's brutality. He told me that in spite of the terror inspired by his character, it was proposed to give him, in the new Cabinet, the place left vacant by Lord Melbourne's transfer to the Treasury. Lord Durham's ambition and malevolent activity make him so inconvenient to any Ministry of which he is not a member, that it seems almost better to admit him, and to try in this way to neutralise his ill-will. Lord Grey was doubtful, however, whether they could make up their minds to do so, he was so much detested by every one.

Lord Grey was sure that he had persuaded Lord Althorp to resume his place in the Cabinet[1] in spite of the many

[1] The new Cabinet was constituted as follows: First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Melbourne; Chancellor, Lord Brougham; Lord President of the Council, the Marquess of Lansdowne; Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Viscount Palmerston; Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Spring Rice; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Althorp; First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Auckland; Postmaster-General, Marquess of Conyngham; Paymaster-General of the Forces, Lord John Russell; Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Mr. Littelton. Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Lord Holland; Home Secretary, Viscount Duncannon; President of the Board of Control, Mr. Charles Grant; President of the

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embarrassments of his position. He says that without Lord Althorp they could never control the House of Commons. He flattered himself also that he has persuaded Lord Lansdowne to stay, but he was not sure of this. In fact, being persuaded that the accession to power of either the Tories or the Radicals would mean revolution, he did all he could with all the energy in his power to patch up the miserable Cabinet which has just betrayed him. He cannot or will not understand that it is Radicalism very thinly veiled just as much as if O'Connell or Cobbett were already in office.

I sat next the Chancellor at the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland's dinner. He was very genial, and invited me to drink the toast of the day, the 14th of July. "At dessert," I replied, well knowing that his restless mind would forget all about it. As a matter of fact, the matter quite slipped his memory. I could not, in any case, have drunk the toast, for this date, which has already such unhappy associations, was certainly not purified yesterday.

The Chancellor asked me if I had seen Lord Grey and if I was not struck with his simplicity, which he said was such that he could conceal, dissemble and contain nothing. "He is a child in candour and thoughtlessness, and he yields to the impressions of every moment." "His is a very noble nature," I replied. "Yes, yes, no doubt," said he, "it is the nature of a very nice child, which reminds me that Mr. Hare, a friend of Mr. Fox as well as of Fitzpatrick and Grey, used always to call him 'Baby Grey.'"

There is no doubt that Don Carlos is gone. Some say he embarked on the Thames when he was supposed to be at the Opera, and that he will land in Spain at one of the points where he is supposed to have a following. Others, and among them M. de Miraflorès, say that he has gone *viâ* France; that M. Calomarde managed the whole thing from Paris, instigated by him (Miraflorès) in order to entrap

Board of Trade, Mr. Poulett Thomson; Secretary of State for War, Mr. Ellice; Lord Privy Seal, Lord Mulgrave. Most of these Ministers had been members of the previous Cabinet.

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Don Carlos. Anyhow, he is gone, and whatever be the result of his enterprise it cannot be without effect.

London, July 16, 1834.—Lord Melbourne's successor at the Home Office is known; it is Lord Duncannon, who has been transferred from the Woods and Forests, which he leaves to Sir John Cam-Hobhouse. The latter is celebrated for his friendship with Lord Byron, his Eastern travels, and his very liberal opinions, in which, however, he is less extreme than Lord Duncannon, who is said to be quite violent. This shows that the Cabinet has taken on a more decidedly revolutionary character.

Yesterday it was certain that Don Carlos had left London; to-day his arrival in Spain is equally beyond doubt. The Tories say he has got to Navarre after having crossed all France; and this, too, is the version of M. de Miraflorès, who now perhaps regrets having boasted of having deceived the Prince and surrounded him with spies who were to deliver him up to the first Spanish outpost, while as a matter of fact he has arrived safe and sound among his own people, by whom, it is said, he has been enthusiastically received.

The English Ministry yesterday admitted knowing of Don Carlos's arrival in Spain, which is believed to have taken place on the 9th, but they say that he landed at a port in Biscaya attended only by a single Frenchman, and that his partisans eagerly welcomed him. It is asserted that he only went to Spain because the Northern provinces invited him, and threatened that they would declare their independence and constitute themselves a Republic if their natural leader did not come to them. It is clear that there must have been great hopes on the one hand and much to lose on the other before a man so timid and so incapable as Don Carlos could have been persuaded to run such a risk. Moreover, his conversation with the Duke of Wellington, which I set down above, shows that his mind has for several weeks been occupied with this plan of going to Spain.

London, July 17, 1834.—The friends of the new Minis-

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try are wearing themselves out with assertions that the policy of the French alliance will not be altered in any way. I believe this is true; but, in the interests of both countries, I should have preferred that the alliance had been founded on social order and had not depended for its continuance on revolutionary sympathies, which give just cause for anxiety to the rest of Europe, and may bring about conflicts in which it would be difficult to predict who will be the victor.

We are more and more decided to return to France immediately after Parliament rises, and perhaps even sooner.

Our more distant future is not yet to be foreseen, but Lord Grey's example is another proof that the great figures of history should themselves choose the circumstances of their retirement, and should not wait till it is imposed upon them by the mistakes or the perfidy of others.

Yesterday we received the two first volumes of a book, entitled *M. de Talleyrand.* I have hardly looked at it, but M. de Talleyrand has read it. He says that nothing could be more stupid, false, tedious, and ill-imagined, and that he would not pay five shillings to have it suppressed. I admit that I am less philosophic, and that on occasions of this sort—which in a libellous age like ours are so numerous—I always remember a saying of La Bruyère's, which seems to me remarkably true. "Excessive calumny," he says, "like excessive praise, always leaves a trace behind." As a matter of fact, the world is divided into the foolish and the malevolent, and so there are always people who will believe what is improbable, especially about an opponent.

London, July 18, 1834.—Fatuity in men is a thing which spreads from one point to all the rest. M. de Mirafloràs, who is very pushing with women and rather ridiculous, is not less presumptuous in politics. He launches out madly and credits himself with successes which are only due to the personal passions of the people, and which will perhaps hardly be justified by the final result. Thus he proclaims himself the inventor of the Quadruple Alliance, the first idea of which was suggested to him by Lord Palmerston. Now that Don Carlos's reappearance on Spanish territory

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renews the old difficulties, the little Marquis, *proprio motu*, without waiting for orders from his Government, sends a perfect *olla podrida* of a note—a masterpiece of absurdity—appealing to France and England to extend the scope of the treaty whose object was believed to be accomplished.

The present circumstances are, however, very different. Three months ago the two Pretenders, Miguel and Carlos, were both penned up in a little corner of Portugal, and were thus more particularly the business of England. Now Don Carlos is in the north of Spain, near the French frontier. Will England carry her revolutionary tendencies so far as to allow a French army to enter the Peninsula? Would not that be the signal for Lord Palmerston's resignation? On the other hand, can France, after declaring against Don Carlos, allow him again to seize a power which he would use against her? It is not that the Government of the Queen-Regent, which becomes more and more decrepit, is likely to be a very good neighbour. King Louis Philippe finds himself in the dilemma of being faced on the other side of the Pyrenees either with the Republican or the Legitimist principle. The *mezzo termine* can only be maintained by armed force—in fact, by conquest!

This reminds me of a very true remark made by M. de Talleyrand which has often come back to my mind during the last four years. It was said in the midst of the intoxication of the great days of 1830. M. de Talleyrand found one of his friends full of hopes and illusions, patriotic phrases and emotion, over the scene at the Hôtel de Ville, the Lafayette accolades, and the popularity of Louis Philippe. "Monsieur," said he, "what is wanting in all this is a trifle of conquest."

They say that in Spain Martinez de la Rosa is *passé*, and can no longer maintain himself in power; he will be replaced by Toreno, and will become President of the House of Peers. It is also said that the Queen-Regent will create him Marquis de l'Alliance.

London, July 19, 1834.—Everything that is happening here reminds one of the first scenes of the French Revolu-

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tion. The analogy is striking, the copy a trifle too servile. The aristocracy, the minority of the nobility, the *tiers état*, have each their counterparts in the Tories, the Whigs, and the Radicals. The Whigs are blinded by jealousy and personal ambition, and will not see that they have any other enemies than the Tories; they see no danger except on that side, and in order to keep their rivals out of office they are precipitating themselves and all their class into the abyss which has been dug for them by the Radicals.

In talking over all this yesterday M. de Talleyrand quoted a remark made to him by the Abbé Sieyès during the sittings of the Constituent assembly. "Yes, we get on very well now that we are discussing only *Liberty*; it is when we get on to *Equality* that we shall quarrel.

At the very lively sitting of the Lords of the day before yesterday Ministers very clearly marked out the line they mean to follow, and the very men who in Lord Grey's time, less than a fortnight ago, held the repressive clauses of the Coercion Bill to be indispensable, announced their abandonment amid the jeers and scoffs of the House. This was as much as to say that the Cabinet in order to survive was putting itself at the disposal of the Radical majority in the House of Commons, was flouting the opposition of the Lords and doing its best to make it of no account. As one might expect, the irritation which results from this is sharply expressed in the Upper House. All the consolation Ministers have is the approbation which O'Connell is good enough to bestow upon them.

London, July 20, 1834.—I much prefer Lord Grey's second speech delivered the day before yesterday in the House of Lords to make clear his position which had been misrepresented by both parties, to the first speech in which he announced his resignation. The latter I thought was too long and too tearful, and entered too minutely into his family affairs. The speech of the day before yesterday was more laconic, and more closely argued; its dignity was remarkable and, while avoiding any bitterness or personality, the speaker exposed the chicanery which had forced him to retire. He

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remains well disposed to the guiltiest parties and full of kindness to his successors as individuals, but he will have nothing to do with their policy. His retirement in accordance with his own instincts is greeted with the applause of all sensible people, the humiliation of those whom he has quitted, and the lively displeasure of all those who are the real enemies of social order.

A fortnight ago I confess Lord Grey seemed to me nothing more than an old man worn out, shaken to pieces, and on the point of being discredited. Since his resignation his last political acts have been illumined with a brilliant gleam. His fine talent for oratory which he exercised so long in opposition has recovered all its energy now that he is out of office again, and it may be truly said that Lord Grey who has had one fall after another has again reached the foremost place now that he has got free of the shameful ambuscades by which he has been overpowered. The Cabinet is now much afraid of him and would fall low indeed if Lord Grey was not compassionate enough to throw over it the mantle of his protection. His colleagues, who lately spoke of him with more pity than respect, tremble at his words to-day. Ah! how wise it is not to survive one's self in politics, and how necessary it is to choose time fitting for retreat.

A resignation which is both less important and less honourable is that of Marshal Soult.[1] The reasons for his disappearance which is accepted by the King and little regretted by the Cabinet, are said to be internal quarrels about the question whether Algeria shall have a military or a civil governor—about a speech from the Throne, more or less detailed, which is to be delivered on July 31 next, but above all the terror of the Army estimates which the Marshal is said to be afraid to face next session. They say that they will offer his place to Marshal Gérard.

Most fortunately for the Queen Regent of Spain some accident seems to have happened which will enable her to appear at the opening of the Cortès. She has much need of

[1] Marshal Soult had been President of the Council since 1832. He resigned that office in July 1834.

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a piece of good luck to re-establish her position which she has so curiously compromised by her frivolity and inconsequence.

Lord Howick, eldest son of Lord Grey, who has no great reputation for either physical or intellectual merit, has just resigned his position as Under Secretary of State at the Home Office, thus following his father's example and fortunes. This is the only instance of fidelity which his father is likely to encounter.

Yesterday I saw Lady Cowper at her own house; she seemed to me depressed and preoccupied. With her intelligence it is difficult for her not to be afflicted by conduct in her relatives and friends which is so wanting in credit. She pointed out to me not without reason the change which has come over London life and society, the care people take to avoid each other, the hostile way in which they speak of each other, the unrest of every one, their distrust of the present, their gloomy forebodings for the future, the general disorganisation, the dispersion of the diplomatic corps, and the absence of all government and all authority. This was striking language from the sister of the Premier and the intimate friend of the Foreign Secretary.

She tried hard to persuade me that the offence given by the latter to the corps diplomatique, and in particular to M. de Talleyrand, should not be attributed to any evil intention but simply to a certain neglect of forms which may well be excused in a man overwhelmed with work. She seemed to be especially embarrassed by the thought that M. de Talleyrand might take Lord Palmerston's conduct to him as a reason for retiring. She used all her wit in fact, all her charm and good taste, and she has all these qualities in a high degree, to justify her friends and to mitigate the bitterness which they have provoked. I left her much pleased with her way of putting things but not at all converted on essential points.

London, July 21, 1834.—The great need in which the Ministry find themselves of some speaker in the House of Lords less discredited than the Chancellor and cleverer than the other Ministers who are peers, has led them to make a most extraordinary proposition, characteristic of

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the absolute want of sense and refinement which distinguishes Holland House. They seriously suggested that Lord Grey should remain, not as Prime Minister, but as Lord Privy Seal! He had the good taste to laugh at this proposal, taking it as a thing too grotesque to take offence at. But how could they have had the impudence to make such a request?

However, everything is so strange just now that one need be surprised at nothing. Here for example is the full story of how Lord Melbourne discharged the task committed to him by the King of doing his best to form a Coalition Ministry. No doubt the thing was impossible; still, Lord Melbourne chose a curious way of bringing it about. He wrote on behalf of the King to the Duke of Wellington and to Sir Robert Peel telling them of the commission with which he had been entrusted, and adding that in order to save them trouble he would send them a copy of the letter which he had just written to His Majesty showing how he himself regarded the question. This letter contained nothing but a strong argument against any attempt at agreement with the other side and an enumeration of all the difficulties which made coalition impossible. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel replied by acknowledging his letter and thanking him respectfully for the communication made to them on behalf of the King. The King was surprised that these gentlemen did not reply in greater detail and sent to ask for their observations. They answered: "They are all contained in Lord Melbourne's letter to His Majesty, we have nothing to add." Thus the curious negotiation terminated.

London, July 22, 1834.—The phase of calm and prosperity through which the French Government seemed again to be passing seems to be rather disturbed by the dissensions of the Ministers among themselves which have been caused by the resignation of Marshal Soult. It appears that people are anxious and divided in opinion on the length and the greater or less importance of the short session announced for July 31. It comes at an inconvenient

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time for discussing events in the Peninsula, and the flood of oratory will probably embarrass the Government. Were Don Carlos to prevail we should have a personal enemy on our frontiers; if the Queen-Regent triumphs, which she can only do by throwing herself more and more into the "movement," we shall have a revolutionary and anarchist neighbour. This could not be indifferent to our Government, which already has only too much of the same sort of thing to contend with. It seems, moreover, that the two armies were too near each other not to come to blows, and the first decisive success of either side will probably settle the subsequent course of the conflict. Thus the issue is awaited with great and anxious curiosity.

Now that the quarrel is no longer being fought out in Portugal, but in Spain, the English are drawing out of it, and will give only slight support to their dear Miraflorès. The burden of the business is reserved for France, and it bristles with difficulties.

In the City yesterday news was spread of the death of the Queen-Regent. Some said she had been poisoned; some that she had died of the results of the accident which had led to her retirement. The news is probably false, but in a country like Spain, in time of civil war, religious fanaticism, family jealousy and quarrels run riot; evil passions of all sorts are let loose, and no crime is more improbable than the daily spectacle of folly and disorder.

Mr. Stanley, who replaces Lord Howick as Under-Secretary of State at the Home Office, is quite different from the Mr. Stanley who was lately in office. He is a kind of would-be dandy, and a complete Radical of the worst and lowest sort. He was for a time private secretary to Lord Durham.

The latter has contemptuously refused the embassy at Paris, which, as he well knew, was only offered to him because he is not wanted here. He replied that he would accept no place from a Cabinet which would not receive him as one of themselves. Lord Carlisle has resigned the Privy Seal.

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London, July 24, 1834.—It was generally said yesterday that the Infanta Maria Princess of Portugal and wife of Don Carlos, has also secretly left England to follow her husband to Spain, leaving her children here with her sister the Duchess of Beira. Princess Maria is said to be possessed of much courage and decision of character. Probably she thinks that she has more than her husband, and that her presence will inspire the Pretender with all the energy which he needs in his difficult situation. All these Portuguese Princesses are demons either in politics or in love, and sometimes in both. One of them, married to a Marquis de Loulé, had an adventure with a British naval officer, which caused much scandal at Lisbon. M. de Loulé was furious and sent away his wife, keeping the children. Dom Pedro required his brother-in-law to take her back, but I did not hear how the matter ended.

Princess Isabella also caused some talk while she was Regent, and Dom Miguel, it is said, tried to give her poison in a vegetable soup. She is now at Lisbon, reunited to the rest of her family, or, rather, her relatives, for love and hate are alike so perverse in the House of Braganza that they can hardly be said to respect in any way the natural family ties.

A propos of Pretenders and curious manners, Lord Burghersh yesterday told me a great deal about the Countess of Albany, whom he knew at Florence. There she had as *cavaliere servente* M. Fabre, the painter, who had lived with her since the death of Alfieri. They used to walk out alone, with only M. Fabre's big dog to keep them company. They also dined alone. From eight to eleven the Countess received all Florence. While this was going on M. Fabre retired to a mistress of an inferior order. At eleven he reappeared at the Countess's, and his arrival was the signal for the whole company to disperse in order that they might sup *tête-à-tête*. The one was never asked out without the other; this is the etiquette in Italy, and is carried to a naïve extreme. Here is an example: Lord Burghersh, who was British Minister at Florence, opened his house with a great ball, to which he thought that he had invited every one of importance. How-

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ever, not being as yet very well up in the manners and customs of society, he forgot to invite a gentleman who was attached to a certain fair lady. On the morning of the ball my lord's steward came to him with an open letter which he had just received, and which he asked his master to read. Lord Burghersh read as follows: "*Sapete, caro Matteo, che sono servita da il Cavaliere* so-and-so; he is not invited to Lord Burghersh's, which, as you will understand, makes it impossible for me to go to his ball; please correct this mistake." The mistake was, in fact, corrected, and Lord Burghersh never forgot the lesson. "*Sapete*" to a servant, and "*sono servita*" are expressions of a *naïveté* which is almost beyond belief, yet quite according to Italian manners. But, to return to the Countess of Albany and M. Fabre, her ladyship having died, M. Fabre painted a portrait of the dog, the companion of their walks, had it engraved, and sent a proof to each of the Countess's friends with the following inscription: "To the friends of the Countess of Albany from M. Fabre's dog."

London, July 25, 1834,—The Ministry grows very bitter against Lord Grey, being incensed at his dignified retirement and his just disdain of the preposterous proposal of the Privy Seal. He is called weak, incapable and capricious, and insult is added to perfidy. The thin veil with which this treacherous conduct is covered does not conceal it sufficiently to prevent Lord Grey himself from beginning to be embittered by it. I know that he has said that if his successors went another step in the direction of revolution he would not only cease to vote for them but openly declare against them. Decidedly he has returned to his better instincts, and I believe he will have the courage to purge himself, so far as that is possible, of the imputation of having led England along a road to ruin.

Lord John Russell the mildest, the wittiest, and the most honourable of Jacobins, the most simple minded and the most candid of revolutionaries, the most agreeable, but also by the very reason of his virtue, the most dangerous of Ministers, was telling me yesterday that some months ago he

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had a violent argument with Lord Grey about a measure on which they did not agree. On this occasion, Lord Grey declared to him that he would never consent to put his name to a revolutionary measure. "After Reform," added Lord John in his mild little way, "this showed great weakness and want of logic." "You would be right," I replied, "if Lord Grey, when he allowed you to pass the Reform Bill, had foreseen all the consequences; but you will agree with me that he did not foresee them, and that you took good care not to point them out to him in time." Lord John laughed and said very charmingly, "You don't expect me to confess, do you?" If all the revolutionaries were of the type of Cobbett and O'Connell, or of the ill-bred and cynical nature of Lord Brougham, it would be easier to be on one's guard. But in the witty, fragile figure of the Duke of Bedford's son how could one suspect that there lurks so much perversity of judgment, how could one imagine that a body to all appearance so frail and exhausted could be capable of such persistence in thought and such violence in action?

London, July 29, 1834.—An expedition to Woburn Abbey has interrupted this journal. This, the third visit which I have paid to this splendid place, was much pleasanter to me personally than the two others, but it has furnished me with nothing to add to my previous descriptions of it. Nothing happened there at all out of the ordinary course of English country-house life. The hospitality dispensed is on a great and generous scale with a little more pomp and ceremony than one wants in country life, at least according to Continental ideas.

A party at Woburn in particular is as carefully arranged as a London dinner-party. Twenty or thirty persons who know each other, but not familiarly, are invited to be together for two or three days. The hosts go to their house for the special purpose of receiving their guests, and return to town after their departure. They have thus themselves the air of being on a visit. However, when all is said and done, there is so much to see and admire; the

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Duke of Bedford is so charming, such a perfect embodiment of the *grand seigneur;* the Duchess is so attentive, that it is impossible not to carry away with one the most pleasing impressions. My own impression was particularly so, and this in spite of the rather melancholy cloud on the countenances of some of the leading figures. Lord Grey, for instance, has collapsed in a rather startling way; he seems ill and worn out, and takes no trouble to conceal his attitude, which is becoming more and more bitter. The most voluntary of abdications are always followed by regrets; one may die of overwork; one flickers out when one is shelved. It is so difficult to be satisfied both with one's self and with others.

Madame de Lieven, also, despite all her efforts, was fainting under the burden of saying good-bye, of going away and staying away. She is really very unhappy, and I am very sorry for her. This is the more the case as no person of ability has ever found less resources within herself than she. She always relies for help on her surroundings. She must have the stir of news and conversation, and when she is alone there is nothing left for her to do but to go to sleep. She weeps to have to quit England; she fears St. Petersburg, but what she feels most is the journey—a week of solitude! Her husband and children don't count! She will stay a day at Hamburg solely for the purpose of exchanging a few words with new people. She seized with avidity the idea of arranging that the Baron and Baroness de Talleyrand should visit her, though she has never seen them and does not know whether they will amuse her. She was obviously consoled when she managed to persuade Lord Alvanley to go on his way to Carlsbad by Hamburg in the same packet as herself, and this though Lord Alvanley warned her that sea-sickness made him very bad company. For her, indeed, *ennui* is like a conscience; her one idea is to fly from herself.

When we got back to London we heard of the Madrid massacres—always the same horrible fable of the poisoned wells, which infuriates popular ignorance wherever there is an epidemic of cholera, and produces mad atrocities. The

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monks have been the victims on this occasion, and the convents have been pillaged in spite of religious fanaticism. The hand of authority was weak and impotent: the Government had retired to St. Ildephonse, terrified and irresolute, not knowing whether in these melancholy circumstances of plague, riot and civil war, the Cortès should be summoned or prorogued, or, if they should be summoned, to what place or under whose auspices! It is impossible to imagine a concourse of circumstances more melancholy in themselves, more fatal for Spain, or more unpleasing neighbours for France.

Louis Philippe is very unwilling to interfere openly and directly in the destinies of Spain. He has even showed this unwillingness so clearly, that the Ambassadors at Paris have divined his secret and are taking great advantage of it. The attitude of the Ministry, which has to reckon more directly with the national vanity and susceptibility, is much less decided. This is the situation in which the Chambers will meet the day after to-morrow.

One of the chief ostensible motives for Marshal Soult's retirement was his insistence on the appointment of a soldier to govern Algiers in opposition to the rest of the Cabinet which demanded that the Governor should be a civilian. It appears that Marshal Gérard took the same line as his predecessor, and that his friendship with the King has enabled him to carry his point; anyhow, General Drouet d'Erlou has just been appointed to the post.

London, July 31, 1834.—Last year, when M. de Talleyrand left for the Continent, the King of England said to him, "When are you coming back?" The year before he had said, "I have told my Ambassador at Paris to say to your Government that I particularly wish to have you here." This year he says, "When are you going?" I think one can find in these varying expressions a trace of Palmerstonian influence.

Yesterday at the King's *levée* Lord Mulgrave received the Privy Seal which Lord Carlisle has resigned.

In our drawing-room the conversation turned on the talent

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of certain people for telling ghost stories. This reminded me of the interest with which two years ago at Kew [1] I heard from the Duchess of Cumberland the story of an apparition seen by herself, the remembrance of which seemed to cause her much emotion. The impression she produced on us was the deeper as the hour was late and a terrifying thunderstorm was raging outside the house.

The story is as follows. The Duchess of Cumberland, then Princess Louise of Prussia, had gone to visit her mother's relatives at Darmstadt. She was lodged in a state apartment in a part of the castle which was rarely used, the furniture of which, though magnificent, had not been changed for three generations. Wearied with her journey she quickly fell asleep but all the same soon felt on her face a breath which awakened her. She opened her eyes and saw the face of an old lady who was leaning over her own face. Terrified by the sight she immediately drew the bed-clothes over her eyes and remained motionless for several moments. Want of air, however, made her change her position and impelled by curiosity she again opened her eyes and saw the same venerable face, pale and gentle, still staring at her. She then screamed loudly and the nurse of Prince Frederick of Prussia who slept with the child in the neighbouring room, the door of communication being open, rushed in and, finding her mistress bathed in a cold sweat, remained with her for the rest of the night. Next day the Princess related what had happened, and urgently requested that her room might be changed, which was done. No one was surprised for it was said in the family that whenever any descendant of the old Duchess of Darmstadt, who had occupied this apartment, slept there, this venerable ancestress would come and pay her posterity a visit. The Duke of Weimar and several other princes were cited as examples proving the truth of this story. Many years later the Duchess of Cumberland, then Princess Solms, and established at Frankfort, was invited by her cousin, the

[1] Kew is situated on the right bank of the Thames. The palace was for some time the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland before their accession to the Throne of Hanover. There are an Observatory and a Botanical Garden at Kew, which were founded by George III.

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Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, to a great festivity which he was preparing. The Princess went, intending to return to Frankfort the same night. Supper over she went to a room where her travelling dress had been laid out and was followed by the young Grand Duchess then recently married. The latter asked the Princess Solms whether the story of the ghost was true and asked that it might be told her in detail. She wished to discover whether the impression left had been strong enough to make the Princess remember the features of their venerable ancestress. The Princess was sure that it was so. "Very well," said the Grand Duchess "her portrait is in this very room with two others of the same period. Take the light and tell me which you think represents the spectre, I shall see if you are right." The Princess with some repugnance approached the portraits and had just recognised that of the old grandmother when the picture and its frame crashed to the ground with a terrible noise and, had the ladies not immediately fled, they would have been crushed by its weight.

I do not say that this story is particularly good in itself. I only know that it made a deep impression on me because it was very well told, and because, when in this style of narrative you hear some one say "I saw, I heard," it is impossible not to treat the matter seriously. The Duchess was perfectly serious and her emotion strong, so that I have never doubted the truth of what she told us.

The Duchess of Cumberland's absence has left, for me at least, a gap which is very noticeable in London. She is clever and well educated, her manners are most refined and very queenly, she is graceful and kindly and still beautiful, especially in figure. Her kindness to me has been enhanced by her again lately bestowing it on my second son. In fact, whatever judgment be passed on her character, which is not equally admired by everybody, it is impossible not to recognise that she possesses great qualities and not to be touched by her great affliction—the infirmity of her son Prince George. He is an amiable, good-looking youth, who at fifteen after terrible suffering has lost his sight. He is a

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fit object at once of pity and admiration; his resignation is angelic, he shows no impatience, no regrets, no ill temper, and he hides his sadness from his mother. He sustains the courage of his attendants by his own, and, young as he is, he already inspires all the respect due to a great character. His favourite occupation is improvising on the piano, and his favourite melodies are sad and serious; but when he recognises his mother's step he changes to a gay and animated theme to make her think he is happy. So long as it was hoped that remedies might check the inflammation and restore him his sight his education was suspended. After a time, however, his tutor—an excellent man—became convinced that his education was suffering and his sight not profiting by this and he proposed that the young Prince should resume the course of his studies and continue them as far as possible without the aid of sight, on a plan submitted by him. Prince George was silent for a time, then said with a serious air, "Yes sir, you are right, I shall follow your advice for I feel that as one door is being closed for me I must try all the harder to open another."

London, August 1, 1834.—What a melancholy dinner we had last night at Lord Palmerston's! It was a farewell party for the Princesse de Lieven. She went against her will, we simply for her sake. Lady Cowper was making visible efforts to appear at ease, Lady Holland wanted explanations of Lord Palmerston's latest offences against M. de Talleyrand; every one obviously felt that our approaching departure will be as final as that of the unfortunate Princess. M. de Bülow was pale and embarrassed and looked like a pickpocket caught in the act. Poor Dedel resembled an orphan at the funeral of both his parents. Lord Melbourne with his coarse Norman farmer style of build looked like anything rather than a Prime Minister.

The defeat which the Ministry purposely incurred yesterday in the House of Commons by letting the Radicals beat them on the question of the Irish Church did not make them look very happy, and in fact there was a melancholy sense of embarrassment in everything and on everybody, which oppressed me excessively.

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I had not the courage this morning to go and say good-bye for the last time to poor Madame de Lieven, who is half dead with weariness and emotion. It was really kinder not to increase her agitation. I am distressed at her departure as it separates me from a personage of real distinction without much hope of seeing her again; but it also brings home to me in the most painful manner the changes which have taken place here during the last four years, and which have done so much to dim the brilliancy and splendour of England. What losses the *Corps Diplomatique* has suffered! Kind and gentle M. Falk with all his subtlety, his learning, and his wit, is replaced, first by the cross-grained M. de Zuylen, and now by the excellent but insignificant Dedel. Madame Falk's frank and simple high spirits are also much missed. M. and Madame de Zea were more intelligent by far than the liliputian Miraflorès, M. and Madame de Münster, were in every way much superior to the Omptedas. I can find no one to replace the excellent Madame de Bülow, and I believe that her absence has left her husband's evil tendencies far too much without the check which his wife's simple and honest nature imposed. Esterhazy is universally regretted. His perfect good-humour, the certainty of his social touch, the ease of his character, the magnificence of his way of life, the subtlety of his wit, the correctness of his judgment, and the kindness of his heart made him much beloved here, and not likely to be forgotten. Wessenberg has also left a vacant place which has not been filled. The departure of the Lievens enlarges the social breach, and our own will complete the ruin. The neutral ground afforded by diplomatic households is especially valuable in a country divided by party spirit, in which, politics having broken so many other ties, society can no long hold together in the old way.

We learned yesterday by telegraph that the Queen Regent of Spain had opened the Cortès in person at Madrid on the 24th; that order was restored in the city; that the cholera was diminishing a little; and that Don Carlos was retiring further and further towards the French frontier.

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London, August 3, 1834.—Nothing, I think, shows more clearly the state into which the home policy of the English Government has fallen than a remark made to me yesterday by Lord Sefton. "Do you know," he said, "that, in spite of my admiration for Lord Grey, I think that we have come to a point at which it is not only fortunate for himself but a very good thing for the country that he has retired? He would never have consented to the slightest courtesy being shown to O'Connell and his friends, and yet we have no alternative but to satisfy them. It is urgently necessary to conciliate them by condescensions against which Lord Grey would have rebelled, and which are less repulsive to his successors, from my friend the Chancellor downwards. It is a good thing, you see, that we have a Government composed of people who have no objection to condescend as much as may be necessary!"

There seems to be general approval of the speech made by the Queen of Spain. In order to appreciate it properly one must know the condition of the country better than I do. The best wish I can send her Majesty is that she may not again have to deliver such a long one, and that the circumstances of her future speeches may be very different. They say that she spoke very gracefully. She deserves praise for having recovered her nerve, and run the risk of infection in coming back to address the Cortès.

The cholera is carrying off many people at Madrid. The sanitary arrangements are bad; the heat is torrid, and cleanliness is unknown. Twice as many women as men fall victims to the disease. The mother of Madame de Miraflorès is among those who have succumbed.

Don Carlos, it appears, is on the point of recrossing the frontier. It is said that he is so close to it that his outposts and the French outposts are in sight of each other.

I don't know what ill wind is blowing in Paris, but I incline to think that all is not so quiet there as it seems. Here is an extract from a letter from Bertin de Veaux on this subject: "It seems that you and the Prince de Talleyrand are fated never to come to Paris except during a

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Ministerial crisis, for our Ministry is no steadier than that in London. Here, moreover, people have made up their minds to live from hand to mouth and, except the actors, no one pays any attention to the play. However, when you do come your *salon* will soon be full, and it is before you and the Prince that all our actors, great and small, will come and try their 'poses,' as they call them nowadays."

In another letter there is a great deal about the dangers of to-day and to-morrow, of the obvious aspirations of some people, of under-currents and cross-currents, of the cabals, and the unmeasured ambition of certain small men, and the ill-temper and sullenness of the rest. *A propos* of the cruel disappointments experienced by M. Decazes, it is added: "Poor M. Decazes may strike the earth all round him as loudly as he likes; he can make nothing emerge. It is said that he now wants Semonville's place, and that he has perhaps some chance of getting it as Semonville is a convenient person to disoblige, being formidable to nobody. I do not at all like this habit of burying people before they are dead, and I thought that they had had enough of it since their attempt on MM. de Marbois and Gaëte, which was not a success with the public. One is quite delighted when one comes home to find that one has not been robbed of anything."

London, August 4, 1834.—It seems certain that on the eve of the opening of the Cortès, a very extensive Republican conspiracy was discovered, in which many important persons were concerned. Palafox and Romero have been arrested; they say that their supporters were chiefly in Galicia. In Aragon and Catalonia the Carlists are the dominating faction, and are making themselves troublesome. Thus there are two flags under which Spain divides and arrays herself.

When Mr. Backhouse went to see Don Carlos in the *Donegal* the latter said that he had heard of the treaty of Quadruple Alliance, but wished to see the text. Having read it, he returned it to Mr. Backhouse without remark but with an ironical smile, which became a disdainful laugh when

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Mr. Backhouse said to him that he believed the Prince to be mistaken about the strength of his party in Spain. Except for this the Prince was polite, gentle, and even kindly.

Parliament was to have risen on the 12th, and most members hoped to leave London even earlier. But the day before yesterday the Duke of Wellington called a meeting of his supporters at his house, and begged them to remain at their posts in the interest of the safety of the country, and to use their majority, which is admitted to be formidable, on the dissenting question, to strike another blow for the Church on the debate on the remaining measures which have still to be discussed. There is some reason to fear that the Irish Protestant clergy will be left without means of subsistence if O'Connell's Tithes Bill is rejected, and this makes it rather doubtful what course the Lords will take. The Bishops, however, seem to think that the Bill would be just as bad for them as even the absence of any financial provision. It is certain that this week marks the crisis of the affair: if the Bill is thrown out there will be a collision between the two Houses. Will the Ministry resign? Or will it demand *carte blanche* of the King? Will this be a further step in the direction of revolution? Or will they be satisfied, as the Chancellor said yesterday, to leave the Irish clergy to die of hunger? Lord Grey said that it would not be so easy to leave them to die of hunger, as there was a law which enacted that their subsistence must be provided for, whether by tithes or otherwise. As to a creation of Peers, it was observed that it would be necessary to create a hundred and fifty, and on this Lord Grey said that two hundred would not be enough, because all the old Peerage, and himself at their head, would revolt against any Government mad and wicked enough to proceed to such an extremity. Besides, it remained to be seen whether the King would consent. The King is ill, depressed and exhausted; he admits as much himself, and especially his mental preoccupation, which he does not attempt to conceal. He is obviously suffering from extreme oppression, and from great weakness of one eye, which he can hardly open.

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This is what passed about the Garter vacant by the death of Lord Bathurst. The King sent it to Lord Melbourne as his Prime Minister. The latter respectfully declined it and begged that His Majesty would bestow it on the recipient Lord Grey would have chosen, that is to say, on the Duke of Grafton. The King did in fact send it to the Duke, but he, deeply affected by the death of his favourite son, and moreover feeling himself aged and averse from the world, begged His Majesty to give it to some one who would be able to show it more often, and who would be more active in his service. It is thought that it will go to the Duke of Norfolk, but he is a Catholic, and it would be the first instance of such a favour being conferred on a dissenter.

A heavy blow has just fallen on the Duke of Wellington in the midst of the heavy cares which devolve on him as Leader of the Opposition. Mrs. Arbuthnot, a clever and sensible woman, who was both discreet and devoted and the Duke's faithful friend, has just been carried off by a few days violent illness. She was in all the flower of her age, and hitherto her health had been robust. The Duke has thus lost in one week his old friend Lord Bathurst, and Mrs. Arbuthnot his confidante, his consolation, his home! Deaths and departures make London very dismal just now—every one is going about discomfited and with long faces. People are terrified at the run of bad luck in which every day brings forth some new catastrophe.

London, August 5, 1834.—It is certain that Dom Miguel has signed his protest. The Duke of Alcudia and M. de Lavradio are with him; they are all preparing to join Don Carlos whenever he gains the slightest success.

Lady Holland and Lady Cowper are doing all in their power to secure that M. de Talleyrand and Lord Palmerston part on good terms. I can understand that the friends of the latter should desire this. It is important to them that there should not be occasion to blame Lord Palmerston's personal incivility for the total dispersion of the more important part of the *Corps diplomatique*, and that the evil reputation of the English Ministry all over Europe should

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not be emphasised by what M. de Talleyrand says of it at Paris. They will succeed in securing an amicable parting without any overt rupture, but it is impossible that a ferment which has been going on so long should not issue in ill-feeling, embarrassment and rancour. M. de Talleyrand could never forget that he has been uncivilly treated by a man younger and less capable than himself. Lord Palmerston, not impertinent in form, would take every opportunity of being so in fact, and this would be all the easier as the age and indolence of M. de Talleyrand would make it every day more easy to lead him into some false step. Nothing, therefore, would be more ill-advised than to come back, and in spite of all the pleasant and gratifying memories which attach me to England, I confess that I shall be relieved on M. de Talleyrand's account when he is out of public life.

London, August 6, 1834.—It is confirmed that the Duke of Norfolk is to have the Garter.

Spain is asking for additional articles in the Treaty of April 22 called the "Quadruple Alliance." She asks for British cruisers on the coast of Biscaya, for a Portuguese army corps, for French money and munitions of war and for troops on the French frontier. She asks all her allies for the moral support of a declaration in favour of the Regency, extending and explaining more fully the object of the first treaty.

The prolonged uncertainty and ignorance regarding Rodil's movements are causing anxiety about his success, and to the resulting alarm is attributed the fall on the Stock Exchange at Paris. Ugly catastrophes have occurred as the result of the particular misfortunes of the moment. The Rothschilds who had flooded Europe with Spanish stock, and who are still encumbered with a good deal themselves, are very cross and extremely anxious.

Some clever people are saying that the Queen Regent's most serious danger does not come from Don Carlos, but from what is called the party of the "movement." One is much disposed to accept this view when one thinks of the

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horrible remark made by Romero Alpuende, who called the massacres at Madrid on July 17 "a slight measure of patriotic relief."

London, August 8, 1834.—Rodil, it seems clear, has gained a very distinct success all along the line of the Carlists. In a regular war this might end the struggle, but in a civil conflict ordinary rules do not apply, and a party which seems annihilated to-day comes to life again to-morrow.

M. de Talleyrand took leave of the King the day before yesterday. The King was very gracious to him and to me, regretting that in the absence of the Queen his bachelor establishment prevented him from asking me to Windsor, where he would have been charmed to see me before I left. This is more courteous than correct, for the Princess Augusta is doing the honours of the Castle; ladies have been invited, among others Lady Grey and her daughter. But it is nicely put and in Society that is all one has a right to ask.

The King talked much about about the seriousness of the situation and observed that the cards were well shuffled, on which M. de Talleyrand replied, "for our part, sir, we play with our cards on Your Majesty's table."

London, August 9, 1834.—I know nothing more embarrassing for a host than obvious mutual hostility at close quarters among his guests. Yesterday we thought we had escaped the Chancellor, but he came at dessert and prolonged our dinner, eating much at his ease in his usual dirty manner. As he ate he talked, helping himself to all subjects, as he did to all the dishes, without stopping and without restraint. We suffered agonies, especially on account of Lord and Lady Grey, and, in fact, he put us all out completely, and increased, if possible, the contempt and loathing that I feel for him.

Lord John Russell, who was dining with us, is also a little Radical, but at least he has his father's good taste and good breeding.

Speaking of popularity and of the trouble which great

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people should take for the less exalted classes of Society, Lord John told me yesterday that nothing could overcome the Duke of Bedford's hatred of the lesser people with whom he is surrounded. One day his steward suggested that some of them should be asked to dinner and the Duke refused. The man of business said, "But Your Grace, this civility will perhaps save you fifteen thousand pounds at next election." "Perhaps," replied the Duke, "but if by spending money I can save myself boredom and annoyance I consider it well spent. I will pay the fifteen thousand pounds, but I will not give the dinner." Yet the Duke of Bedford is very free handed, very charitable, and undertakes works on a considerable scale solely in order to give employment to the poor. However, he is not popular, and the wounded vanity of the middle classes has more weight than the gratitude of the indigent whose necessities he has relieved.

Lord and Lady Grey and their family, having, as they said, need of change of scene and surroundings, wanted to come and pay us a visit in France. But the sort of triumphal progress which would have awaited Lord Grey there struck terror into the present Ministry, who would have shrunk from the comparison of the honour done to their victim and the contempt under which they themselves languish. So Lord Grey was persuaded that if he went to France now it would look as if he went on purpose to secure an ovation, which would be an improper thing to do. Thus we shall not have the pleasure of seeing him, which I regret on his account, as I fear that in his present irritable and painful mood he may suffer real harm from solitude and *ennui*, and his wife also, for she is even more deeply wounded than he is himself. Lord Grey has worn himself out, morally and physically, with his labours. How much better it would have been if he had resigned six weeks sooner—at the same time as the four really distinguished and honourable members of the Cabinet? He would then have marched out with all the honours of war instead of laying down his arms!

Every one is bitten with the taste for travel, and the

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Lord Chancellor, like the rest, had planned a holiday to be spent in a picturesque and amorous pilgrimage on the banks of the Rhine in the train of Mrs. Peter. But it seems from what he told me yesterday himself that the King would not allow him. Since Lord Clarendon's time no Chancellor of England has quitted the country, and the precedent is not a happy one, for Lord Clarendon only went on his travels because his master was in flight. Others say that the King has nothing to do with the change in Lord Brougham's plans, but that the necessity of paying fourteen hundred pounds out of his salary to arrange for a Commission of the Seals in his absence is the real reason why he is not going.

London, August 11, 1834.—Lord Palmerston has given us a farewell dinner. This is in his line; he loves to speed the parting guest. But he did not take much trouble about it. Besides several diplomatists of the second order there was no one there but Mrs. Peter—not a single person of eminence in English Society, no one of those who are known to be our friends. It was done as a duty, or, perhaps as an atonement—nothing more. Perhaps he hates the Lievens more than he does us, but he intends to advertise equally his contempt for both.

A propos of the Flahauts, he put in an attempt at an explanation of his never accepting a single one of our invitations. On this subject, half laughingly and half bitterly, I told him a few home-truths, which went off very well. There were many hints and double meanings and sly digs in our conversation, which reminded me of those that take place at the Opera ball, where the thought is all the freer for the appearance being veiled and dissimulated. I amused myself by frightening the "young man," as Madame de Lieven called him. He thought it necessary to pretend to be most desirous of our prompt return; I took him at his word, and said that I went further, and that in my opinion M. de Talleyrand should not go away at all. He then looked very foolish and went off on the other tack, saying that a change of air was necessary and, in fact, indispensable; that

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one required refreshment, both physical and mental—in short, all he wanted was to see the last of us.

I looked at him closely yesterday. It is seldom that a man has a face so expressive of his character. The eyes are hard and pale, the nose turned up and impertinent. His smile is bitter, his laugh forced. There is no dignity, or frankness, or correctness either in his features or his build. His conversation is dry, but, I confess, not wanting in wit. He has on him a stamp of obstinacy, arrogance, and treachery, which I believe to be an exact reflection of his real character.

London, August 12, 1834.—In spite of the slow progress made by Don Carlos it is difficult to be quite happy about the state of Spain. General Alava, who has gone back there after many years of exile, seems struck with the demoralisation and confusion which he sees. All natural bonds are broken by party spirit—the ferocity and violence of these Southern fanatics, no longer directed against the foreigner, have recoiled cruelly on themselves. Republicanism is gaining everywhere where religion is not on the side of the Legitimist party. It appears with all the tawdry emotion of revolutionary eloquence in the address of the Procuradores to the Queen-Regent. Already since the opening of the Cortès the Ministry is at variance with the Second Chamber, and one cannot think how a Regency with such a feeble Government can possibly overcome so many adverse circumstances.

I lately saw, at Lord Palmerston's, a portrait of little Queen Isabella II., sent by the Regent to his Lordship. To judge by this picture, she is not at all a pretty child. She seems to have insignificant eyes and her father's wicked mouth; and, on the whole, is an ugly little Princess. It is a pity; women destined to sit on a throne, especially a disputed one, find it a dangerous thing not to be beautiful.

The species of bankruptcy proclaimed by M. de Toreno, which has proved so fatal to a horde of small *rentiers* at Paris, is making the little Queen's cause unpopular there. It seems to me that this is in a way fortunate; for if vanity and the *furia francese* had rushed the Government into

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taking too prominent a part in promoting the success of their little neighbour, they would have found themselves drawn into a series of embarrassments and into a network of dangers the effect of which would have been incalculable. King Louis Philippe is shrewd and alert enough, where his own dynastic interests are concerned, not to remain coldly aloof from this struggle, which cannot but end to his disadvantage, whether anarchy triumphs under Isabella II. or Legitimacy carries the day under Don Carlos. This being the case, it would not be advisable to ruffle our other neighbours (for they are neighbours and not allies) by too definite acts of intervention. England alone is allied with us, but, undermined as she is by so many internal wounds, can she still assert herself as she ought in the councils of Europe? Certainly not; and she must be well aware of the fact, for neither in the Eastern Question nor in any other question which has come up during the last two years has England made good in action the boasting of her language.

The cholera continues to ravage Madrid, attacking chiefly the upper classes and particularly women. It has also appeared again, though slightly, in Paris and London.

London, August 13, 1834.—The Irish Tithes Bill has been rejected by the House of Lords, as was expected, and by so large a majority that it would be difficult to create enough new Peers to redress the balance. And yet how can one imagine next Session opening with the same Upper House and the same Ministry? The Ministry say that they will not give in, that they care nothing for the House of Lords, and will get on with the Commons alone without caring at all about the Clergy or the Peers, and without paying much attention to the Crown. It is the Crown that should assert itself at this juncture; but, alas! the Crown is in a most benighted condition.

Lord Grey told me he did not agree with the Chancellor that the only obstacles came from the House of Lords. He thinks that there will be very serious trouble in the Commons, where Mr. Stanley, the ex-Minister, is preparing a most violent attack on the Government. Lord Grey has been staying

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away from the House of Lords; he feared he might perhaps be forced to speak and that, not being able to hide his distaste for the Cabinet's alliance with O'Connell, he might do an injury to the Ministry for which he does not wish to be responsible.

London, August 14, 1834.—Grandees of Spain, it seems, are allowed to behave in a very free and easy way with their sovereigns. They smoke cigars with them and often finish the cigar which the monarch has left half consumed. The Duke of Frias, who was once Ambassador here, is a curious, absurd, and absent-minded person who puts himself about for nobody; he came back some time ago on a few days visit to London. He went to the King's levée, and pushing forward his funny little face said to His Majesty: "You must know me." The King, who at first did not clearly remember him and was offended at the familiarity of his manner, said: "No, I don't know you." "I was Ambassador here," replied the little Duke, "when you were *only* Duke of Clarence." On this the King very nearly lost his temper, and, waving him on, repeated emphatically: "No, no, I don't know you." He then turned to the Minister of the Netherlands who came next and said to him aloud: "Who is that clown?" This was a curious scene.

London, August 18, 1834.—For several days I have been oppressed by the unwholesome atmosphere in which we live in London, profoundly agitated by the illness of my friends, and overwhelmed with all the preparations for my approaching departure. Thus my notes have been neglected. I should have liked to set down some of my last recollections of London, which are blurred with illness, anxiety and regret, but which are none the less precious.

I have seen the Duke of Wellington and Lord Grey, who came to say good-bye, and expressed a friendship and esteem which I consider a great honour. Lord Grey I leave trying to quiet his conscience and to deceive himself about the too rapid progress of his country's affairs, which he has placed in a train that his successors will accelerate.

The Duke of Wellington is not deceived about the

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seriousness of the situation, but he has made up his mind to struggle to the last and doesn't know the meaning of discouragement. It is not that he wishes to oppose all the proposals of the Ministry or to obstruct systematically all administration and stop the machinery of government. He is too honest a man for that. But he thinks it his duty and that of the Upper House to make themselves a bulwark for the protection of the ancient and fundamental bases of the constitution. The personality of the King spoils almost every chance of safety. His successor is a child with perhaps almost more against her, the more so as her mother, the future Regent, seems to be very obstinate and very narrow-minded.

It is impossible not to think with terror of the future of this great country, which was still so brilliant and so proud four years ago when I came to it, and whose glory is now so tarnished when I am leaving it perhaps for ever.

I do not admit the possibility of M. de Talleyrand's coming back. There are too many good reasons why he should not. I set them forth in a letter which I have written to him and which describes his position pretty correctly, so I insert it here.

"I have a serious duty towards you of which I am never more conscious than when your glory is at stake. When I speak to you you sometimes find me a little irritating, and then I am silent and do not tell you all that I think—the whole truth. Allow me therefore to write to you, and please forgive anything that may seem displeasing because of the devotion which inspires what I write. Without claiming a very great share of cleverness I don't think I am altogether at fault in forming an opinion about you whom I know so well, and whose difficulties and embarrassments I am in such a good position for observing. It is not therefore lightly that I press you to abandon public life and to retire from the scene where a disordered society is playing a sorry part. Do not remain any longer at a post in which you will necessarily be called upon to demolish the edifice which you have laboured so hard to sustain. You know what I feared last year,

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and how greatly, when you made up your mind to return to England. I foresaw all the repugnance which you would find in performing your task with the instruments at your disposal. Confess that my forebodings have to a great extent been realised. This year there are a thousand additional aggravating circumstances. Think of the circumstances in which you would find yourself. What do we see in England? A society divided by party spirit, and agitated by all the passions which arise from that spirit, losing every day something of its brilliancy, its breeding and its security, a King without firmness influenced chiefly by the very man of all his Cabinet who has most injured you, a frivolous, presumptuous, arrogant Minister, who pays you none of the respect due to your age and position. He obstructs and impedes business by every means in his power. His one thought is to secure the triumph of his own ideas; he has no thought of educating himself by studying yours. He leads you on from uncertainty to uncertainty, entraps you with contradictions, leaves you in ignorance and doubt, carries on independently of you things in which you ought to have a share, and then glories in the success of his treachery and scorn. Do you think you can preserve much longer with such a man, the dignity which befits you? Do you not feel that it is already compromised, in fact, and soon will be in the public eye? Moreover, do you think that an Ambassador who is a great personage, a man of your social gifts, can be acceptable to a Government which is being swept away by the current of Revolution, especially when you have already enough to do to struggle against a similar movement in your own country? You have founded an alliance on a common basis of good order, stable equilibrium, and conservation of existing institutions. Will it please you to continue it on the basis of common sympathy with anarchy?

"Do not forget that the support and consolation which you have found for several years in your relations with your colleagues will no longer be there, now that the face of the Diplomatic Corps in London has changed so much. The new Spain, the new Portugal, the shapeless form of

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Belgium, are the only conspicuous features, as impudent as they are vulgar. You would therefore be isolated in England and in the trying situation which would be the result, where would you find support? Not in the Government you represent, for pettiness, indiscretion, vanity, and intrigue dominate everything in Paris. Only the greatness of your position in London enabled you to hold them in check. Our little Ministers are more on Lord Granville's side than ours, and you would not have their support in dominating things here. You came here four years ago, not to make your fortune, your career or your reputation. All these were made long ago; you came, not out of affection for those who are conducting our government, for whom you have neither love nor affection. You came solely to render a great service to your country at a moment of the gravest peril. It was a perilous enterprise at your age! It was a bold thing to reappear to still the storm after fifteen years of retirement! You accomplished what you attempted; let that suffice you. Henceforth you can do nothing but diminish the importance of what you have done. Remember the truth of Lord Grey's words: 'When one has kept one's health, and one's faculties, one may still at an advanced age usefully occupy one's self with public affairs. But, in critical times like the present, a degree of attention, activity and energy is required which belongs only to the prime of life and not to its decline.' When one is young, one moment is as good as another for joining in the fray; when one is old the only thing to do is to choose a good time for leaving it. Here Lord Grey was the last, all too feeble barrier against the revolutionary spirit; here you have been the last barrier against the struggle of the powers with each other. Lord Grey realised too late that he was being carried away by the torrent; do you not also feel that your influence has become as inadequate as his? The noble and touching farewell words of Lord Grey threw a last fleeting ray of light on his career; his retirement became a triumph; another day and he was effaced! The last two champions of the old Europe

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should quit public life at the same time. May they carry with them into their retirement the consciousness of their efforts and their services, and may history one day show that the coincidence of their departures was honourable to both.

"This and only this I conceive to be the fitting close of your public life. All considerations which might lead you to think otherwise are unworthy of you. You cannot be influenced by the possibility of a little more amusement, a few more social resources. Are you to count the trifling excitements of dispatches, couriers, and news? The interest produced by such things is too often a child's plaything. Are we even to consider the more or less material tranquillity we enjoy? Is the epoch of shocks and revolutionary torments at an end in France? I do not know. Is it more or less distant in England? I cannot tell. Will solitude be trying? Shall we seek distraction in travel? What in a word will be the arrangement of our private life? What does it matter? I am younger than you, and might, perhaps, more naturally take some thought for that; but I should think myself unworthy of your confidence and of the truth which I am now venturing to tell you if the slightest consideration of my own comfort made me keep anything from you. When one is a historical personage as you are, one has no right to think of any other future than the future of history. History, as you know, judges the end of a man's life more severely than the beginning. If, as I am proud to believe, you think as highly of my judgment as of my affection, you will be as frank with yourself as I am with you now. You will have done with all self-created illusions, all specious arguments and subtle pieces of self-love, and you will put an end to a situation which would soon lower you in other eyes than mine. Do not bargain with the public. Dictate its judgment, do not submit to it. Confess that you are old in order that people may not say that you are aging. Say nobly and simply before all the world, 'The time has come!'"

Dom Miguel has left Genoa and has been seen at Savona. This is particularly displeasing to Lord Palmerston.

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London, August 19, 1834.—It appears that while Dom Miguel was at Savona several vessels were seen in the offing which hoisted English colours and made many signals, following which Dom Miguel is said to have returned to Genoa. This is what was being said yesterday, but no explanation is forthcoming.

London, August 20, 1834.—M. de Talleyrand left London yesterday, probably never to return. That, at least, is what he said himself.

There is always something solemn and peculiarly painful in doing a thing for the last time, in departure, in absence, in saying good-bye, especially when one is eighty. I think he felt it, I know I feel it for him. Besides, surrounded as I am with illness, and ill myself, this being the anniversary of my mother's death, remembering all the pleasant things that have happened to me in England, I feel very weak and discouraged by the thought of departure. I said good-bye to M. de Talleyrand with a heart-sinking as great as if I was not to see him again in four days, and I might well have said to him as I said to Madame de Lieven, "I mourn my departure in yours."

M. de Talleyrand's last impressions of his public life here were not precisely agreeable. After many hours spent at the Foreign Office in the company of M. de Miraflorès, of M. de Sarmento, and of Lord Palmerston, who, as usual, kept everybody waiting a long time, the additional articles (which are of no great importance) of the Treaty of April 22, the Quadruple Alliance, were signed in the middle of the night. Lord Palmerston wanted to extend the scope of the Treaty. M. de Talleyrand, on the other hand, desired rather to narrow its obligations. Lord Granville's absence from Paris had left the French Government free from this source of obsession, so they held their ground and authorised M. de Talleyrand to maintain his position, and Lord Palmerston gained nothing by his wilfulness, Lord Holland by his draughtsmanship, or Miraflorès by his antics.

There are two stories which I have heard M. de Talleyrand tell so often that for me they have lost their freshness.

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They seemed very good when first I heard them, so I will set them down here. They both have to do with the campaigns of the Emperor Napoleon, which ended in the Peace of Tilsit.

At Warsaw, where he remained during part of the winter of 1806–7, the Emperor received an ambassador[1] from Persia, who seems to have been a man of wit. At any rate, M. de Talleyrand says that Napoleon asked the Persian whether he was not surprised to find a Western Emperor so near the East, and that the Ambassador replied, "No, sir, for Tah-masp-Kouli-Khan got even nearer." I have always had my doubts about the authenticity of this retort, which, I believe, to have been invented by M. de Talleyrand himself in one of his moments of irritation against the Emperor, an irritation to which he gave vent in malicious sayings usually attributed to other people. Some, however, he acknowledged as his own, and, indeed, I have heard them said for the first time; such, for instance, as his remark in 1812, "It is the beginning of the end" (*C'est le commencement de la fin*), which has been so often quoted since, which has received such numerous applications, and has become public property and almost a commonplace. The unfortunate campaign of 1812 inspired more than one of M. de Talleyrand's most mordant sayings. I remember one day M. de Dalberg came to my mother's, and said that all the *matériel* of the army was lost. "Not at all," said M. de Talleyrand, "for the Duc de Bassano has just arrived." The Duc de Bassano was at that particular time, and for a very good reason, the object of M. de Talleyrand's displeasure. The Emperor desired to recall M. de Talleyrand to office, and it had been agreed that he should follow His Majesty to Warsaw. This was to remain a secret until the day of his departure. The Emperor, however, told the Duc de Bassano who, being disturbed at the revival of a favour which might disturb his own position, told his wife. She took it upon herself to put an end to the affair, and used, for this purpose, a

[1] Myrza-Rhyza-Kan, Envoy Extraordinary of Seth-Ali, Shah of Persia, to Napoleon I, at Warsaw, in March 1807.

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M. de Rambuteau, a talkative, pompous, and smooth-spoken person, pretentious and pliant at the same time, who fancied himself in love with the Duchess, and did her husband's dirty work. M. de Rambuteau, then, having been thoroughly coached by the Duchesse de Bassano, went about everywhere spreading the news of the journey to Warsaw, saying that M. de Talleyrand was boasting about it and telling every one. The Emperor was offended, and M. de Talleyrand remained in France preparing reprisals.

But to come to the second story which M. de Talleyrand so often tells—he says that the Persian Ambassador, who made such subtly witty replies to the Emperor Napoleon, was a very tall, handsome man, whereas another Oriental, the Turkish Ambassador,[1] was a little man, short, squat, common and ridiculous. At a great ball, given by Count Potocki, the two Ambassadors were ascending the staircase together, and the little Turk darted forward in order to enter the ball-room before his colleague. The latter, seeing himself passed, stretched out his arm so as to make a kind of yoke, under which he calmly allowed the Mussulman to pass.

London, August 22, 1834.—The English Ministers wished to insert in the King's Speech on the prorogation of Parliament a phrase very offensive to the Upper House, in revenge for the rejection of the Dissenters Bill and The Protestant Clergy in Ireland Tithes Bill. But the King opposed this with sufficient firmness to secure the abandonment of the phrase, after a very sharp struggle which rather delayed the hour of the sitting.

The Queen has returned from her journey and has been received with ceremonious cordiality by the City of London, the chief magistrates of which went out to meet her. Her health is better. I think with pleasure of all the consolations which Providence in its equity reserves for her.

M. de Bülow announces that he has applied for leave of absence on family affairs and that he is sure to obtain it.

[1] Eminin-Effendi, accredited by the Sultan Mustapha IV. to the Emperor Napoleon at Warsaw in March 1807.

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He says he wants to go to the Hague to face the storm there, and having dispersed it at the Hague, to face more boldly that which he foresees at Berlin. I believe he will in fact go to the Hague, but much more for the purpose of rehabilitating himself by a few platitudes than of fighting his quarrel to a finish. He does not wish to reach Berlin until he has received absolution at the Hague; that at least is my opinion.

London, August 23, 1834.—Here I end my London Journal with the regret that I did not begin it sooner. It would perhaps have possessed greater interest if I had. But four years ago when I arrived in this city I had neither pleasant memories of the past nor much interest in the present, nor much thought for the future. I then asked no more of each day as it succeeded its predecessor than a little distraction, and I paid little attention to the features which marked out each from the other. . . .

Dover, August 24, 1834.—I was quite astonished to find myself expected here and all along the road. The Duke of Wellington who goes this way to Walmer Castle, his residence as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, had announced my arrival. A single family named Wright, who are very excellent people, keep almost all the inns on the road.

Last year after a storm I was received here by a very pretty Mrs. Wright, who kept the Ship Hotel. She had the manner of a Queen and it was only to-day that I learned that she had been one—on the stage, and that her husband had been ruined by her extravagance. The hotel is now kept by people called Warburton, who do it in great style. I was again struck by the respectful politeness with which one is received in English inns when one changes horses, and with the pleasant language and good manners of the humblest people. On the way I heard of the Duke of Wellington, of the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot, of the passage of M. de Talleyrand, of the desire to see us back in England, and all this in the most charming way possible.

I am to sail in a French packet—the weather is good and the sea calm. Farewell to England, but not to the memory of the four happy years which I have spent there, and which

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have passed with a rapidity to be explained by the interest of the events which have happened, and the particular sources of pleasure and contentment which I have found there! Farewell once more to this hospitable country which I leave with regrets and gratitude!

Paris, August 27, 1834.—I arrived here yesterday evening at ten o'clock to find M. de Talleyrand awaiting me. The general impression I got of him was that he was rather depressed and bored; yet he said he was very much pleased with the Tuileries where he seems to be much in fashion. He also says that he is so popular in Paris that the passers-by stop before his carriage and lift their hats to him; but in spite of all this he repeats that he knows no one here, that he is bored and that every one is aged and worn out.

Paris, August 28, 1834.—I was at Saint-Cloud yesterday. The King did me the honour to speak to me a great deal, perhaps too much, for I had to say something on my side, and at Court my one desire is to be silent. This conversation, however, was very interesting, for the King, who is witty on all subjects and intelligent about everything, talked about many things—the state of England at present, the break-up of which is so disquieting for her neighbours, Lord Grey's retirement which is greatly deplored here, Don Carlos's departure from England and the part great or small which the Duke of Wellington played in bringing it about. Here he is supposed to have arranged it all, a belief which I vigorously combated as I believed myself in duty bound to do. Then we talked of intervention in Spain, then of the Salic Law and in fact of everything that is occupying people just now. The King talked very well. He insisted much on the fact that he alone had opposed the immediate intervention demanded by his Ministers, and closing his large hand he showed me his fist and said, "Do you understand Madame? I had to hold back by the mane steeds which have neither mouth nor bridle!"

As regards the Salic law he said, "I am 'Salic law' to my finger tips; the Dukes of Orleans always have been, you will believe me when I say so. But when I struggled for the

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law they thought that I should have less chance if it were destroyed, so every one lent a hand in its destruction instead of helping me to maintain it. I was left alone to fight French ignorance and vanity and all the other difficulties of the situation, and now I am reproached with having abandoned my own cause in that of Don Carlos. I have no enmity against him, no love for Isabella, but people would have what has come to pass. The two years before I came to the Throne saw the preparation of the deplorable state of things which now prevails in the Peninsula. However, whether Anarchy triumphs under Isabella, or the Inquisition under Don Carlos, I may be troubled by them being my neighbours, but I cannot be shaken. We have made enormous internal progress, though I admit that much remains to be done, and with what instruments!"

The King then entered into many details relating to the troubles of his office and ended by saying, "Madame you must know that I have to be the Director in everything and the Master in nothing."

A propos of the state of England, and of the complications which will arise there owing to the age and sex of the heir to the throne, His Majesty said, "What a deplorable thing it is to see all these little girl Kings in a time like the present!" He went on to a dissertation full of real eloquence on the disadvantages of female rule, then suddenly stopped with a polite phrase and a sort of apology which was quite unnecessary. So I said that I thought that what M. de Talleyrand said of wits was true of women, "they were useful for anything but sufficient for nothing."

The King then talked for a long time about the restorations at Versailles and Fontainebleau. He has had Louis XIV.'s room at Versailles refurnished exactly as it was, that is with hangings embroidered by the Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr. One panel represents the Sacrifice of Abraham, a second that of Iphigenia, a third the loves of Armida. The King has had replaced in this room a portrait of Madame de Maintenon giving a lesson to Mlle. de Nantes. Versailles will be a true Museum of the history of France. I am grateful to

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the King for his respect for tradition; our historic monuments will owe him a great deal.

What a sad letter Alava writes from Milan! He paints a most melancholy picture of Spain, and can foresee only a series of circumstances, each of which will be more fatal than the other. He tells me that the ignorance and presumption there are beyond belief, and that the half-knowledge of things which comes from France and England is perhaps doing more harm than absolute ignorance. The state of bankruptcy there is flagrant; the cholera is more horrible than elsewhere, and is made worse by the stupidity of the people who at the funerals of cholera victims are seen eating tomatoes and cucumbers raw! At Segovia, on the other hand, the sanitary junta ordered that in each house visited by the epidemic all the effects of the deceased should be burned and all the survivors shut up in the hospital, including the priest present during the last moments of the departed!

Paris, August 29, 1834.—How excited and busy every one is at Paris! How their minds work! How completely tranquillity and calm are unknown here! Yet there is progress and amelioration everywhere, but without regularity or measure. There are so many small intrigues, small passions and small cabals to exhaust people that no one can enjoy what is good or rest his soul in the prospect of a quiet future. This feverish way of living consumes people, and I find the members of the French Cabinet appallingly aged. They are little old men with the saddest air in the world.

M. Thiers has passed through a series of disillusions and embarrassments which have made him wish for retirement; he feels humiliated and discouraged. The King has supported him, cheered him up and protected him, and has not been sorry to make this protection felt. He even said, "It is no bad thing that *Messieurs les gens d'esprit* should see from time to time that they have need of the King."

M. le Duc d'Orléans spent an hour with me. He is anxious to be married and is determined to be so. He is weary both of dissipation and of the youthful frivolities

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which are injuring and belittling him. He is also disgusted with the real inactivity of his public life. He desires a home, a house of his own. He wishes to take root, to form a circle, to settle down, in short, to get older. All these views are very proper.

The choice of a wife is the more difficult, as there are more prejudices than ever to overcome. The Russian Grand-duchess would be the most brilliant marriage, but would they have him? Then there are some sentimental regrets for Poland here which would make such a marriage unpopular in France and perhaps impossible in Russia. An Austrian Arch-duchess would not be very easy to get, and besides, alliances in that quarter always seem to be unlucky. The King of Prussia's niece, to whom Louis Philippe inclines, seems to be insignificant in appearance and delicate in health. She has been brought up in habits of parsimony, and the possible subjects of quarrel which might arise between two Powers between whom the Rhine is in dispute, make the Duke somewhat averse from the Prussian Princess. From reports which are current it appears that the young Prince is more in favour of the second daughter of the King of Würtemberg, who is tall, well made, pretty, witty and vivacious. She takes it from her mother, the Grand-duchess Catherine of Russia, one of the most distinguished women of her time, and, when she wished to be so, very charming. She was, however, an ambitious, restless and intriguing person, and I hope that her daughter does not resemble her in everything. M. le Duc d'Orléans asked for M. de Talleyrand's advice and mine on the subject; we asked for time to reflect.

The Prince has invited himself to Valençay for the beginning of October to talk all this over at our ease. He has sense and a good judgment, and is not without ambition. There are excellent features in his character, but both his qualities and his defects make a distinguished wife essential.

They say that Marshal Gérard is not pleased with his post as Minister of War. It appears that he only took it on a promise of a portfolio for his brother-in-law M. de Celles—a foolish and impracticable idea. However, they promised

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in order to persuade the Marshal to accept, and then were not ashamed to break their word.

As to the marriage of the Prince Royal, I see that the question of religion is indifferent to him and of secondary importance to the King. The Queen alone would stand out for a preliminary conversion, but no rupture of negotiations would occur on this point.

The exaggerated ideas of the King of Naples on the subject of the Princess Marie's dowry have suspended all idea of a marriage in that quarter. There is general regret in the Royal Family except on the part of the Princess herself, who dreams of continuing here her aunt's existence, which she thinks charming.

Paris, August 30, 1834.—From what M. Thiers tells me, it seems that the King, on Marshal Soult's retirement, thought of summoning M. de Talleyrand to the Presidency of the Council. This idea is even now again in his mind when he thinks of Marshal Gérard's probable retirement. But M. de Talleyrand would not accept on any account and besides, as Thiers said to the King, "Madame de Dino does not wish it."

At dinner yesterday at Saint-Cloud the King spoke to me with much acrimony of the Duc de Broglie who, he said, had wished to keep him out of everything. He complained bitterly of the Duke's conduct. He complains of a good many people, but is arranging with Rigny and counting on M. Thiers.

M. de Talleyrand is very much the fashion indeed at the Palace because he is saying everywhere that the King should have a free hand. I am also the fashion because I am a good listener, and because I say, as I think, that the King is the cleverest man in France. The King speaks on all subjects very well, a great deal, and at great length. He listens to himself, and, at least, is conscious of his ability. He loves the memory of the Regent, of whom Saint-Cloud naturally reminds him. He told me that Louis XVIII. also loved his memory and appeared much shocked at the calumnies of which he had been the object. "I," he said, "am his

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best justification." But when Louis XVIII. said all this he ended curiously, for, having insisted on the outrageous character of these calumnies, he added, "Nevertheless, the verses of Lagrange-Chancel are so good that I have them by heart and like to say them over."[1] This was a curious conclusion to come to in a conversation with the present King.

Paris, September 1, 1834.—This morning I saw M. de Rigny, who told me that the news from Spain was most embarrassing. Martinez de la Rosa is beginning to say that without the armed intervention of France all will go to the devil. The King is very strongly against intervention, much more so than his Ministers, who seem to me to be much agitated by this terrible neighbour.

Hatred of Lord Palmerston is so general here that no one troubles to conceal it. M. de Rigny is deafened by it on all sides. *A propos* of this he told me that as Palmerston's exhibitions of arrogance and his hostile demonstrations were never, in fact, followed by any action, they had ceased to make any impression, and that people only said, "Ah, that's only one of Palmerston's little outbursts!" and then thought no more of it.

M. Guizot has succeeded to Rigny's place in this house; he is much pleased with the internal condition of the country, but he justly says that, if in addition to our domestic difficulties we had to interfere in a revolution in Spain, and were to be at the same time confronted with one in England we should indeed be undone. It seems certain that the new Chamber of Deputies is infinitely better than the last, and that it is recruited from a higher class. Material progress has also sensibly advanced. France left to herself without external embarrassments is evidently in a very good way indeed.

Prince Czartoriski, very languid as usual, also came in; he intends to establish himself definitely at Paris.

At last I have been able to go out and call on the Werthers, where I heard more complaints of Palmerston. When I came back M. de Talleyrand set me to arranging

[1] Lagrange-Chancel was concerned in the conspiracy of Cellamare, and launched against Philippe d'Orléans three virulent pamphlets in verse, which were soon followed by two others. (*Philippiques*, 1720.)

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papers, and I turned up a curious letter, signed Ferdinand, Carlos, Antonio, which was written from Valençay by these three Princes to express their gratitude and affection.

Paris, September 2, 1834.—I have had a visit from M. Thiers, who told me what follows. All reports from Spain agree that Don Carlos will have just as many men as he can get muskets, and that he is only waiting for a consignment of arms to march on Madrid, where everything is going wrong. Dom Miguel in his turn is preparing to reappear in the Peninsula. If, therefore, the blockade is not effective enough to prevent the importation of arms the Queen's cause is desperate, unless France intervenes actively in Spanish affairs. The question may arise in an acute form at any moment and opinion is much divided. Bertin de Veaux and some others are in favour of armed intervention if it should become necessary to save the Queen, because, they say, if Don Carlos triumphs Carlism will become everywhere audacious, and France will have an implacable enemy on her frontiers. With so immediate a danger behind her here, every movement would be paralysed in a war, which would be all the more likely to be forced on her, and her chances of success the less. To this the King and M. de Talleyrand reply: "But if you intervene you will have war all the sooner! And, moreover, who is going to help you? Is England, undermined by her internal troubles, likely to be of any assistance?" To that the answer is: "Her neutrality is enough." "But can you count on her neutrality. Does it not depend on the duration and composition of the present Cabinet, whose existence is extremely doubtful?" M. de Rigny is much distracted by these conflicting opinions and is terribly embarrassed. Every one is racking their brains for an expedient.

Rochecotte,[1] *September* 7, 1834.—The weather, which had

1 Rochecotte is a château built at the end of the eighteenth century which the Duchesse de Dino bought in 1825, and afterwards improved and greatly extended. In 1847 she presented it to her daughter the Marquise de Castellane. Rochecotte is charmingly situated on the slope of the Loire Valley, commanding the village of Saint Patrice, in the Department of Indre et Loire.

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been wretched for two whole days, improved yesterday, and a veritable sun of Austerlitz pierced the clouds to welcome my arrival at Langeais.[1] All the town surrounded the carriage, and all along the road, till I reached this place. I received many greetings and saw many smiling faces which much pleased me.

The valley is very green, the Loire is full; the careful cultivation and the resulting richness are admirable; the hemp, which is one of the local industries, is as high as the vegetation of the Tropics, and in fact I am delighted with all I see.

Rochecotte, September 8, 1834.—My life here is neither political nor social, and can be of no general interest. I will, however, continue to note the little incidents which strike me.

Yesterday, after luncheon, while I was resting my poor head in a *chaise longue* in the salon, the Abbé Girolet sat beside me in a large arm-chair and told me he had a favour to ask. This was that I should undertake to be his sole executor. He has little of value to leave, and the charges on the succession will absorb at least the whole of it, but there was no one but me whom he could trust to look after his servants and his pensioners, and if I would do so he could die happy. I said he should do as he liked, and asked him to leave everything to me as he wished, but to spare me details then which would be painful to me, and which in any case I should learn only too soon. He took my hand and thanked me warmly for what he calls my kindness to him, and then after this momentary effort relapsed into the silent, almost somnolent condition from which he rarely emerges.

Valençay, September 11, 1834.—I arrived here yesterday evening, having stopped for a little on the way at Bretonneau's charming country house near Tours, and having admired the delightful road from Tours to Blois, which is so full of memories for me. It was dark, exeept for the moon, when I reached the post station of Selles, where I was

[1] Langeais is a large town rather more than two leagues from Rochecotte. It is situate on the right bank of the Loire, and is dominated by a castle built in 992, and reconstructed in the thirteenth century by Pierre de la Brosse. In 1491 the marriage of King Charles VIII. and Anne de Bretagne was solemnised there.

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expected. At the first crack of the postillion's whip every window was lit up with candles by the inhabitants, the effect of which was quite like an illumination. While they were changing horses the population surrounded the carriage with cries of welcome. Even the Sister Superior of the hospital, an old friend of mine, came to the door of the carriage to speak to me though it was nine o'clock. I was quite deafened and overwhelmed, but at the same time much touched. It was more than four years since I had passed that way, and I was far from expecting that they would remember the few services I rendered them in old times.

At last, at ten o'clock, under a magnificent moon, I reached my destination in the splendid courts of Valençay. M. de Talleyrand, Pauline, Mlle. Henriette,[1] Demion, and all the servants were under the arcades with many lights. It made a pretty picture.

Valençay, September 12, 1834.—Here is the principal passage in a letter from Madame Adélaïde to M. de Talleyrand: "You will no doubt remember the discussion which took place in my room on the absurdity, the danger, and the uselessness of declaring war on Don Carlos. It seems, nevertheless, that some people wish to raise the question again. You treated the question in my presence in a manner so lucid and convincing that one would hardly have thought that it would have come up again. However, I think it right to warn you that there is a danger of it, and you would do well to make clear in England the danger of taking this false step, which can only end in evil. It seems that England is embarrassed by a promise to furnish Spain with naval assistance, and that this absurd proposition is being entertained as a way out of that promise. I think, therefore, that it would be well if you at once wrote to England on the subject. I attach great importance to this, for no one can do it so well or so effectively as you."

Here now is M. de Talleyrand's answer.[2] "I implore the

1 Mlle. Henriette Larcher, governess to Mlle. Pauline de Périgord.

2 This letter has already been published in the little book by the Countess de Mirabeau entitled, *Le Prince de Talleyrand et la Maison d'Orléans*, which appeared in 1890.

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King to persist in his refusal to declare war against Don Carlos, for I think that this would be the most deplorable way of smoothing the embarrassment of the English Ministers. I am not surprised that they are embarrassed; I have been expecting that they would be so for a very long time. I have never been able to understand the levity with which during the last two years they have been throwing themselves into all the difficulties which have arisen in the Peninsula. In 1830 London was the appointed place, the only suitable scene for negotiations on a great scale. Now England gets nearer to disorder as France recedes further from it, and the negotiations should be brought back to Paris and conducted under the eagle eye of the King. England will not dare to venture alone, and the other Powers will range themselves on our side in disapproving a declaration of war. Thus we shall risk nothing in refusing to declare war. It will be a good thing to gain time, and Lord Granville's absence from Paris gives us a pretext for avoiding a peremptory answer. If I hesitate to obey the suggestion that I should write to England on the subject, it is that I have reason to believe that any letter would produce an effect contrary to that which I should desire. The English Cabinet has lately found me reserved and cold, and careful to avoid entangling my Government in any of the troublesome complications of the Peninsula. I cannot doubt that they distrusted me in all these transactions, and were offended at my lack of enthusiasm. Now that the English Ministers are embarrassed by promises which I allowed them to make without allowing France to participate, they are not likely to receive with goodwill either my advice or my warning."

Madame de Lieven writes most kindly from St. Petersburg; she will soon be left alone with her pupil, with whom she is much pleased. The Emperor goes to Moscow, the Empress to Berlin, and then the Lievens enter on their duties and go into their own house, about which she seems to me. very naturally, to be rather in a hurry. I think her teeth are on edge already, though she is consoled by her august hosts.

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Valençay, September 16, 1834.—Labouchère, who arrived here yesterday, says nothing can be compared to M. de Toreno's conduct but that of the Rothschilds.[1] The former, before declaring the bankruptcy of the Spanish Government, sold out huge quantities of stock, speculating in the opposite sense from the Jews, and, as he was in the secret, he not only consolidated his personal position, which was very insecure, but made enormous profits, while almost every place in Europe has been very badly hit.

Valençay, September 25, 1834.—Here is an extract from a letter written by M. de Rigny to M. de Talleyrand: "Calm is restored at Constantinople, but Mehemet Ali is furious at the obstinacy of the Porte and talks of independence; we are going to try to soothe this feverish attack. Toreno, from being the adversary of the French creditors, has constituted himself almost their champion; we shall know to-morrow or the day after what resolution has been adopted by the Cortès. Meanwhile, however, things are going no better in Spain, and at Madrid they are beginning to talk loudly of the necessity for our intervention. They wished to replace Rodil by Mina, but they are being treated with great coolness at St. Petersburg for not being present at the inauguration of the column.

"I saw yesterday a letter from Lord Holland, who is congratulating himself on the stability of the English Ministry; I don't know what that is worth.

"Semonville has sent in his resignation in writing. He would have wished Bassano to be his successor; the place has actually been given to Decazes, which perhaps you won't think any better. Molé refuses to be Vice-President, being wounded at Broglie being put before him. That is his whole reason. Is it *reasonable?* Villemain refuses to be Perpetual Secretary. That would be, he says, to abandon his political future! On the other hand, Viennet would be quite ready to abandon his for the permanency.

"We have just had two or three bad elections. As for

[1] See the London *Chronicle* for August 6, 1834.

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the amnesty, the decision is negative. I fear they will regret having taken this course when we are in the middle of a cross-fire of law-suits, lawyers, platform oratory, and newspaper articles. It is necessary in this country to look a few months ahead!"

A letter from Lady Jersey informs me that Palmerston has refused to be Governor-General of India, and that the Duchesse de Berry is about to have a child—legitimate this time.

Valençay, September 28, 1834.—When we got back yesterday from our walk we found the house full of visitors, male and female, who had driven here, and were inspecting everything with interest. The steward told us that it was Madame Dudevant, with M. Alfred de Musset and a party. At the name of Dudevant the Entraigues made several exclamations which I did not understand till they explained that Madame Dudevant is no other than the author of *Indiana, Valentine, Leone Leoni*—in fact, George Sand! She lives in the Berri when she is not running about the world, as she often does. She has a château near La Châtre, where her husband lives all the year round, and occupies himself with agriculture. He it is who looks after the two children he has by the woman of genius. She herself is the daughter of a natural daughter of Marshal de Saxe; she often appears in men's clothes, but was not so attired yesterday. When I entered my apartments I found the whole party parleying with Joseph [1] for permission to see them, which is not usually allowed when I am here. On this occasion I wanted to be civil to neighbours, so I myself threw open the doors, showed them everything, and explained things, and finally escorted them as far as the large drawing-room, where the heroine of the occasion, seeing my portrait by Prud'hon, thought herself obliged to pay me many compliments. She is small, dark, and insignificant in appearance, between thirty and forty. Her eyes are good, and her hair is dressed in a pretentious way, such as is described as "classical" on the stage. Her tone is dry and abrupt; her judgments on

[1] The Porter at Valençay.

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artistic matters are very positive. The bust of Napoleon and Canova's Paris, as well as Thorwaldsen's bust of Alexander and a copy from Raphael by Annibale Carraci (which the good lady took for an original) gave her many opportunities. Her language is very fine. On the whole, she is not elegant; the rest of the party were quite common, in appearance I mean, for not one of them opened his lips.

In the evening I had another visit after my own heart from a sister of the order of nuns at Valençay, who was a novice here. Though she is only thirty-three she is already the first assistant at the mother house, whence she comes to inspect here. She looks upon Valençay as her cradle. She came here at the time when I founded the small institution here, and was then remarkably fresh and beautiful. Now she is thin and pale, but still very sweet and gentle in appearance. In spite of her sanctity, which has advanced her so rapidly in the Order, she is very fond of me, and kissed me just as if I was worthy of it, expressing much joy at seeing me again, poor sinner that I am.

Valençay, October 7, 1834.—Yesterday I had a long conversation with M. de Talleyrand about his plans of retirement, which led me to speak to him frankly on several important features of his position. I had the courage to tell him the truth, as is always right when dealing with people of his great age.

Valençay, October 9, 1834.—M. de Montrond, who has been here some days, asked to see me yesterday about an important matter. I saw him, and after some pleasantries which I received rather coldly, he said that he had come to announce his departure, at which I should not probably be surprised, considering the extraordinary way in which M. de Talleyrand was treating him. He spoke for a long time and complained bitterly. He is deeply hurt, and that makes him say many nasty things. He added that he knew quite well that I didn't like him, but that I had always been kind and civil to him, and wished to thank me for it, and to say that, though he had no doubt I should not agree with him, I should be bored to death, and the life

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I was leading would certainly become insupportable, though it would be difficult for any one to live it more gracefully. In short, he took pains, for what reason I know not, to stand well with me.

I confess that I was very ill at ease during his remarks, which, though broken and abrupt in his usual style, lasted for some time. Here is a summary of my answer, or rather of my answers. I regretted all that might suggest a quarrel, for that would do no good to any one and would damage him (M. de Montrond) most. Society would side against him, as his rudeness to M. de Talleyrand would explain the latter's want of patience. To complain and explain his grievances by the existence of motives such as he had suggested to me would be in very bad taste, and there were some things which should not be said even when they seemed to be true, especially after forty years of a friendship which on M. de Talleyrand's part might be described as patronage. As far as I was concerned, I could not be dull in the midst of my duties and family interests; besides, my life, my habits, my whole existence had for long been bound up with M. de Talleyrand's interests. This was my destiny, with which I was well satisfied and desired no other.

On this he resumed: "It is clear that you are destined to bury him. Then you are very clever and have a great gift for speech and action. You are also enough of a great lady to know how to take things in a certain way. As for me, the only thing to do is to go."

I took him up then. "You have something more to do, and that is to go away civilly without a scene, and not to tell any one that you did so because you were angry. You have, above all, to avoid speaking, I do not say ill, but even lightly, of M. de Talleyrand." He said, "You make very pretty speeches this morning, but if I do as you wish, what will you do for me?"—"I will keep the true cause of your departure secret."—"You are too clever, Madame de Dino."—"I know what I am saying."

He asked me if I would shake hands with him and

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promise to be good natured about him. "Yes, if you do not speak amiss of M. de Talleyrand." "Very well. I shall not go straight to Paris. I shall go to d'Argenson at Ormes to get over this, and when I have got back my 'lamb-like temper,' I shall speak to the King and invent some business to excuse my not waiting for his son here." "Do what you like so long as you behave like a gentleman." He is gone. At luncheon he said that he had got a letter which obliged him to leave to-day.

The fact is, that I had been expecting something of the kind. M. de Talleyrand, after many years of too long suffering patience, has suddenly gone uncompromisingly to the other extreme, and the day before yesterday so clearly indicated to M. de Montrond that he was not wanted here, that the latter could not overlook it. It is possible that M. de Montrond will impose some restraint on his tongue, just sufficient that is to avoid an accusation of bad faith, but it seems to me impossible that he will not take some underhand way of revenging himself, for he is hurt and upset. To have to go on the eve of the arrival of a large and distinguished party of English people to whom he was preparing to do the honours of Valençay, not to be here when M. le Duc d'Orléans is expected—these are two real disappointments for which he will not forgive M. de Talleyrand.

In the first and most virulent part of his conversation with me he frequently referred to the King and to M. de Flahaut in such a way as to persuade me that he means to take the latter's part absolutely, in order that he may be able to injure M. de Talleyrand with His Majesty. What can one expect of a being like him? But also how childish to lose one's temper after forty years![1] M. de Montrond said to me, "He should treat me with the kindness and intimacy of an old friend, or else with the politeness of a host." To this I replied, "But would not M. de Talleyrand also be justified in saying to you that you give him neither

[1] In 1793 Montrond had fled to England, and there had placed himself under M. de Talleyrand's protection. This was the beginning of their long friendship.

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the deference due to one's host, nor the attentions due to his age and to your former relations? In what other house would you have dared to run down everything as you do here? You have criticised his neighbours, his servants, his wine, his horses, in fact everything. If he has been rude you have given him provocation, and, indeed, there are too many witnesses of your habit of perpetual contradiction to make it possible for you to complain of the anger it has aroused."

Valençay, October 14, 1834.—We have staying here Lady Clanricarde, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson Damer, and Mr. Henry Greville. I went for a long drive yesterday with Lady Clanricarde, and talked to her a great deal about her father, the celebrated Mr. Canning, and of her mother, who was not less distinguished, but who did not appear to be much beloved by her daughter. Lady Clanricarde is clever; her manners are restrained, dignified, and in good taste; but, judging from what I saw, I consider her rather hard-hearted and intellectually stiff. Both her manners, however, and her character have, in my opinion, a real value. She never lets herself go and has no personal magnetism, but when all is said and done, she is a figure of real distinction and of the best and most exquisite breeding. Mrs. Damer is a good soul—nothing more.

Valençay, October 18, 1834.—Speaking to Lady Clanricarde of Lord Palmerston and Lady Cowper, we fell to wondering what it is that enables some people to retain so much influence over some others, and I made an observation on the subject against which she protested, to the effect that, "it is by what they demand that men preserve their influence over women, while it is by what they concede that women preserve their influence over men."

Valençay, October 21, 1834.—Yesterday the news came of the dreadful fire at Westminster. It is a terrible catastrophe and one which is distinctly ominous, as it suggests that the political edifice is crumbling along with the material one, and that the old walls refused any longer to be dishonoured by the profane doctrines of to-day. There is something in

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this which may well impress not only the imagination of the multitude, but the mind of every thinking person.

The English party here all believe that the fire was the work of an incendiary, because it began in the House of Lords. The *Globe*, which was sent to M. de Talleyrand, kept us all up very late, for we were anxious to know all the versions of the disaster. It appears that the loss in papers and documents of all kinds is enormous, and is due not only to the fire, but to their being scattered and blown away. What a pity! It is said that it will cause much confusion, and many gaps in the proceedings of the Courts.

Yesterday, I took Lady Clanricarde and Mrs. Damer to see the little convent, the school and all the small institution conducted by the Valençay sisters. This is the sort of thing which makes very little impression on English women. For all their cleverness and goodness, they are not charitable in the true sense of the word, and they have a singular unwillingness to come in contact with poverty, misery, misfortune, illness or suffering. This distant manner of theirs with lesser people, so useful in society, freezes and irritates me when I see it applied even to the poor. Thus Lady Clanricarde, so agreeable in society, found nothing to say to my poor sisters who are so simple and devoted. She hardly put her nose inside the door of the school, and gathered up her fine skirts, that they might not be rumpled by the little girls who were going to their places. The two ladies were much astonished that I found so much to say, and above all, when they saw me stopped several times in the village by people who wanted to consult me about their business. This way of living is incomprehensible to an Englishwoman, and at that moment, Lady Clanricarde, clever as she is, and well disposed to me, was surprised, I am sure, to think that I knew how to eat properly at table, and was wearing a dress made by Mlle. Palmyre!

Valençay, October 23, 1834.—All yesterday it rained in torrents, and it was impossible to go out. Our English friends made music barbarously enough all morning; and in the evening three letters came. One was from Lord Sidney

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to Henry Greville, saying that M. de Montrond had got back to Paris, and was telling everybody that Valençay had become quite uninhabitable, that Greville and the Damers were being bored to death, and that only Lady Clanricarde could put up with it. H. Greville read this in a low voice. Lady Clanricarde continued aloud, M. de Talleyrand asked what it was, and the whole passage was read to him.

The second letter was from M. de Montrond to Mr. Damer, and inquired how he was getting on at Valençay. The writer observed that he was not anxious about H. Greville who loved tittle-tattle, and would get what he wanted there. Mr. Damer read this also aloud.

The third letter was from M. de Montrond to myself, and was as cool as possible in tone. I passed it to M. de Talleyrand who, annoyed at what he had just heard, read it too aloud. It reminded me of Célimène's letter! I don't know what reflections this little scene may have provoked, for I went to bed immediately afterwards.

Valençay, October 26, 1834.—The weather improved a little yesterday; just now it is very cold but dry, with brilliant sunshine. Let us hope that it will last for the arrival of M. le Duc d'Orléans who is expected to-night! The populations of fourteen Communes are in motion and people are coming from Châteauroux and even from Issoudun which is ten or twelve leagues from here. The fact that it is Sunday makes it easier for them to gratify their curiosity and whatever the papers say there will be nothing else in the way of magnificence or festal preparations than a crowd. I believe that M. le Duc d'Orléans will be very well received by the country folk. Never since the days of la Grande Mademoiselle has any Prince of any dynasty come here. The whole country between Blois and Châteauroux, so well treated by the Valois, has been, as it were, disgraced and forgotten; none of the succeeding Governments would do anything for this corner of Berri. When I first came here everything in the way of civilisation was as it had been in the time of Louis XIII. M. de Talleyrand has done something to secure a little progress, and I too have done a

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little, but it is only this year that we have been able to organise a system of post horses. So far there is not even a diligence, and for many people, even in easy circumstances, the only means of conveyance is *patachés*, that is, carriages without springs. In such a remote part a Prince is still somebody. Our communes are flattered that one is about to wander into our solitudes, and they will cry out "*Vive le Roi!*" with all their might, which is the best thing that they can do.

Among those who arrived last night were the Baron de Montmorency and Madame la Comtesse Camille de Sainte-Aldegonde. The Baron de Montmorency was long ago on the point of being the Lauzun of the Mademoiselle of his day,[1] and though he declined the honour of the alliance he has remained very intimate with Neuilly. Madame de Sainte-Aldegonde lives in a very pretty house between here and Blois; she is one of the Queen's ladies and a great friend of the Baron de Montmorency. Her first husband was General Augereau. She is my own age and we came out at the same time. We were both ladies-in-waiting to the Empress Marie Louise, but we did not see much of each other, for she followed her husband to the front and never came to Court. On the fall of the Empire we lost sight of each other completely. Madame de Sainte-Aldegonde has been extremely beautiful, and if her expression were more agreeable she would be so still, but she never had a kindly air owing to her eyebrows which are very dark and turn up too much; and, as she has lost the softness of her first youth, there remains a certain crudity which is not attractive. Her voice is rather high-pitched, and, though polite and well-bred enough, she lacks that ease and smooth courtesy which can only be acquired at the time when one first learns the elegances of life. When one does not learn them in one's cradle one may be presentable, but one can never be distinguished, yet after all, considering everything, she will pass muster.

Valençay, October 27, 1834.—M. le Duc d'Orléans came yesterday, in very bad weather, an hour sooner than he was

[1] Madame Adélaïde had caused her hand to be offered to the Baron de Montmorency, but on condition that she should not be required to change her name—a condition which the Baron declined to accept.

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expected, which much upset both us and the sightseers. However, our little *Garde Nationale* was there to receive him. The Municipality were also assembled and a certain number of people were there to greet him as he passed. There were no speeches, for which I think he was thankful.

M. le Duc d'Orléans began by having some conversation in the salon with M. de Talleyrand, M. and Madame de Valençay and myself. He announced, much to my surprise, that Madame de Rigny, Thiers and Guizot were coming. My surprise was not lessened when Monseigneur told me that the King was strongly urging his Ministers to come here because it was a good excuse to suspend the Councils for a few days. These had become almost impossible owing to the outbursts of Marshal Gérard, and a crisis was inevitable. It was desired, however, to postpone it for a time, and, with this in view, not to call the Cabinet together. Marshal Gérard was in a minority of one, all the Ministers being united against him.

When Monseigneur retired to his apartments I went to dress and went down at once in order to be first in the salon. I found there General Petit commanding the 5th Division, General Saint-Paul commanding the Department of the Indre, and General Baudrand of the Prince's suite with his secretary M. de Boismilon.

After dinner there was a slight fit of solemnity, which I soon dissipated by taking up my work as usual. The Prince thanked me cordially for doing so. Then every one grouped and arranged themselves naturally. A little later M. de Talleyrand took his usual evening walk, and when he came back he found Lady Clanricarde, the Prince, Henry Greville and me playing whist gaily together. Music was playing in the vestibule, and in a word the ice was broken.

After tea the Prince vanished, and at eleven everybody went to bed.

Valençay, October 28, 1834.—Here is an account of yesterday. After breakfast M. le Duc d'Orléans went over the Château and its immediate neighbourhood, my son and I acting as his guides. All our guests who had not already seen what there is to see followed.

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When we got back three carriages, a phaeton, and six saddle-horses were in attendance. Each member of the company took his place. M. le duc d'Orléans, the Marchioness of Clanricarde, the Baron de Montmorency and I were in the first carriage. M. de Talleyrand, Madame de Sainte-Aldegonde, General Baudrand, and M. Jules d'Entraigues were in the second, and so on. After crossing the park and an isolated piece of the forest, we stopped at a pretty pavilion, from which there is a fine view. The military band was concealed behind the trees, which still have much of their foliage. There was a considerable crowd, and the whole made a very pretty forest scene. We then plunged into the forest itself, and did not return till it was time to dress for dinner.

After dinner we took the Prince to a ball at the Orangerie. The courts, the keep, and the railings were illuminated, and the effect was very fine. The ball-room was very finely decorated, and so full of people that one could scarcely move. There was, however, no vulgar pushfulness, and if the cries of greeting were ear-splitting, they were such as always please a Prince. He walked all through the room, greeted everyone, and talked a little. They were, in short, much pleased with him; so pleased, indeed, that, though he only stayed an hour, they were still shouting under his windows at two o'clock in the morning.

Valençay, October 29, 1834.—Yesterday before luncheon our Royal guest, with his aide-de-camp, my son, and the Baron de Montmorency, went to visit the spinning mill and the quarries from which came the stone of which the Château is built. He thought the quarries superb. After luncheon we took him to the ironworks. There was a cheering crowd; the men did their work well, both casting and forging. Inside the fine building they produced and repeated an effect of fireworks with the flaming molten metal which was very fine and much amused our English ladies. On the way back we made a slight detour to see the ruins of Veuil.[1]

1 Veuil commands the valley of Nahon, and was joined to the Seigneurie of Valençay in 1787 by M. de Luçay, who was then the owner. The castle, which must have been very fine, is now a ruin, of which only a fragment is inhabited by a farmer.

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The band was hidden in one of the old towers. A great fire had been lighted in the only room which remains intact, and in which we were served with refreshments. In the courtyard and through the half-ruined archways were seen national guards and peasants, who cheered and threw their hats up into the air. This little excursion was very pleasant in spite of the dull weather. The sun, or rather the moon, would have made it perfect.

At dinner, besides our guests of last night, we had the Prefects of Indre-et-Loire and of Loir-et-Cher, General Ornano, and Colonel Garraube, a Deputy, to whom we owe the band that has given so much pleasure. After dinner there was whist, a few turns of a waltz, &c.

Later on there was a real ball and supper for the servants, and in honour of the servants of the Prince Royal; it was really very pretty.

Yesterday at dinner I was a little surprised at something my Royal neighbour said to me. He asked me when we were going to Rochecotte.—"I don't know, Monseigneur."—"But you can't spend the winter here where it is so cold."—"Oh no, we never intended to do that."—"Are you coming to Paris?"—"I really don't know."—"For, of course, England is out of the question since Lord Palmerston won't go to India." I looked straight at the Prince with some surprise, and said: "I believe that Lord Palmerston's departure would certainly have recalled the Ambassadors to London, and that if he stays that will keep them away; but M. de Talleyrand's plans are very uncertain, and, moreover, depend on the King's wishes."—"Your uncle told me that he thinks we have got out of England all that we can, and that great affairs are no longer to be transacted in London, but in Paris, under my father's eye."—"Yes, that is M. de Talleyrand's idea, because the King's honesty and ability have inspired confidence in Europe in inverse ratio to the distrust which the policy carried on in England for the last months has aroused."—"My father very much wants M. de Talleyrand to return to England, but before talking to your uncle about it I told the King that I thought it was im-

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possible."—"It certainly would be difficult, Monseigneur."—"But you, Madame, what are your wishes?"—"Whatever will be agreeable to the King, Monseigneur; and if M. de Talleyrand does not go back to London it will be because he is persuaded that, things being as they are, he would be of no use. Personally, I am extremely fond of England; a thousand ties of gratitude and admiration bind me to that country, especially the Queen's kindness, and the friendship of Lord Grey and the Duke of Wellington. But there are some friends whom one does not lose simply because one leaves them, and I hope in course of time to go and thank my English friends for all their kindness to me during the last four years."[1]—"But, to leave the question of the Embassy, what will M. de Talleyrand do?"—"Whatever the King wishes. If the King wishes to see him, he will go and pay his respects; if his Majesty will allow him to rest, he will remain in retirement, taking care of his legs, which, as you see, are very weak and very painful. In a word, Monseigneur, he will always be the King's most devoted servant." And at this point this somewhat curious conversation came to an end.

Valençay, October 30, 1834.—Yesterday morning all our neighbours from Tours, Blois, and the neighbourhood left rather early, as did M. Motteux, who left a charming English dog as a present for M. de Talleyrand. The excellent man left us with much regret, having greatly enjoyed his visit, most of which he spent in the kitchen, in the press house, or at market. He said very little, but was neither indiscreet nor in the way, nor spiteful with his tongue.

Before luncheon M. le Duc d'Orléans visited the two hosiery establishments,[2] made purchases, and gave orders. After luncheon he asked to be shown our schools and the establishment of the Sisters, and gave a large sum for the poor. He seemed much struck by the excellent management

[1] The Duchesse de Dino never revisited England in spite of her happy memories of that country.

[2] When you entered this shop, then very celebrated in France, you used to see models of the legs of all M. de Talleyrand's lady friends, duly labelled, which had been made for the guidance of the Valençay tradesman.

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of the little convent, and particularly with the manners of the Superior. On this occasion he told me that one of his ancestors lent money to the Holy See and was not repaid at the appointed time. The Pope, however, by way of compensation sent a Bull creating all the male posterity of his family sub-deacons from their birth and canons of Saint-Martin of Tours, with the right to touch the sacred vessels without gloves, and to sit on the Gospel side of the church instead of the Epistle side. King Louis Philippe was installed Canon of Tours at the age of seven.

Later on, we took the Prince to the ponds in the forest, by the side of which there was a great camp-fire.

Before dinner the Prince again desired some private conversation with M. de Talleyrand and then with me. Afterwards we played pool on the billiard-table. The scene was very animated, the ladies being of the party. Tea taken, the letters came, and announced the resignation of Marshal Gérard; and M. le Duc d'Orléans, retired, put on his travelling dress, and at half-past eleven, after saying many gracious things, he departed.

Although everything went off very well during his visit, and though the Prince was really perfectly charming to everybody, I am nevertheless much relieved now that he is gone. I feared every moment that some accident would happen, and for this reason opposed every idea of a shooting party; I feared disloyal cries, bad weather, a thousand things; and, besides, I was worn out with fatigue.

As I foresaw, the visit of M. le Duc d'Orléans has thrown some light on our future, for M. de Talleyrand said to him that there was no more for him to do in London. He pointed out Lord Palmerston's personal character, the line taken by the English Cabinet, the absence of all the *haut corps diplomatique* from London, and the evident tendency of all the Courts to cease acting in that capital and to choose another centre of high politics. Besides all this, the weariness of his legs made it impossible for him to return to England unless a reaction occurred which made him—M. de Talleyrand—a more suitable person than any other to con-

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duct the affairs of France there. For the moment he thought that any one would do just as well, if not better, than he. M. le Duc d'Orléans said positively that he had been charged by the King to discover the intentions of M. de Talleyrand, and at the same time to express the King's desire to talk with him if he did not mean to return to London. His Majesty was most anxious that M. de Talleyrand should not abandon his interest and participation in the work at which he had laboured so much.

M. le Duc d'Orléans told me a curious thing—that eighteen months ago Lucien Bonaparte had written him a rather abject letter, begging him to obtain for him the post of French Minister at Florence!

I have just heard that the King has positively refused to call the Duc de Broglie to the Presidency of the Council in place of Marshal Gérard. It is clear that it was this Ministerial crisis which prevented the arrival of the three Ministers who were to have come here. I am quite glad it did, for this took away all political significance from the Prince's visit.

He spoke much of Rochecotte and of his desire to visit it again next summer.

Valençay, October 31, 1834.—M. le Comte de la Redorte is staying here. He is a man of undoubted erudition. He has studied a great deal, and travelled much. He remembers everything, but, unfortunately, instead of waiting till you knock at his door, as an Englishman would do, he throws it wide open and forces you to come in. Though his face is fine and his manners charming, and the sound of his voice delightful, he is simply a bore. He fills his conversation with facts, dates, and figures; he enters into the most minute details; he plunges head first into the heaviest economic topics, and wearies, extinguishes, and crushes his audience. His opinions, moreover, are cut and dried on every subject; his judgments are absolute; his expositions are all arranged beforehand. It is deadly dull! Our English party groaned under him! He left after luncheon, and as he was going M. de Talleyrand said: "There is a mind which stopped before it arrived." He said a rather

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sharp thing about Madame de Sainte-Aldegonde, who also left this morning. Speaking of her very dark eyebrows, which surmount rather expressionless eyes: "These," he said, "are bows without arrows."

Here is an extract from a letter from Paris, dated the 29th, which came yesterday: "The post-horses were waiting in M. de Rigny's courtyard on Sunday the 26th, and he was just about to leave with Bertin de Veaux, when the King sent for him and commanded him to put off his departure for a day. He never got another opportunity of getting away. Yesterday, at four, Marshal Gérard forced the King to accept his resignation. M. de Rigny has determined not to accept the Premiership which they wish to offer him. He thinks he has neither the talent nor the consistency necessary for the post. He cannot disguise from himself that the only reason for offering him the place is the difficulty of getting any one else; and if his refusal costs him his place he will console himself with the reflection that it is better to go out of office in this way than to go later on less honourably. And yet what will be the end of all this? What appears most probable is the addition of M. Molé to the Ministry. M. Thiers would much like to be Premier, but he does not yet dare to be openly a candidate. M. Molé would not remain long. His means, his character, his surroundings, will all combine to promote his speedy fall. This would be enough to enable M. Thiers to realise his ambition—at least he thinks so. He would, however, have been better pleased to see M. de Rigny undertake the part intended for M. Molé, but that even his eloquence could not achieve!"

Valençay, November 1, 1834.—I hear from Paris that an article in terms very insulting to M. de Talleyrand and myself has just appeared in a periodical review. For many years I have been afflicted with insults, libels, and gutter calumnies of all kinds, and I shall be so persecuted till the end of my days. Living as I have done in the house of M. de Talleyrand, and in his confidence, how could I escape the licence of the press and its attacks in the most libellous

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age of journalism? It was long before I got used to it. I used to be deeply wounded, very much upset, and very unhappy, and I shall never become quite indifferent. A woman never could be, and would, in my opinion, be the worse for becoming so. However, as it would be equally absurd to allow one's peace of mind to be at the mercy of people one despises, I have made up my mind to read nothing of this kind, and the more directly concerned I am the less I desire to know about it. I do not wish to know the evil people think or say or write about me, or about my friends. If they do wrong, or if I myself am not all I should be, I am quite aware of the fact, and want to forget it. As for calumny, it disgusts and enrages me, and I see no reason why I should acknowledge the dirt thrown at those nearest and dearest to me.

There are so many pains and mortifications in this life, and so many are inevitable, that my only thought is how to avoid as many as possible, for I am sure that enough remains to test my courage and resignation.

Another of my motives for not investigating these malevolent incidents is that I find it too hard to forgive them, for if gratitude is one of the most prominent characteristics of the good part of my nature, I am always afraid that I have a compensating amount of rancour. I have never forgotten a service or a friendly word, but I have perhaps too often remembered an insult or an unkind remark. Thank heaven, my rancour does not go the length of revenge, but I suffer for it all the same. I know nothing so miserable in the world as bearing malice, and, silent and inoffensive as I remain externally, the feeling rankles within and I am quite upset by it.

Unfortunately, I have had only too many occasions to scrutinise, analyse, and dissect my moral self. Who is there who has not a chronic moral malady, like a chronic physical one? And who is there who, having passed a certain age, is not or ought not to be well aware of the rules he should follow, for the good of his soul, no less than his body?

Valençay, November 4, 1834.—I have just returned from an

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expedition which we made to Blois and its neighbourhood with our English friends, who were going back to Paris. The day before yesterday, we visited Chambord which seemed, as it in fact is, bizarre, original, full of interest and rich in detail. It is situated in an ugly country, and is in a deplorable state. The window of the oratory of Diane de Poitiers, on which Francis I. wrote his impertinent couplet about women,[1] is still there, but the panes are broken. The verses were not creditable to a chivalrous monarch.

The place where the *Bourgeois gentilhomme* was first acted before Louis XIV. also exists, as well as the table on which the body of Marshal Saxe, who died at Chambord, was opened and embalmed. It is in fact the only piece of furniture left in the Château.

We got back to Blois rather late, and yesterday morning we visited the castle, which is now a barracks, and certainly one of the most interesting monuments of France. The four sides are in four separate styles of architecture. The oldest part dates from the time of Stephen of Blois, King of England of the Plantagenet stock. The second oldest dates from Louis XII. and bears his emblem, the hedgehog, with the motto: *Qui s'y frotte s'y pique.* Then comes the part built by Francis I. with its Renaissance elegance. It was here that the Duc de Guise was murdered, that Catherine de Medicis died, and here too is the hall where the celebrated States General of Blois assembled. You are shown the fireplace where the body of the Duc de Guise was consumed, and the dungeon where the Cardinal and the Archbishop of Lyons were imprisoned, the little niche where Henri III. placed the monks whom he ordered to pray for the success of the assassination, and the room where the widow of John Sobieski died. Lastly, the fourth side was built by Gaston d'Orléans in the style of the Tuileries, and was never finished. Near the castle is an old pavilion in which were the baths of Catherine de Medicis, and not far off is a shed which served as a retreat for the favourites of Henri III.

[1] Souvent femme varie
Bien fol est qui s'y fie.

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On returning here from this excursion, I heard the sad news of the death of Princess Tyszkiewicz, which took place the day before yesterday at Tours. I had to break the news to M. de Talleyrand. At his age such losses afflict the mind more than the heart, for they seem rather a personal warning than a sorrow. He was more startled than I; I was more affected than he, for I had a real affection for the Princess, and I was very grateful to her for all that she was to me long ago. Though she had survived herself, I cannot think without pain of the part of the past which is buried with her, for when one loses friends one loses not only them but a part of one's self.

M. de Talleyrand agreed with me that we could not allow this poor but illustrious lady, the niece of the last King of Poland, and only sister to the unfortunate Marshal Prince Poniatowski, to be laid to rest among strangers. She will be buried at Valençay.

A letter from Paris which came last night says, "nothing is settled about the Ministry. The thing grows ridiculous, and the intrigues show no signs of stopping. The day before yesterday it was thought that everything was settled, and that Thiers was going off to Valençay, but yesterday all was changed and things are as they were. There has never been such a dissolving force as Thiers; his oratorical gifts are costing us dear, but some conclusion must be reached. M. de Rigny is quite ready to retire, M. Guizot is still supporting Broglie for the Presidency of the Council, and Thiers is backing Molé."

Valençay, November 6, 1834.—The other day M. Royer-Collard told me something that is very amusing because it is so characteristic of him. He said that the second Madame Guizot was reproaching him vigorously with having repudiated all religion, and with having refused to be its patron and protector. She said that by complaining, as he did, that he was claimed by the religious party, he caused much embarrassment to its members. She therefore begged him to cease attacking them and turning them to ridicule on every occasion, as he was in the habit of doing. "Ah,

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Madame!" he replied, "you wish then that I should leave the public in error, and thus deprive myself of my only consolation, and my only chance of revenge." She was furious. The one thing which annoys M. Royer-Collard, (and it annoys him very much) is Guizot and all his works. This annoyance is perhaps not altogether unfounded. He has no love for M. de Broglie whose lofty virtue did not seem to him adequate to the circumstances which recently arose, and as for Madame de Broglie he likes her even less, because her piety does not preserve her from any of the agitations of public life, and is even compatible with political intrigue. The contrast involved in this is displeasing to him.

Valençay November 7, 1834.—Here is an anecdote which is quite authentic, having been told me by an eye witness, and which struck me very much. M. Casimir-Périer, as is well known, died of cholera. Besides this he was completely out of his mind during the last ten days of his life; a tendency to insanity had already revealed itself in several members of his family. Well, several hours before his death two of his colleagues in the Ministry, with two of his brothers, were talking in a corner of the room of the embarrassment which the arrival of Madame la Duchesse de Berry was causing in la Vendée, of the resulting difficulties for the Government, of what ought to be done, and of the responsibility involved in doing it, and of the fear and reluctance every one had in assuming this responsibility. This conversation was suddenly interrupted by the sick man who sat up in bed and exclaimed: "Oh if only the President of the Council were not mad!" Then he fell back on the pillow and was silent. He died shortly afterwards. Is not this striking, and does it not make one shudder as one does at *King Lear*?

Valençay, November 9, 1834.—I went to Châteauvieux yesterday to see M. Royer-Collard. He had received letters from several of the Ministers who have resigned. From these he understands that no sooner were the five resignations sent in than they were politely accepted. The King sent for M. Molé, and entrusted him with the Presidency of the Council, and the task of recomposing the whole Cabinet.

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M. Molé asked for twenty-four hours to consider matters, and to see whom he could persuade to act with him. However, as everybody declined to share the task, he was himself compelled to withdraw, and so the whole situation has again become vague, and perhaps impossible.

Almost all the papers have again broken out against M. de Talleyrand. Some say he is dead, some that he is ill in mind and body, others insult him grossly and foully. M. Royer-Collard explains this new access of savagery to the fear that the Presidency of the Council will be offered to M. de Talleyrand and accepted by him. It seems that many people, struck by the absence of good men, wish the King to look to us, and that the terror which this inspires in certain others envenoms all that they do, or say, or write. It is a melancholy privilege to be the last resort of some people and the object of the detestation of others, and that at an age when the need of rest should be the ruling consideration, and the one aim in all things should be to make a good end.

Valençay, November 10, 1834.—Here is an extract from a letter from M. Royer-Collard received yesterday: "I will say in all seriousness to M. de Talleyrand that, after four years absence, I am not surprised that he attaches more importance to newspaper articles than they now possess. He does not know how much the prestige of the press, like all other kinds of prestige, is worn out. Any one who replied to a newspaper after the lapse of a day or two, would not be understood; the occasion would be forgotten. Violent language can no longer either exalt or abase any one. Amid torrents of praise or abuse one remains exactly where one was before. It is the characteristic of this evil age.

"No, nothing is settled at Paris, because nothing that will pass muster is possible. Here are seen the natural consequences of the last revolution. M. de Talleyrand was clever enough and fortunate enough to turn it to his glory, but he could not repeat the miracle. His last piece of ingenuity must be to choose the right moment for the end,

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I had almost said for breaking both with England and France, as this year has made them. I often come back to the idea that last year was the time he should have gone and put himself in a position of safety. It was natural to make the mistake; I made it myself. You, Madame la Duchesse, alone were right. From this very arm-chair from which I am writing to you to-day, I was blind enough to combat you, knowing nothing about it. You alone were in a position to know and to judge. I was wrong; this is yet another piece of homage which I am anxious to pay you."

Valençay, November 11, 1834.—Mr. Damer writes from Paris as follows: "Have you heard a horrible story relating to Madame and Mlle. de Morell, the sister and the niece of M. Charles de Mornay, of something which happened at the Military School at Saumur. A young man of that town called M. de la Roncière, not a particularly high-minded person, fell in love with Madame de Morell, who may, or may not, have given him some encouragement. I don't know exactly whether she did or not, but finally she dismissed him. On this he vowed vengeance, and transferred his attentions to the daughter, a young girl of seventeen. He wrote her frequent threatening letters, saying he would kill her father and mother if she did not listen to him, and one night she was found in a condition which amounted to insanity. On hearing of her condition, the young man fled from the school, but has since been arrested. He then produced letters, whether genuine or not, which he says were written to him by the mother and daughter, and which are exceedingly compromising. They say Charles de Mornay has come to Paris about this affair."[1]

Valençay, November 12, 1834.—A letter written the day before yesterday from Paris, while the King was signing, in the next room, the order creating the new Ministry, which was too late to appear in the morning papers yesterday,

[1] It ended in a criminal trial, which attracted much attention. Emile de la Roncière was tried by Jury at Angers in 1835, and, in spite of the ability of his counsel, Maître Chaix-d'Est-Ange, he was condemned to ten years' penal servitude. In 1843 King Louis Philippe remitted the two years he had still to serve.

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arrived in the evening. The names are unexpected and almost new. If this were the case with all of them, it might not perhaps much matter, but one name is that of the Duc de Bassano, who grew grey in the splendours of the Empire, and who has been blamed for its fall. Another is that of M. Bresson, who will probably create a sensation and who, in the article of improbability, would have deserved the celebrated letter on the marriage of M. de Lauzun. I need not set down what we Londoners thought who witnessed the birth, ruin, and resuscitation of this person, all of which took place in such bewilderingly rapid succession. It is also needless to say that this arrangement of the Ministry puts an end to all M. de Talleyrand's irresolution, and will give wings to his resignation of the London Embassy.

Valençay, November 13, 1834.—Here is the impression produced on M. Royer-Collard by the new phase of the Ministry. "But this is a Polignac Cabinet! I expected anything rather than this adventure. I am much surprised that M. Passy, who is a man of parts with a future before him, should have enrolled himself in that troupe. The former Cabinet is now thrown into opposition, but whether it attacks or treacherously supports the new one, it is making a path for itself back to power. It seems inevitable to me that it will return." "Adventure" is indeed the right word!

Valençay, November 16, 1834.—We learned by last night's post that the fancy Ministry had literally lived "*ce que vivent les roses, l'espace d'un matin.*" The comparison is not outrageous. On the evening of the 13th, MM. Teste and Passy handed the King their resignations, which they explained by a reference to the pecuniary position of the Duc de Bassano. It was inevitable that these resignations should be followed by others, and, as a matter of fact, M. Charles Dupin came and offered his the following morning. On this, M. de Bassano recognised that it was all up.

On the day before yesterday, the 14th, at four in the afternoon, nothing was arranged, or planned, or hoped. What a cruel and deplorable situation for the King! If

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one wanted to put this Ministerial crisis into a play, it would not be possible to apply the twenty-four hours rule!

I think the conduct of MM. Teste and Passy was unpardonable. It appears that it was they who had insisted at first that the Duc de Bassano should have the Presidency of the Council and the Ministry of the Interior, and certainly they did not then learn for the first time of M. de Bassano's financial position, which for two years has been well known to every one.

Valençay, November 18, 1834.—Here is the most important passage of a letter written yesterday by M. de Talleyrand to Madame Adélaïde. "What a relief! I cordially thank Marshal Mortier for having accepted the Presidency of the Council! I would fain follow his example and mount the breach once more, but for me England is out of the question. I should like Vienna doubtless in many ways, and, besides, it would suit Madame de Dino who, with all her devotion to me, is very sorry to leave London, where she was so much appreciated. But at my age one no longer seeks business so far afield. If it was only a question of a special mission to a congress, such as those of Verona or Aix-la-Chapelle, I should be delighted. And if such a case arises, as is by no means improbable, and the King thinks me still capable of representing France, let him issue his orders and I will leave instantly, only too happy to devote my last days to his service. A permanent mission, however, is now no longer possible for me, and especially not at Vienna where twenty years ago I represented the Restoration. Has Your Royal Highness thought of that circumstance, especially with reference to Charles X. and Madame la Dauphine, who often comes to Vienna, and who there receives all the honours due to her rank, her misfortunes and her near relationship to the Imperial family? In England, the Bourbons of the elder branch are merely private persons. In Austria they are Princes and almost pretenders. For the King's ambassador this makes an enormous difference which this or that person might not perhaps feel, but which is decisive for me, across whose career 1814 is written in large characters. No,

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Madame, there is now no other life for me but that of frank and complete retirement in privacy and simplicity. Perfidy alone can accuse me of any *arrière pensée*; at my age one occupies one's self only with memories.[1] . . ."

The *Journal des Débats* announces M. de Talleyrand's resignation,[2] and for its own purposes tries to connect it with the Bassano Ministry. Assuredly, of all explanations this might have been the most plausible, but it has nothing to do with any of the people whose names have occupied the attention of the public during the last fortnight. The event might have been recorded in a more sincere and dignified way,

[1] This letter, of which only a part is quoted here, was given entire by the Comtesse de Mirabeau in her book *Le Prince de Talleyrand et la Maison d'Orléans*, and may also be found in Volume V. of the *Mémoires du Prince de Talleyrand*, which were published in 1892.

[2] Here is the full text of M. de Talleyrand's letter of resignation, which I give though it has already appeared in the *Mémoires*:

"*To the Minister of Foreign Affairs.*

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,

"When the King's confidence called me, four years ago, to the Embassy at London the very difficulty of the task made it a duty to obey, and I believe I have secured in a manner useful to France and to his Majesty two interests which I have always in mind. The peace of Europe has been preserved throughout those years, and this has simplified all our relations with foreign Powers. Our policy, formerly isolated, is now linked with that of other nations; it has been accepted, appreciated, and respected by honest men of every country. The co-operation of England, which we have obtained, has cost us nothing in independence, and has never offended our national susceptibilities. Such has been our respect for the rights of every one, such has been the frankness of our methods that, far from inspiring distrust, it is our guarantee which is now being sought against the propagandist spirit which is perturbing the older Europe. It is undoubtedly to the merits and abilities of the King that we must attribute results so satisfactory. For myself, I make no other claim than to have been the first to divine the profound idea underlying his Majesty's policy, and to have announced it to others whom subsequent events have persuaded of the truth of my words. But now that Europe knows and admires the King, and that, for this very reason, the principal difficulties are surmounted; now that England has perhaps as great need as we of our mutual alliance, and the line she seems disposed to take requires a mind whose traditions are less old-fashioned than mine; now I think that, without any want of devotion to the King and to my country, I may respectfully beg his Majesty to accept my resignation; and I beg you, M. le Ministre, to be so good as to present it to him. My great age and the infirmities which are its natural consequence, the repose which it demands and the thoughts which it suggests, make this step a very natural one and justify it only too well, making it, indeed, no less than my duty. I trust to the justice and kindness of the King to judge.

"I avail, &c.,

"Valençay, November 13, 1834." "LE PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.

This letter was published in the *Moniteur Universel* of January 7, 1835.

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but party spirit distorts everything for its own ends. Never mind, we need bother our heads about it no longer!

It is stated that, during the Ministerial crisis, M. de Rigny behaved with great propriety, firmness and dignity. This was not so with everybody, and here is a detail the authenticity of which is certain. At the celebrated Council of ten days ago, when every one threw off the mask and M. Guizot tried to impose M. de Broglie on the King as Minister of Foreign Affairs, the King raised his hand and said, "this hand will never sign a decree recalling M. de Broglie to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs." Then M. Guizot called upon the King to state why he refused. "Because he nearly embroiled me with all Europe," was the reply, "and if any attempt is made to force my hand I will speak out." "And we, Sire," returned M. Guizot, "will write." Has the like ever been heard of? And after this is it possible that the same people can again assemble round the same green table to regulate the destinies of Europe?

Valençay, November 19, 1834.—We heard last night by letter from London of the great event of the change of Ministry in England and the return of the Tories to power.[1] This morning did not pass without a despatch rider from the King, who brought a letter in His Majesty's own hand and one from Mademoiselle. These letters are full of caresses, prayers and supplications. My name even, which is frequently repeated, is invoked. Every kind of pressure is brought to bear on M. de Talleyrand, to resume his Embassy. The Prince Royal writes to me in this sense in the most pressing manner, and all the other letters we received by this post are in this key. Mrs. Dawson Damer writes that she hopes that the change of Ministry in England will induce M. de Talleyrand to withdraw his resignation, and that the Queen of England will never forgive me if it is otherwise. Lady Clanricarde says that she is all the more afraid that the Tories may

[1] The Whig Cabinet of Lord Melbourne fell on November 15, and was replaced by a Tory Ministry which was not destined to last more than three months. The Premier was Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Wellington replaced Lord Palmerston at the Foreign Office.

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fail in their task, as the result would be that England would again fall into the clutches of Lord Durham, and that she sees only one agreeable feature in the situation, which is the practical certainty of my return to London. This is very gracious but not convincing.

M. de Rigny writes excusing himself for his long silence. He seems to me much disgusted by the events of the last fortnight, and not very hopeful about the future of the French Ministry, though M. Humann has accepted office, and the process of patching-up is complete. He adds the regulation passage about the *impossibility* of our not returning to London, and the King's *positive wishes* in the matter

M. Raullin, from his little corner, also thinks it necessary to swell the chorus. He says that Madame de Broglie's doctrinaires are of the same opinion, but all this coterie, like the Bourse and the Boulevards, are very much agitated by the news from England. He tells me some amusing things about the Duc de Bassano and M. Humann. The courier sent after the latter found him at Bar, and he said he would not answer till he got to Strasbourg. I like this Alsatian phlegm.

It is also said that Admiral Duperré is very coy about accepting the Ministry of Marine. Till yesterday morning there were ministers only *in petto*. M. de Bassano was imperturbably signing things and working with great ardour at the Ministry of the Interior.

M. de Talleyrand has also received a great many letters. M. Pasquier, in reply to a letter of excuses for not being able to be present at the case,[1] insinuates a phrase about the immense services he is still called upon to render. Madame de Jaucourt writes a few lines, at the dictation of M. de Rigny saying, "Come, we can't do without you, and save us." Finally M. de Montrond, who has said nothing for a long time, writes that the news from England has fallen on every one like a flood of boiling-water. Every one is distracted, and Lord Granville takes the change in his country much amiss. He also says he is commanded by the King to make us understand the *necessity* of our return to England, and

1 Of Armand Carrel, of the *National*.

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that MM. Thiers and de Rigny look upon it as their one hope of salvation.

Valençay, November 24, 1834.—M. de Talleyrand fortunately refuses to withdraw his resignation, but such is the singular prestige which he enjoys that stocks go up and down at Paris according to the greater or less probability of his departure for London. Letters from all parts call on him to come to the rescue, and any number of people whom we do not even know by name, write to beg him not to abandon France. The reason is twofold. The French public will never regard the Duke of Wellington as anything else but an ogre, or M. de Talleyrand as anything but a person whom the Devil will carry off some day, but who in the meantime, owing to an unholy bargain with the Prince of Darkness, has the power of bewitching the Universe. How idiotic it all is! The public is so credulous in its beliefs, so cruel in its revenge and its injustice!

Valençay November 27, 1834.—A letter from the King came yesterday, in reply to that in which M. de Talleyrand persisted in his resignation, and among other things contained the following: "My dear Prince, I have never seen anything more perfect, more honourable, or better expressed than the letter which I have just received from you. It has deeply touched me. No doubt it costs me much to recognise the justice of most of the reasons which make you refuse to return to London, but I am too sincere, and too much the friend of my friends not to say that you are right."[1]

This exordium is followed by a new invitation to come to Paris with all speed to talk over everything. M. Bresson writes to M. de Talleyrand a very witty and clever letter, in which he begs him to be so kind as to write him all the witticisms with which his *sudden apotheosis* will no doubt have inspired him. He is anxious not to miss a single one.

M. de Montrond writes that the King says there can be nothing finer than M. de Talleyrand's letter, and that his reasoning is conclusive. For the rest, they are in great

[1] This letter, of which only the beginning is given here, is dated November 25, and is quoted in full in *Le Prince de Talleyrand et la Maison d'Orléans*, and also in Volume V. of the Prince's *Mémoires*.

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embarrassment, and look back to Marshal Soult with regret, and are even seeking to get him back. A new ignominy for our little Ministers! It appears that the Army is in a state of disorganisation.

The Poles who came here for the funeral of the Princess Tyszkiewicz are saying kind things about us, it appears, in Paris. Valençay is approved of only by the Prince Royal, being opposed by the Flahaut influence. M. de Montrond is furious at the kind things which are being said about Valençay, which he has always treated with ridicule.

Valençay, December 1, 1834.—When I was passing through Paris three months ago I saw M. Daure who, in very bad company, was writing in the *Constitutionnel*, and seemed to me to be in very poor circumstances. I offered him my interest with M. Guizot to get him employment in the researches into the ancient manuscripts and charters of the South, with which the Ministry of Public Instruction is occupied. I went so far as to make an application on his behalf, which was well received. I left for Valençay and heard no more of M. Daure, nor of his application, till a fortnight ago, when I heard from M. Guizot that Daure had been nominated to the place for which I had applied. I at once wrote to Daure, forwarding the Minister's letter, but, not knowing his address, made inquiries at Paris which remained without result, and my letter was awaiting some light on the whereabouts of the poor man, when yesterday evening I received two letters with the Montauban post-mark; one in Daure's handwriting, the other in a hand-writing unknown to me, which I opened first. It was from an abbé, a friend of Daure, who in accordance with his last wishes, informs me of his death—and what a death! He has committed suicide! Daure's own letter, written shortly before his mad act, touched me deeply, and I will even say, made me very proud. He refers to the people whom he liked in London. I blame myself very much for not asking him to come here this year; it would probably have turned him aside from this dreadful end.

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It recurred to my mind last night that last autumn, at Rochecotte, while walking alone with him on the way to visit my schools I spoke to him of his future, and lectured him about his carelessness and extravagance. He replied with much gratitude, and begging me not to be at all anxious about him as he had a resource in reserve of which he could not speak to any one, which he had prepared long since, and which he would have if everything else failed. He was not, he said, so improvident as he seemed, and was as free as possible from anxiety about the future. I thought he meant that he had saved a little money—fool that I was! He killed himself at the very moment that we were burying poor Princess Tyszkiewicz here. What a sad November it has been!

Here is a little piece of politics taken from one of yesterday's letters. "The position of the French Ministers will be decided in a week. They intend to seize the first opportunity (which will not be long in coming) to speak frankly of all they have done and all that has happened, so as to make their position tolerable, or else to go out. They have had their fill of degradation and do not wish to remain in power any longer on the present conditions. They must see what the Chamber means to do and what its attitude will be. There was some talk of a speech from the Throne but they decided that this would not do, and I think they were right."

Valençay, December 2, 1834—I am on the eve of a new trouble—the probable death of the Duke of Gloucester, which will be a real sorrow. How should I not mourn one whose esteem, confidence and friendship were so sincere and so thoroughly tried?

I hear from Paris that the new Ambassador in London will not be appointed till Sir Robert Peel has constituted his Government. Sir Robert, it is thought, was to pass through Paris yesterday. Another reason for not making the appointment for a week or ten days is that no one would dream of accepting it till there is some light on the fate of the French Ministry which is most uncertain. The slackness of Deputies in attending the Chamber is attracting attention

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as a symptom of their disinclination to interest themselves in the quarrels of the Ministers. These quarrels are subterranean but very real. There is always the same revolt against the arrogant pedantry of some and the tangled intrigues of others; it is only their fear of the Chamber which keeps them together at all.

They say the King is much depressed, and perhaps his Cabinet owe their remaining in office to the fact that he is as much afraid of the Chamber as they are. I hear that there is much ridicule of a letter from M. Bresson in reply to a remark of the *Quotidienne*. "M. Bresson," writes a friend, "has been giving us his genealogy and has been telling us that he has been an important person from the day when he handed the despatches to 'the unfortunate and too much misunderstood Bolivar,' to that on which he nearly became Minister of Foreign Affairs! We are very fortunate to be represented at Berlin by so considerable a personage! Can you understand this mania for writing to the newspapers? And can you wonder that the importance of the press is so great?"

M. de Tallyrand is quite furious because diplomatic communications are being bandied about at the Bourse and the Opera. This as well as many other things makes it impossible to serve some people.

Paris, December 7, 1834.—Here we are back in Paris, whose exhausting and unquiet life is so bad both for M. de Talleyrand and for me. Yesterday we were already overwhelmed with visits and social duties.

At twelve I received M. Royer-Collard who, on his way to the Chamber, called to ask for me. He only came in and went out again, and the real object of his visit was, I think, to discharge a commission for M. Molé. The latter asked him to tell me that he wished to come to our house again, but on the first occasion to come to see only me and to see me alone. This meeting is fixed for tomorrow, Monday, between four and five.

M. Royer-Collard gone, M. le Duc d'Orléans arrived, and hardly had he sat down when he began to discuss a piece of

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Madame de Flahaut's gossip. It all passed off with great good temper and good manners, but I don't think I surrendered any of my advantages. I was quiet and restrained, without the slightest trace of animosity. This was my chief position: "Madame de Flahaut's remarks about me do not affect me. I pay no attention to them. It is impossible that two people whose circles, habits and positions are so different as ours, could ever come to quarrelling, or that I could be offended by her. What offends me is the harm she is doing you, Monseigneur."—"But my principal reason for liking her is that nobody else does."—"Oh, if you reckon it proportionately on that principle your Royal Highness must simply adore her!" We burst out laughing and the matter rested there.

He spoke of another subject, namely, how wrong it was of him not to write to us for so long after his visit to Valençay. I replied, "Monseigneur, in view of the great age of M. de Talleyrand it was not very good manners on your part, but you have a frank and graceful way of doing things which makes one charmed to forgive you."

He then came to general questions. He is much embarrassed and troubled by his present situation, annoyed with his dear friend Dupin for the curious way in which he treated the Monarchy last night, and astonished at Lord Brougham, of whom he tells the following story. On the day of Lord Brougham's arrival in Paris, M. le Duc d'Orléans met him at Lord Granville's Unsuitable as the place was, in my opinion, for such a topic, the conversation turned on the Amnesty of which the ex-Chancellor declared himself a violent partisan. The Duc d'Orléans disputed this view but without apparently convincing him. The following day at the Tuileries Lord Brougham drew a paper from his pocket and, showing a corner of it to the Prince Royal, said, "Here are my reflections on the Amnesty which I am going to show to the King." This of course was another piece of ill-breeding on the part of a foreigner, but he did in fact hand the paper to His Majesty. It was found to be a violent argument *against* the Amnesty! When mobility reaches

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a certain point it is, I think, an evident symptom of insanity!

M. le Duc d'Orléans concluded his visit by trying to make me feel that M. de Talleyrand was under an imperative obligation to attach himself in a public manner to the Government. I replied by a reference to the state of his legs. We parted on the best of terms.

When I came down again I found the Entresol crowded. There was Frederick Lamb, Pozzo, Mollien, Bertin de Veaux, and General Baudrand. In spite of the great variety of opinions represented they talked as freely of everything as if they had been in the street. The most animated was Pozzo, who poured scorn inconceivable on the French Ministry, pitying the King and speaking very well of him, bemoaning the embarrassment of his Ambassadors in foreign countries which is caused by what is going on here, and much annoyed by certain passages in a speech delivered last night by M. Thiers.

Later on we dined with Count Mollien, where there were M. Pasquier, Baron Louis, Bertin de Veaux and M. de Rigny, who came late and brought news of the vote of the Chamber, which is favourable if you like, but which will cost the Ministry dear, and from which, as M. de Rigny at least has the sense to see, nothing can be predicted as to the course of the Session.

It appears that after a speech by M. Sauzet, which is said to have been admirable, the House wavered and the Ministry gave themselves up for lost. M. Thiers feared to put it to the touch, but finally did so almost in despair. He spoke, it is said, *miraculously*, and sent everybody on the other tack. His speech the night before had been a fiasco, and the English were furious with him on account of his strange, and, indeed, inexcusable phrase about England. Yesterday, however, he seems to have triumphed completely.

Here is a curious fact of which I am quite certain. M. Dupin had promised the King three days ago to support the order of the day. The day before yesterday he voted against it; yesterday again he spoke against it but voted *for* it. Why? Because after M. Sauzet's speech the Ministers

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thought they were lost, and said to M. Dupin: "M. le Président, prepare yourself to go to the King and have your Cabinet ready, for, in an hour from now, we shall have resigned." M. Dupin, much upset, said: "but I didn't think that all this would be so serious; I have no wish to see you fall, for I do not at all desire that the burden should again fall on my shoulders." With these words he tried to escape and leave the Vice-President in his place, when Thiers taking him by the arm said: "No, M. le Président, you shall not go till the question is settled; if it goes against us you will go nowhere else but to the King where you will be condemned to be Minister."

This, no doubt, is very interesting, but what an atmosphere! What people!

Paris, December 8, 1834.—Yesterday, when I got back at four, I was astonished to see the Duc d'Orléans, whom I supposed to be already on his way to Brussels. He was not to leave, however, for another hour, and he came to tell me that Sir Robert Peel had passed through Paris, and had sent his brother to him (the Duc d'Orléans) as an intimate friend, to beg him to make his excuses to the King for not requesting the honour of an audience. His Majesty would, however, easily understand that in the circumstances hours were centuries. We drew two conclusions from this: first, that Sir Robert Peel had decided to accept the Premiership, for an ordinary private individual would not have considered himself of sufficient importance to send such a message; secondly, that the courtesy of his language proved a feeling rather friendly to France than the reverse.

Speaking of Sir Robert Peel, I had a letter from him yesterday, written from Rome, about the Bassano Ministry, very civil and kind in its terms, in which he says that what alarms him most in this combination is that it may prevent M. de Talleyrand from returning to London.

Paris, December 9, 1834.—Frederick Lamb, who came to see me yesterday morning, told me several curious things. He gave me a worse idea than ever of Lord Palmerston; incredible details, for instance, on his conduct with regard

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to the Eastern Question, and many other matters of which in London we could only form a superficial opinion. He told me that at the time of the quarrel between England and Russia about Sir Stratford Canning, Madame de Lieven had wanted the matter to be arranged so that Frederick Lamb should go to St. Petersburg and Sir Stratford Canning to Vienna. This was proposed to Prince Metternich, who replied: "This arrangement will arrange nothing, for the one ambassador whom we will never agree to accept is Sir Stratford Canning."

He told me also that M. de Metternich said of Lord Palmerston: "He is a tyrant, and the age of tyrants is over."

Frederick Lamb detests Lord Granville, but he does not believe that the Tory Cabinet will succeed, though he does not think that the Radicals will necessarily be their successors. He thinks Lord Grey will come back, and is looking for means to extrude Lord Palmerston and Lord Holland. Like Pozzo and M. Molé, he says extraordinary things of M. de Broglie. If we may believe them, no one ever made such blunders.

When I got back yesterday, at four, I received M. Molé. It all passed off as if we had parted only yesterday. He spoke to me, as he used to do, of himself, his affections, friends, attitude of mind—all with the charm which is peculiar to him. He told me that I was much more amiable even than I was four years ago, and he stayed nearly an hour. I have always thought that nobody's conversation is so good, so rapid, or so agreeable as his. He is in very good taste in an age in which good taste is unknown. Perhaps he is not high-souled enough to rule, but he is high-minded enough to refuse to be degraded, and that is already much.

Many names, many facts and deeds, were passed in review during that hour, and I was much pleased with the natural manner in which he approached every topic. He told me that my mind was so just that even those who feared my enmity were reassured; and, in fact, all went off excellently.

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I am not sure that this will be so between M. de Talleyrand and him. I have undertaken to arrange a meeting, and both parties have begged me to be present at this first interview, which is rather amusing.

M. Molé told me that he yesterday refused an invitation to dine with M. Dupin on the ground that the latter had given a distorted version in the tribune of the purely unofficial relations between them a fortnight ago. M. Molé added that he had no thoughts of the English Embassy—as some people were saying—for he did not wish to accept anything from the present Ministry.

He never sees the Duc de Broglie at all now. He thinks Rayneval is the only possible Ambassador for London just now, and intends to speak about it to the King, with whom he says he is on very good terms. He is scarcely on bowing terms with Guizot, and his relations with Thiers are very cold.

Paris, December 10, 1834.—Yesterday evening M. de Talleyrand was overwhelmed with a procession of visitors. A great many things were said, of which the following seemed to me the best.

They come from Frederick Lamb, who came first, and with whom we were for some time alone. He talked a great deal of M. de Metternich and of his remark made four months ago about King Louis Philippe: "I thought he was an intriguer, but now I see quite well he is a King." He also told us that on the day of the fall of the last English Ministry Lord Palmerston sent the news to the British *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna, and asked him to acquaint M. de Metternich, adding: "You will never be in a position to make to M. de Metternich a communication which will give him more pleasure." The *chargé d'affaires* took the despatch to the Prince, and for some unknown reason read the whole of it to him, including even this last phrase. M. de Metternich made the following reply, which, I think, is in very good taste: "Here is another proof of Lord Palmerston's ignorance of men and things. I cannot be pleased at an event the consequences of which I cannot yet

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measure. Tell him that I receive the news not with joy but with hope."

Paris, December 12, 1834.—I dined yesterday at the Tuileries; besides M. de Talleyrand, there were the Molliens, the Valençays, and Baron de Montmorency. I sat between the King and the Duc de Nemours; the last-named has conquered his shyness a little, but he is still very timid. He is as white and blonde and pink and slim and transparent as a young girl, and not pretty in my opinion.

No conversation could be more interesting than the King's, especially when, deserting politics, he plunges into the innumerable memories of his extraordinary life. I was struck by two anecdotes which he told extremely well, and though I fear I may spoil them in the repetition, I will put them down. There was in the room a portrait of M. de Biron, Duc de Lauzun, which the King has just had copied from one lent him by M. de Talleyrand. This naturally led the talk to the original of the portrait, and the King told how, when he came back to Paris in 1814, he saw at his first reception an old man, who approached him and asked for a few minutes private conversation away from the crowd. The King placed himself in the embrasure of a window, and then the unknown drew from his pocket a ring mounted with the portrait of the Duc d'Orléans, the King's father, and said: "When the Duc de Lauzun was condemned to death I was at the Revolutionary Tribunal, and as he was going out M. de Biron, whom I had met several times, stopped before me, and said: 'Monsieur, take this ring and promise me that if ever occasion offers you will give it to the children of M. le Duc d'Orléans, assuring them that I die a faithful friend of their father and a devoted servant of their House.'" The King was naturally touched by the scrupulous fidelity with which after so many years the commission had been discharged, and asked the unknown his name. The latter refused, however, saying: "My name will not interest you, and might even awake painful memories. I have carried out the promise I made to a man about to

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die. You will never see or hear of me again;" and, in fact, he never reappeared.

This is the second anecdote. When the present King was still in England with Louis XVIII. and the Comte d'Artois, the last-named insisted absolutely on his cousin wearing the uniform of the French *emigrés*, and especially the white cockade. This the Duc d'Orléans persistently refused, and said he would never do. He appeared always in civil dress, which gave rise to many bitter discussions. In 1814, the Duc d'Orléans, following the whole of France, adopted the white cockade, and the Comte d'Artois took the uniform of Colonel-General of the National Guard. The first day on which the Duc d'Orléans appeared at the Comte d'Artois', the latter said to him, "Give me your hat." He took it, turned it over, and, playing with the white cockade, said: "Ah, ah! my dear cousin, what is this cockade? I thought you were never going to wear it?" "I thought so too, Monsieur; and I thought also that you were never destined to wear the coat I see you in to-day. I am very sorry you have not adopted the cockade, which suits it best." "My dear fellow," replied Monsieur, "do not deceive yourself. A coat matters nothing. You may take it or leave it; it is all the same. But a cockade is a different thing; it is a party symbol, a rallying point; and the symbol which you adopt must never be withdrawn." What I liked in the King, as he was pleased to recount this scene, was that he hastened to add: "Well, Madame, Charles X. was right, and what he said was cleverer than might have been expected." "What the King says is true," I replied. "Charles X.'s explanation was that of a man of honour and a gentleman, and it is certain that in him there was much of both." "Assuredly there was," added the King; "and besides that he has a very good heart." I was very much pleased to see justice done to him in that quarter.

At nine I went with Madame Mollien to the Comtesse de Boigne's. She had been to see me first, and had caused me to be told at Madame Mollien's that she would be much

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flattered if I would come and see her sometimes in the evening. Hers is the leading *salon* at present; the one good house which belongs, I will not say to the Court, but to the Ministry, as that of Madame de Flahaut belongs to the Duc d'Orléans, and that of Madame de Massa to the Court proper. There is no fourth. At Madame de Boigne's there is a reception every evening; politics is the leading subject, and they talk of nothing else. The conversation seemed to me strained and rather embarrassing owing to the direct questions which the speakers rather indiscreetly hurled at each other. "Will the Duke of Wellington be able to go on?"—"Do you think that Mr. Stanley will join Sir Robert Peel?"—"Do you believe that a reconciliation between Lord Grey and Lord Brougham is possible?" These are specimens of the interrogations with which I was naïvely assailed. I escaped by pleading absolute ignorance, concluding with a laugh by saying that I did not expect to have to solve questions of conscience on a festive occasion. The matter ended there, but I got a disagreeable impression in spite of the excessive graciousness of our hostess, and I was glad to get away.

Paris, December 14, 1834.—Lady Clanricarde came to breakfast yesterday, and at half-past eleven we left for the Académie française. M. Thiers, who was being received, had secured the best places for us, which I was grateful to observe were far from those occupied by his family, who were with the Duchesse de Massa in an elevated gallery. In our neighbourhood there were only Madame de Boigne, M. and Madame de Rambuteau, Marshal Gérard, M. Molé, M. de Celles, and Madame de Castellane. The last-named has got stouter, heavier, and thicker, but she retains her pleasant face, the mobility of whose lower parts is so attractive. She seemed so delighted, so moved, and so touched on seeing me (I used to be intimate with her and knew all about her affairs, so much that the imprudence of her subsequent quarrel with me was incredible) that I was quite touched too, and we shook hands. She said, "May I come and see you again?" and I answered, "Yes, with all my heart."

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Here is the story. When the Tuileries were against me under the Restoration, Madame de Castellane turned against me, and, without thinking of the injury it was in my power to inflict on her, she broke with me. I was deeply hurt, because I was very fond of her; but to revenge myself would have been mean, and, in spite of all my faults, I am incapable of doing anything so low as that would have been. I think that at the bottom of her heart she was grateful to me for having spared her.

M. de Talleyrand, as a member of the Institute, came into the hall leaning on the arm of M. de Valençay. The effect of his entry was unbelievable. Every one rose with one accord in the galleries, as well as on the floor of the house, and this, no doubt, with a certain stirring of curiosity, but also with an impulse of respect, of which he was deeply sensible. I know that in spite of the crowd which obstructed the approaches every one made way for him.

The sitting began at one. M. Thiers is so small that he entered without being seen, being surrounded by Villemain, Cousin, and some others. No one noticed him till he stood up alone to begin his speech. He spoke with the best possible accent, and pronounced everything distinctly. His voice was sustained, and his gestures rare. He was not over voluble, and for the first few moments he was as pale as death and trembling from head to foot. This made a much better impression than if he had displayed the insolence with which he is often reproached. In spite of the disagreeable tone of his voice, he never offended the ear; he was neither monotonous nor shrill; and, in fact, Lady Clanricarde went so far as to think him splendid!

M. de Talleyrand and M. Royer-Collard were opposite to him, and he seemed to speak only for them. His discourse was brilliant. I do not know whether it was precisely academic, though it was full of wit, of good taste, and fine language in certain places, but there is no doubt that it was political, and he spoke it much more as if it was an improvisation than as if it was a lecture. Certain of his

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movements, too, recalled the tribune, and on the audience the effect produced was much more parliamentary than literary, but always favourable and sometimes even enthusiastic. M. de Talleyrand was quite moved, and M. Royer-Collard moved his wig up and down in a way that signified the most lively approbation! The passage on calumny was spoken with a conviction and an intimacy which was contagious, and was received with a salvo of applause.

The discourse is in the highest degree anti-revolutionary. He is orthodox in his literary principles, he is—and this is what I like in him above all—he is penetrated through and through with a sentiment of honesty which greatly pleased me, and which should be useful to M. Thiers throughout the remainder of his career. This fine speech did not require the tedious reply of M. Viennet to bring out its excellence; no one listened to him, and he only succeeded in drawing attention to the fact that the hour was very late and that it was dreadfully hot.

It is said that during M. Thiers' speech M. de Broglie was making merry jests. M. Guizot was cross, and not very well satisfied, I think, to see his rival make a double success —political and literary—in the same week.

Paris, December 16, 1834.—Yesterday I paid several calls, and found Madame de Castellane in. She had missed me when she came to see me. She insisted on my hearing her history during the past twelve years; and she tells it so well that I thought she must have had some practice in pouring it into the ears of others than myself in these cooing tones. She has lost all her youth, and is a large, short, squat person. Except for her smile, she is no longer the same person that I once knew—physically, that is. Morally, I thought she had made up her mind to be grave, rather than that she had become serious. She is witty and caressing as ever, and she talked a great deal; I very little. My heart was full of many old memories; and though she was kind I could not recover my old confidence in her. However, I received all she said well, and I am not sorry to be on good terms with her again.

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Paris, December 17, 1834.—Yesterday I allowed myself to be persuaded to go with her to the Court of Peers. We sat, not in a conspicuous box, but in that of the Duchesse Decazes, which is in a retired position, and from which one can see and hear without being seen. I had never been there, the sittings not having been public till 1830. The proceedings of yesterday had been very much advertised and excited general curiosity, so the House was full.

Whenever one comes to Paris one is always sure of finding some scandalous drama in progress for the amusement of the public. Yesterday it was the case against Armand Carrel of the *National*.

M. Carrel did not at all correspond to my expectations. No doubt he was impertinent, but not with that kind of bold and energetic insolence, that verve and talent which impress you even while you are offended with the man himself. The effect of the speech he had written was very feeble, and he made an impression which was positively painful when he tried to speak extempore. It was General Exelmans who vociferated about the *assassination* of Marshal Ney, and scandalised every one. His manner was that of a drunken man, and was all the more ridiculous as no one could help remembering the platitudes he used to utter during the Restoration; which, I understand, were very cruelly cast up against him last night at the Minister of Marine's party. In the morning in the House of Peers he was supported only by M. de Flahaut, who was in a great state of excitement, and whose behaviour was most improper.

He disgusted everybody by his cries of "Go on! Go on!" addressed to Carrel when the President wished to bring him to an end. It was this encouragement which made Carrel resist M. Pasquier and argue that he had no right to stop him when a member of the Chamber and, in fact, one of his judges, pressed him to continue.

On this occasion I learned from every one that M. de Flahaut was universally detested for his arrogance, ill-temper, acrimony, and ignorance. He will soon become as unpopular as his wife.

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M. Pasquier presided with firmness, moderation, dignity, and coolness. I confess, however, that I agree with those who would have preferred him to stop M. Carrel when he spoke of "the young men who had fought gloriously in the troubles of last April," and not when he referred to the case of Marshal Ney. The first question dealt with—material interests—would have found more sympathy both inside and outside the House.

We had a dinner yesterday—a dozen people, my daughter Pauline being the twelfth. It is not a bad thing that she should learn to listen to serious conversation without being bored. She has a good manner in society, where her open countenance and kindly manners seem to please. After dinner people came to pay visits just as if we were Ministers. The fact is that it was Thursday, the reception day at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Ministry of Marine, and I suppose that people took us on the way going or coming.

Paris, December 19, 1834.—M. le Duc d'Orléans is returned from Brussels; he came to see me yesterday, and invited me to a ball he is giving on the 29th. He stayed only a moment, when he was sent for by the King; the reason for which I learned later.

M. Guizot was the next visitor. He seemed less at his ease than usual, and tried to compose himself by prosing about England, France, and all sorts of things, but he must have found me a very unworthy listener. As a matter of fact, I listened without enthusiasm, for he was extremely tedious, and soon departed.

Madame de Castellane then came, quite out of breath, from M. Molé, in order that I might warn M. de Talleyrand of what was going on. M. le Duc d'Orléans, carried away by the deplorable Flahaut influence, proposed at the opening of the sitting of the House of Peers to-day and the reading of the minutes of last meeting, to protest along with his group against the *assassination* of Marshal Ney, and to demand the revision of the case. Fortunately, M. Decazes was warned, and went and told M. Pasquier. He rushed to M. Molé, who is one of the twenty-three survivors of the

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peers who tried the Marshal. There was a great and well-justified tumult in the camp. They went to Thiers, who hastened to the King, who knew nothing of the affair, and was very angry. He sent after his son everywhere, and after a very lively scene he forbade him to do anything. His great argument was as follows: "If you demand that Marshal Ney's case shall be re-opened, what will you say to any Carlist peer who comes (as some one very well may) and asks that the verdict against Louis XVI.—which was assassination if you like!—shall be reversed?" I heard the last part of the affair from M. Thiers, who came to see M. de Talleyrand quite at the end of the morning. Bertin de Veaux, who had got wind of the thing, also arrived quite out of breath.

Finally, the King's good sense prevailed and put a stop to this nice business. But that it should ever have entered any one's head to propose such a thing is one of the extraordinary features of this age!

Paris, December 20, 1834.—Yesterday I got a letter from London, dated the 18th, and took it at once to M. de Talleyrand. I read him a passage about the terror caused by the suggestion that M. de Broglie might be sent as Ambassador to England, and the necessity of nominating M. de Talleyrand's successor. He quite saw the point, and at once wrote that he wished to see the King. At this very moment M. de Rigny arrived, bringing him another private letter to see. M. de Talleyrand has been urging the choice of Rayneval, which, I think, has not pleased M. de Rigny, if I may judge by what he said to me at dinner: "There is a very strong reason for not sending M. de Rayneval to London, but that is the secret of the Minister of Foreign Affairs; if it was the Admiral's secret I would tell you." I did not insist.

I know that at five o'clock it was arranged with the the King that Rigny should write a letter, confidential but producible, to London, in which he should say that the King would choose Molé, Sainte-Aulaire, or Rayneval, and that they would be glad to know which of the three would be

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most agreeable to the Duke of Wellington. I went so far as to say to M. de Talleyrand that this seemed to me a very maladroit proceeding, as if the Duke chooses Rayneval it will be very difficult not to appoint him, and if he wants Molé, Molé will refuse, and they will, in fact, have to take Sainte-Aulaire, who is not wanted either by the King or by the Council, or by the Duke. How badly everything is directed and managed here! There is no common sense or simplicity, or elevation of mind anywhere, and yet they pretend to govern not only thirty-two millions of subjects, but also all Europe!

Paris, December 21, 1834.—I heard the following facts on excellent authority: (1) They don't want to send Rayneval to London as ambassador; (2) it is Broglie's doctrinaire group who are opposing it; (3) London was yesterday offered formally and officially to Molé, who formally and officially declined it; (4) this morning they had got to Sébastiani but nothing was settled.

Paris, December 24, 1834.—Sébastiani was being talked of yesterday as if his appointment would be in the *Moniteur* of to-morrow, but the more public his name is made the greater clamour it excites. M. de Rigny is dying to resign his Ministry and ask for the London Embassy, but they are afraid that the machine might go to pieces under the difficulties caused by the resignation of an important member of the Cabinet. It seems that it is the condition of Rayneval's financial affairs which prevents his being appointed. He is said to be over head and ears in debt and almost bankrupt.

Paris, December 28, 1834.—I heard through M. Molé that M. de Broglie had an astonishing influence on the present Ministry, which was unsuspected by the King, that M. Decazes used to go every morning and tell him all that went on; that M. de Rigny and M. Guizot allowed themselves to be much influenced by him, and that no choice was made without being previously submitted to him.

Will it be believed that in the *Journal des Débats* they translate all Sir Robert Peel's speech and leave out—what?

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The complimentary passage about the Duke of Wellington which certainly contained nothing offensive to France. And this when the Duke is Foreign Secretary, and is extremely well disposed to France, and when the *Débats* is reputed the semi-official organ of the Government. Truly people here are extraordinarily maladroit in spite of the French wit!

Paris, December 29, 1834.—Poor little Madame de Chalais died last night. She was such a happy person; with that good and regular happiness which it is given only to some women to experience. Life forsakes those who are weary of their pilgrimage all too slowly; it always goes too quickly from those who are enjoying the journey. In whatever way one importunes Providence, whether one fatigues one's self with prayers or allows one's wishes to be divined in discreet silence, the answer is almost always no, and the sentence usually irrevocable.

What grief at Saint-Aignan! There she was the darling of all the inhabitants. I seem to hear the cries of all these old servants whom I know and for whom she represented the third generation they had served. The poor, the sick, the well-to-do—all idolised her. She was so helpful, so kindly, and so gracious! It is more than a death; it is the destruction of a young happiness and of an ancient and illustrious race. I am profoundly shaken by it.

Paris, December 31, 1834.—Yesterday morning I had a good long visit from M. Royer-Collard. He told me the whole history of his professorship, and gave me a glimpse of his system of philosophy; then he talked a great deal about Port Royal. The hours he gives me are really precious, but too rare and too short for all that there is to learn from a mind like his.

Madame de Castellane came afterwards; if I were to allow it for an instant she would constitute herself my sick nurse! She told me that M. Molé was writing his Memoirs, and that there were already five volumes.

Then came M. le Duc d'Orléans; he told me a great deal about his Ball of the night before, of which the following, among the rest, remains with me. The greatest elegance

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was blended with the utmost originality. The company was brilliant, the supper superb; there were flowers, artistically grouped statues, lights enough to blind you, white and gold everywhere, new liveries, grooms-of-the-chambers in full dress with swords by their sides, clad in velvet and powdered. The women were covered with diamonds; the Queen was charmed and Madame Adélaïde jealous, saying, "This is pure Louis Quinze." All the men were in uniform, but in boots and trousers, while M. le Duc de Nemours, who wore the coat of a general officer covered with gold lace, and came in short breeches, stockings, and shoes, was voted by every one extremely distinguished and good-looking. M. le Duc d'Orléans asked me whether I did not prefer boots and trousers for a soldier, and I replied, "The Emperor Napoleon, who gained a few battles, when he dined alone with the Empress wore silk stockings and buckled shoes every evening."—"Really?"—"Yes, Monseigneur."—"Ah, that is different." Here is the reverse of the medal. The Deputies invited (invited I mean as Deputies only, for there were others who were asked as Ministers and Generals), of whom there were only: MM. Odillon Barrot, Bignon, and Etienne, came in ordinary evening dress in order to be more conspicuous.

The Prince Royal is full of singular contrasts. There are, for instance, his aristocratic tastes and pretensions, and his detestable politics. Yesterday we had a crow to pluck for the first time on the subject of the Duke of Wellington. "How like the King you are," said the Prince. "My father knows you are always talking to me on his side, and so he likes you very much."—"Monseigneur, I never talk except on my own side and on the side of your interests: but all the same I am very proud of the approbation of the King." It all ended very kindly, for he asked leave to add his portrait to those which I have collected at Rochecotte.

Here, then, I end this year 1834, memorable in my life because it closes the English period. The four years which I have just passed in that country have placed me in a new frame, given me a new point of departure, and directed me

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towards a new series of ideas. They have modified the view taken of me by the world. What I owe to England will, I hope, never leave me, and will remain with me till the end of my life. Now let us lay up a provision of strength for the evil days, which probably will not fail to come, and for which it is well to be prepared.

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CHAPTER V

1835

Paris, January 3, 1835.—I yesterday received the Duc de Noailles, who had written me a charming letter to ask leave to call. He came to talk to me about his wife's niece, Madame de Chalais, whom he loved as his own child and whom he knew I deeply regretted. We mourned together; then he spoke a little of politics with good sense and good taste, a little of society, and much of Maintenon. He stayed a long time and seemed at his ease and very happy. He expressed the desire to see me often and to become a little intimate with us. He is one of the men whom M. Royer-Collard esteems, is very ugly, and older in appearance than in reality. He is studious, and his manners are excellent and very distinguished. I saw a great deal of his wife when she was Mlle. Alicia de Mortemart, and was living with her sister the Duchesse de Beauvilliers, with whom she went to Saint-Aignan. We are, moreover, nearly related to the Mortemarts. The old Princesse de Chalais, who brought up M. de Talleyrand, was a Mortemart, and the daughter of M. de Vivonne, the brother of Madame de Montespan.

Yesterday I was at the great evening reception at the Tuileries, the Queen having sent word to me by Madame Mollien that I might come and go by the private apartments, and so not have to wait for my carriage. It was the last Court of the season, and I took my daughter-in-law, Madame de Valençay. The palace, when lit up, is really superb, and many things look very well—in contrast to many others. This applies to the black coats scattered here

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and there among the uniforms, the elaborate dresses of some women, and the bourgeois caps of others. There was nothing like disorder, but there was no distinction of rooms or places. There is no procession; the Court makes its entry when all the company is assembled and makes a tour of the ladies, after which the men present file past by themselves. A little man in uniform precedes their Majesties and asks each lady her name, a proceeding which in the case of three quarters of them seems absolutely necessary.

They were very gracious to me, and I think they were pleased that I went on the day of one of the great receptions which may well be called "public." They feared that I would restrict myself to special audiences. That, I think, would have been bad taste. I might perhaps prefer not to go at all, but when one is pleased to see people in private it does not do to hide one's self and repudiate them in public. Whenever she saw me, the Queen herself told me I might go; they opened the little door and I escaped delighted to be relieved of the burden.

Paris, January 7, 1835.—M. Molé came to see me and said many curious things—among others, that he "had a mission to purge the Government of doctrinaire influences." He has a terrible hatred of doctrinaires, and he is a good hater. He quite startled me on this subject, and I asked myself if he was equally good at loving. The answer to this embarrassed me and I went no further.

Paris, January 8, 1835.—Madame Adélaïde having asked me to bring Pauline to see her, I did so yesterday. The King told me to wait for him at his sister's which kept me for three hours. The King had just heard of the strange scene among the Mont Saint-Michel people who were amnestied. On the very day of their liberation the Republicans among them (the Carlists said their prayers and went quietly back to La Vendée) sang the most horrible songs and ended by swearing on their table knives to compass the death of the King. His Majesty had the police reports before him and gave us all the details.

He talked for a long time and on all subjects—I must

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say with much good sense, ability, clearness, and prudence. He perfectly understood the destiny of England, judged the European situation very acutely, and spoke of his son in a most reasonable way. He said two things in particular to me which struck me very much. The first was that, without having been carried away so far as his son, he had himself fallen into several errors of which experience had cured him. He returned to the subject of the Revolution of July, and was careful to show that in principle he disapproved of it. Thus he told me that his Ministers had wished him to wear the July decoration and that he had refused, saying that he had taken no part in the Revolution except to put a stop to its disastrous consequences. He added, "You never saw me wearing that decoration, Madame!"

He is more and more embarrassed in the choice of his Ambassador in London, for the news received yesterday from Naples proves that Sébastiani is no longer capable of undertaking the post. I think the King would like M. de Latour-Maubourg, but he is ill and talks of nothing but retiring to the country. M. de Sainte-Aulaire will be here in two or three days, and I imagine that the lot will fall on him. The King and I discussed the possibility of sending Rigny to London, but the King said, "Rigny's only possible successor at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs would be Molé, but Guizot would never dare to stay in office with him because Broglie would be furious, and they think they can't do without Guizot in the Chamber." The objection to Sainte-Aulaire is the influence M. Decazes has over him, which is bad in itself and justly displeasing to the King.

M. de Talleyrand's letter of November 13 was at last read to the Council yesterday. It will appear in to-day's *Moniteur*, and there will also be published a reply from M. de Rigny in the politest terms. They only asked that one word should be changed, and this was agreed to, as it made the sense clearer without altering it. They asked M. de Talleyrand to allow them to say "this propagandist spirit" instead of "certain doctrines."

Yesterday evening I was at the great ball at the Tuileries.

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M. le Duc d'Orléans attacked me again on the subject of the English elections. He is curiously afraid that they may turn out to the advantage of the Tory Cabinet. This is the second time we have had it out on this question. Yesterday I tried to avoid the discussion, but he insisted, saying that "perhaps I should convert him," to which I replied, "I should indeed be proud, Monseigneur, to convert you to your own side."

He had just been re-reading M. de Talleyrand's letter of resignation. He said it was a masterpiece, a real historic document, which would attract a great deal of attention abroad. Nothing, he thought, could be so noble or so simple, and it was the more kind to the King as no one here had the courage to praise him. M. de Talleyrand had, however, showed himself to be terribly conservative, and this would give rise to a great controversy in the press. I answered: "Perhaps, Monseigneur, but what does it matter? Whether M. de Talleyrand speaks or is silent, he is always attacked by ill-disposed papers. At his age, when one is taking leave of the public, one may well take the opportunity of pleasing one's self and showing one's self in one's true colours to be an honest man as one has always been, the friend of one's country and of social order, and, what is more, a man of one's own class, which does not necessarily mean a prejudiced person. You say that M. de Talleyrand *alone* has the courage here to praise the King—and why? Because he is a gentleman, a great personage, and therefore a Conservative. A monarchy, believe me, must always come back to people like that." He went on, "Oh, yes, the letter will be much admired abroad."—"Yes, Monseigneur, it will be admired abroad, but it will also be admired by every honest man at home, and your Royal Highness will permit me to neglect the rest." Here is another specimen of my conversations with this young Prince, who lacks neither intelligence nor courage nor grace, but whose judgment is still greatly wanting in prudence and balance.

As to the King, he is prudent above all things, and what is more, he is very gracious to me. He came up to me and

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said, with a smile, "Have you given M. de Talleyrand an account of our long conversation?"—"Of course, Sire, it was too full of interest not to make me anxious to give him that pleasure."—"Ah, then I am sure you will not have forgotten my story about the July decoration."—"It was the first thing I told M. de Talleyrand, and I am going to tell my son and my grandson. I wish my descendants to remember it in order that they may in the future repeat what I now say every day, which is that the King has a great understanding." It was said long ago that when flattery did not succeed it was the fault of the flatterer, not of the flattery. I think that yesterday the flatterer was quite efficient!

Rochecotte, March 12, 1835.—Our letters from Paris announce that M. Thiers' refusal to remain in the Ministry with the Duc de Broglie as President of the Council and Minister of Foreign affairs (a refusal which the King, who does not wish to be entirely delivered up to the doctrinaires, will not hear of) is again stopping the machine. The Chamber of Deputies is beginning to get excited, and it is impossible to see clearly what the result of all this will be.

There is to be a collection at Saint-Roch for the Asylums directed by Madame Adélaïde who accordingly has the choice of collectors. She has chosen Mesdames de Flahaut and Thiers. The former, who is said to be furious at the choice of her partner, has refused, and this little difficulty has contrived to attract some attention among the many more important and insoluble problems of the moment.

Rochecotte, March 14, 1835.—Yesterday's letters leave no doubt as to the *dénouement* of the Ministerial crisis.

It is practically the crisis of last November over again. Then Marshal Gérard was replaced by Marshal Mortier; now M. de Broglie replaces Mortier in the Presidency and Rigny gives up to him Foreign Affairs and takes War until the arrival of Maison, to whom a courier has been sent. If the latter accepts, the Embassy at St. Petersburg will be vacant, but it is thought that he will refuse. In that case will Rigny remain definitely as Minister of War or will he

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go to Naples, giving place to some secondary general? No one knows yet. Thus, with the addition of Broglie and Maison, and the subtraction of Rigny, practically every one remains at his post. It was hardly worth making such a fuss about!

This is what I hear as to M. Thiers, who at first refused to take office with M. de Broglie. He was harried and worried in every direction, Mignet and Cousin trying to dissuade him, Salvandy to make him accept. During this period a numerously attended meeting of deputies assembled at M. Fulchiron's. Thiers, hearing of this, said that if this meeting asked him he would accept office. Salvandy hurried with a deputation to obtain Thiers' consent, which was given in order that he might not be accused of ruining the only possible combination, and because he is backed by a solemn expression of opinion from a parliamentary majority. It is thought, however, that he will soon repent of having yielded. The balance is no longer even. They will be two to one against him in the Council, and conditions are quite against the present arrangement lasting.

I have a letter from M. Molé which says, "You have left a gap here which nothing could fill; no one has felt this more than I have in the last few days. I hope, I may say I am sure, that you would have approved of me. You are one of the very few people of whose approval I think before I act. We have not been fighting about individuals but for the Amnesty. A complete general Amnesty was my condition. Those who resigned in order to get their way provoked a demonstration against it in the Chamber. I alone maintained that facts were on our side. However, some who, like me, were for the Amnesty lost courage, and the result is that the old Ministry is being reconstructed under M. de Broglie. Several of its members are by no means proud of this, but they are all accepting a position on which the future will pronounce judgment as well as on many other things."

Rochecotte, March 16, 1835.—M. Royer-Collard writes to me as follows about the late Ministerial crisis: "It was on

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Tuesday the 10th that the King asked Guizot to summon M. de Broglie. No doubt you expect to hear of the insolence of the conqueror. Nothing of the sort. M. de Broglie, coached by Guizot, had laid aside not only his arrogance, but even his personal dignity which should not be surrendered even in exchange for the Presidency of the Council. He expressed regret in humble terms for the past and promised to be good in the future. You may take this for certain—the Necker pride, which is the same type as the Broglie pride, has given way."

Further on, *à propos* of the paper signed by the so-called Fulchiron meeting about Thiers, M. Royer-Collard says: "It is certain that Thiers has capitulated. He accepts, but is separated and disengaged from the doctrinaires whom he has humiliated. He *returns* whereas Guizot *stays*. No one, I think, gains by this patch work."

Still further on there is this. "When M. Molé came to see me yesterday, I embraced him as I would the survivor of a shipwreck. He comes out of the matter best of all, and he has surpassed himself."

Rochecotte, March 23, 1835.—Yesterday evening I had a very gracious reply from the Duchesse de Broglie to the letter of congratulation I had addressed to her. She dissembles her political triumph by the use of humble Biblical quotations. The note of her letter is kindliness, and in fact I am pleased with her; she is a deserving person.

I had also written to M. Guizot on the occasion of his brother's death. He did not reply before the period of mourning was over; he did finally answer however, and yesterday there came from him a very cajoling letter. The only phrase dealing with politics is: "I am one of those who should say that the crisis is over, but I am also one of those who know that nothing is ever finished in this world, and that one has to begin again every day. Our life consists of a continual effort to secure a success which is always incomplete. I accept this without illusions, and without discouragement."

I shall add an extract from a letter from M. Royer-Collard which also came yesterday evening. "All that has

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happened, the *dénouement* as well as the crisis, is very sad. The King and Thiers have, as you see, been conquered by Guizot, and, as a result, M. de Talleyrand as well, in what remains to him of public life. It is true that this victory bears no resemblance to a triumph, and makes none of the noise in the world which a triumph causes. It is obscured by the uncertainty of things in the Chamber. Guizot however is a skilled intriguer, and his obstinacy is in proportion to his presumption and to his burning thirst for personal predominance. He will never stop till he is conquered by the force of circumstances. I doubt whether there exists anywhere at present a force which would be sufficient to conquer him. Thiers had the satisfaction of making them wait thirty-six hours for him and of going his own way in the tribune, but the fact remains that he gave in, and that it was the fear of Guizot and the little doctrinaires that prevented him from entering the Gérard-Molé Ministry, much as he would have liked to do so. Till something else turns up he is absorbed in the general submission. From this chaos M. Molé has emerged with an increased reputation of which you may rest assured that he owes part to you. You came into his life more than once and brought succour. He likes you very much and feels the need of your approbation. I owe his friendship to his belief that I helped to bring you and him together."

Rochecotte, May 10, 1835.—Yesterday I had a curious account of what passed at the secret committee of the House of Peers on the form of judgment.[1] Several Peers declared that they could not get rid of the matter by sentencing the the accused in default, that is to say by sentencing empty benches. Of this opinion were MM. Barthè, Sainte-Aulaire, Séguier and, it is believed, de Bastard. M. Decazes and some others contended that the cases should be taken separately. M. Cousin reproached M. Pasquier in the most violent manner for not having heard counsel for the defence,

1 A Royal decree had charged the Court of Peers with the duty of trying the authors of the Republican insurrection which occurred from April 7 to April 13, 1834, in several provincial towns and in Paris. The sentences were not passed till December 1835 and January 1836.

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and the Chamber for being weak enough to uphold the decision of its President. M. Pasquier in his reply was sentimental and pathetic, but the most serious incident was the declaration of M. Molé who said in so many words that if they passed sentence on the accused in his absence he would protest. This declaration had a great effect, and several Peers, among them the Duc de Noailles, adopted M. Molé's view. It is added: "You can easily see that this declaration is the nucleus of a new Molé Ministry if the impossibility of carrying on the case should force the present Ministers to resign. On the other hand it would be so dangerous to be weak in the presence of such accused that the necessity of standing fast will override all other considerations. It remains to be seen how it is to be done. This case is a hydra!"

Langenau (*Switzerland*), *August* 18, 1835.—This little chronicle has been interrupted for some time. I have often been ill, and found any kind of application impossible. In this way I became more and more indolent, and got tired of writing down my own thoughts after having so long dealt with those of others. Then came removals and travels and all sorts of things which have combined to interrupt my old habits. My mind has been distracted by too many new scenes; I have had no time for the reflection and steady work necessary for writing, and my inspiration was at an end. I had lived prodigally for four years and my small stock of provisions was exhausted. In short, I may repeat the rather unfilial remark of M. Cousin, who in speaking of his father, who had become imbecile, observed, "only the animal survives."

My notes have recorded in their proper sequence the visit of M. le Duc d'Orléans to Valençay, the drama (as I may well call it) of M. de Talleyrand's resignation of his Embassy to London; the change of Ministry at Paris, which only lasted three days; that of the English Cabinet, which after three months retired on meeting a Parliament which they had imprudently renewed. How much these events displeased those about me, how a many-sided intrigue made

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Sébastiani Ambassador at London, a post to which M. de Rigny secretly aspired—all this is well known, and I shall say no more about it.

At Maintenon, where I spent some hours with the Duc de Noailles, I had the pleasure of hearing a long account of the visit of Charles X. in 1830, when he left Rambouillet to embark at Cherbourg. The Duc de Noailles describes this dramatic scene with emotion, and consequently with talent. Unfortunately, I did not write it all down the very day he told it me, and now I fear that I should spoil it if I tried to recollect it. Some day or other I shall go to Maintenon again, and instead of the story, which I shall not hear again, I shall be able to tell what has become of this venerable and curious old house in the hands of the Duc de Noailles, who has undertaken many improvements.

Our quiet stay at Rochecotte might also have furnished several pages which would have contained the piquant anecdotes of M. de la Besnardière; the frequently agitated correspondence of Madame Adélaïde during the re-entry last March of the doctrinaire Ministry, and some characteristic traits of M. de Talleyrand grappling with his comparative solitude, almost continually trying to put other people in the wrong in order to manufacture emotions for himself, sometimes putting himself in the wrong, and thus conducting a solitary warfare in the midst of a profound peace.

I should have set down, during the days which Madame de Balbi spent with me, some account of the many-sided vivacity which is so characteristic of her age and type of mind. Her conversation was full of it, and what she says is almost always connected with scenes and persons and situations which prevent it from being trivial and make it material for serious history. If I had been in form at that time I should certainly not have passed over in silence the loquacious and pompous figure of the Comte Alexis de Saint-Priest, a malicious, and indeed a grotesque person, though not without wit and animation, and a striking contrast to the restraint, good taste, and incisiveness of Madame de Balbi. M. de Saint-Priest's total want of manners is his most

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unpleasant feature. He thinks he is a born diplomatist, but his temperament is certainly anything but diplomatic. He is also a man of letters, and is writing historical memoirs, for which he thought himself entitled to request Madame de Balbi, on the very first day they met at Rochecotte, to communicate to him her letters from Louis XVIII., of which no doubt she must have a great many. This was too much not to cast a shade of gravity over Madame de Balbi's habitual gaiety; and she said, very drily, that she would be wanting in every sentiment of the respect and gratitude which she entertained towards the late King if a single one of these letters was published or even shown to any one during her lifetime.

During the month of June which I spent at Paris the King very graciously showed us Versailles, which should have impelled me to record here the profound impression made upon me by the first plan and the actual restoration. Fast as one forgets everything at Paris, Versailles remains dazzlingly clear in my recollection; all I feared was to have too much to say. I doubt if I could have revisited the Palace under more curious circumstances. On one side was M. de Talleyrand who reconstructed for us the Versailles of Louis XV., Louis XVI. and the Constituent Assembly, and on the other King Louis Philippe. In the middle of the hall of 1792 the King was carried back to the earliest memories of his youth and made them live again by his words no less than by the fine portraits and interesting pictures he has collected. I had visited Versailles in April 1812 with the Emperor Napoleon who then dreamed of establishing his court there, and had gone to inspect the works which he had put in hand and which first extricated the palace from the ruin and disorder caused by the Revolution. The second visit I paid to Versailles might well recall the first! M. Fontaine, the clever architect, and I were the only people who could compare both restorations.

Berne, August 19, 1835.—The month of June which I spent in Paris was full of incident of all kinds. I am really ashamed that I have allowed the impressions of these to

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become so feeble that hardly a trace remains. I assisted at several conversations between the King and Madame Adélaïde. There were the little intrigues of the doctrinaires diffidently developing around me under the auspices of M. Guizot, in whom I have often remarked an easy hypocrisy which seems to me quite a new variety of charlatanism. All these, the alternations of exaltation and despondency through which M. Thiers kept passing, and a thousand other things which gave each day a character of its own, would have been well worthy of a few notes. I should have said something of a dinner at the Villa Orsini given by M. Thiers, where a motly collection of fifteen people gave the party a stamp of bad taste which embarrassed me and made M. de Talleyrand observe, "We have been to a Directoire dinner party."

Personal matters also have not been uninteresting. There was the death of young Marie Suchet and her mother's grief, the confirmation of my daughter Pauline on the occasion of which I met the Archbishop of Paris after five years of separation. All these events, so to speak, marked out one day from another and kept them from being confused one with another.

I was the more struck with my interview with M. de Quélen, as it was the occasion of a conversation which I do not wish to go unrecorded. The Archbishop returned to a subject which has always much concerned him, namely, the conversion of M. de Talleyrand, and spoke of it with the same vivacity as in the days of M. le Cardinal de Périgord. He repeated how eagerly he wished for this event, assured me that he had gladly accepted all the tribulations of his episcopal life in the hope that God would vouchsafe as a recompense for his own sufferings the return of M. de Talleyrand into the bosom of the Church. He exhorted me vehemently to co-operate by my own efforts in so meritorious a work, and added that, knowing how trustworthy I was, and, moreover, believing that it was well that I should know what he intended to do, he would confide to me that he had thought that in the last phrase of M. de Talleyrand's letter of resignation of November 13 last there

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was a return to serious thoughts, and that he had become convinced that the moment had come to act energetically. He had therefore written straight to the Pope at Rome to inquire what line the Holy Father thought he should follow. "The Holy Father's answer was not long in coming," said M. de Quélen; "it refers to M. de Talleyrand in kindly and affectionate terms. It gives me the right to absolve and reconcile him, and it extends my powers so far as to permit me to delegate them to the prelates of the various dioceses in which M. de Talleyrand might be attacked by his last illness, in particular to the Archbishops of Bourges and Tours. Finally, the Pope even showed a willingness to write personally to M. de Talleyrand." In my replies to M. de Quélen I necessarily temporised. I made it clear in the most precise terms that any direct overture would probably produce an effect the very opposite of that which was desired. For my own part I could never take other than a purely passive part in the matter. Assuredly I should be equally averse from any action contrary to the object desired by the Church, as from any which might disturb one for whose peace I am responsible, without securing the desired effect, which, if it ever is secured, will be due to a voice more mighty and more powerful than any human one.

The Archbishop also spoke to me of his own tribulations, of those he has experienced since 1830; they have been both strange and sad. I regret that latterly he has not been able to forget them a little more, and that when he returned to the Tuileries after the attempt of July 28,[1] and reopened Notre Dame to the King, he did not accompany what he did with more frank and more definitely pacific words. He would then have avoided the reproach of speaking to two addresses, one at Prague, the other at Paris. The Archbishop's misfortune is that he has not quite the intellectual grasp which is necessary to play the difficult part which circumstances have imposed upon him. Neither has he the intense energy which redeems, and sometimes more than

[1] The crime of Fieschi who tried to assassinate King Louis Philippe.

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redeems, intellectual shortcomings. No doubt his sentiments are excellent, and his intentions admirable. He is kind, charitable, affectionate, grateful, sincerely attached to his duties, and always ready to face martyrdom, but he is too ready to receive impressions of every kind. It is easy to gain his confidence and to abuse it by pushing him into a path the end of which he does not perceive in time. He is afraid of criticism and is always provoking it by a hesitancy and a want of balance which arise from a vacillating intelligence, and the scruples of a conscience which is never certain whether what was good yesterday is good to-day. He would have been a good pastor in ordinary times; but in our day, in which no one seems suited to the place he occupies, the attitude he has taken up has made neither for his reputation with the public nor the peace of his private life. However, as he has many noble and good qualities, and as he has the deepest interest in all who bear the name of Talleyrand, which is much to his credit as it arises from gratitude to the Cardinal de Périgord, I wish with all my heart that his life may be made more tranquil than it has been in these recent years, and that his troubles may come to an end. Another man might have known how to turn them to his advantage; he can do nothing but succumb.

I have enjoyed the four weeks which I have lately been spending at Baden-Baden. I found many old acquaintances and had some agreeable meetings. There, too, I ought to have fixed my recollections by putting down a few lines about Madame la Princesse d'Orange, that pattern of all that education should make a Princess, about the King of Würtemberg and his daughters the Princesses Sophie and Marie, about the ill-concealed hostility of Mesdames de Lieven and de Nesselrode, about the genial philosophy of M. de Falk, about the fine talk of M. and Madame de Zea, in fact about everything good and bad which struck me in this gathering, of which each member had a distinction of his own.

They all group themselves more or less about Madame de Lieven, whose former glories and recent misfortune (the

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deaths of her two youngest sons in the same week), excited sympathy or imposed duties. I was very sorry for her, and her position seemed to me to contain a great lesson. She has lost her way and wanders at large. She is not resigned, and finds no pleasure in her regrets. She finds nothing but a cruel void in the distraction which she demands of every one. She finds no pleasure in occupation; she lives in the street, in public places, talks inconsequently, and never listens, laughs, cries and acts at a venture, asks questions without interest in the answers. This misery is the worse, as four months of sorrow have not taught her patience. She is already astonished that her regrets have lasted so long; but, as she will not submit herself to trouble, it will not wear itself out; she prolongs it by struggling against it. In the combat sorrow triumphs and the victim cries out, but the sound is discordant and awakes no sympathetic echo in the hearts of others. I have seen people, one after another, cease to pity her and care for her: she saw it too and was humiliated. She seemed grateful to me for continuing to be kind to her. She left me with the conviction that, if I had not been a consolation to her, I was at least a resource, and I am very glad of it.

It was a pleasure to me to see the lovely Lake of Constance again a few days ago. Three years ago I dreamed of taking a small château which was there. It has been burned down. I am now thinking of a cottage; I should be sorry not to have some shelter on this promontory from which the view is so rich, so varied, and so tranquil, and where it would be so pleasant to rest.

From Wolfsberg where I lived I several times went to Arenenberg to see the Duchesse de Saint-Leu; she seemed to me rather more tranquil than three years ago. Madame Campan's pretentious pupil, the Tragedy Queen, has given place to a good stout Swiss house-wife who talks with freedom, receives hospitably, and is pleased to see any one who comes to divert her in her solitude. Her little house is picturesque, but intended only for summer weather, though she lives there almost all the year round. The interior is

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small and narrow, and seems to have been made only for flowers, reeds, matting, and divans—it is in fact no more than a summer-house. The relics of imperial magnificence which are heaped together there are not altogether in keeping. Canova's marble statue of the Empress Josephine requires a larger setting. I should have liked with the stroke of an enchanter's wand to have transported to the Versailles Museum the portrait of the Emperor as General Bonaparte by Gros, which is certainly the finest modern portrait that I know. It ought to be the property of the nation, for the military and political history as well as all the glories and destinies of France are embodied in this perfect picture. In a little cabinet in a looking-glass case there are some precious relics mixed with a number of insignificant trifles. The cashmere scarf worn by General Bonaparte at the Battle of the Pyramids, the portrait of the Empress Marie-Louise and her son on which the dying eyes of the exile of St. Helena were fixed, and several other interesting relics lie there side by side with wretched little scarabs and a thousand trifling things without interest or value. Thus an eyeglass left by the Emperor Alexander at Malmaison, and a fan given by Citizen Talleyrand to Mlle. Hortense de Beauharnais, preserved in the midst of the memories of the Empire, show great freedom of thought and a certain amount of indifference, or else a remarkable facility of humour and character.

True I saw the Empress Josephine and Madame de Saint-Leu ask to be received by Louis XVIII. a fortnight after the fall of Napoleon. In London I saw Lucien Bonaparte make Lady Aldborough introduce him to the Duke of Wellington, and at the Congress of Vienna Eugène de Beauharnais sang to oblige the company. Ancient dynasties may be wanting in ability; new ones are always lacking in dignity.

Fribourg, August 20, 1835.—It would be, if not dignified, at any rate well bred, on Madame de Saint-Leu's part if she restored to the town of Aix-la-Chapelle the magnificent reliquary worn by Charlemagne, and found on

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his neck when his tomb was opened. This reliquary, which contains a piece of the True Cross under a great sapphire, was given to the Empress Josephine by the Chapter of the Cathedral in order to conciliate her favour. It must have been a painful sacrifice for them to part with this relic, to which it would have been a piece of delicacy and good breeding to put an end. What might be an appropriate possession for the successor of Charlemagne is a most unsuitable one for the mistress of the Arenenberg.

I have little to say of the journey which brought me here. Saint-Gall has a charming situation. The interior of the town is very ugly; the church and the adjoining buildings, which are now the seat of the Cantonal Government, have been restored too recently, and they missed their effect on me. Nothing recalls the strange glories of the ancient Prince Bishops of Saint-Gall. The nave of the church is fine, but there is none of the calmness of antiquity in it. The bridge, which you cross to reach the new road to Heinrichsbad, is a picturesque incident in a wooded country.

Heinrichsbad is quite a new establishment; and the Alpine situation of the isolated hotel affords opportunities for the goats'-milk cure. The part of Appenzell which we crossed on the way to Meynach reminded me more of the Pyrenees than any other part of Switzerland.

I was pleased to see the Lake of Zurich again; but the Lake of Zug, along which I passed the next day, being more shaded and retired, seemed to me even more lovely. There is a view of almost all of it from the Convent of the Nuns of S. Francis, whose house is high above the lake. I arrived as the ladies were saying Mass—not very well it must be confessed, but the organ and voices which come from invisible persons and an unseen place always affect me too deeply to allow me to be critical. The nuns are employed in the education of girls. Sister Seraphina, who showed me over the Convent, speaks French well, and her cell is extremely clean. The rule of the Convent did not seem to me very strict.

The chapel of Kussnach—on the very spot where Gessler

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was killed by William Tell, has some historic interest no doubt, but as regards situation it is far inferior to that on the Lake of Four Cantons, at the place where Tell leapt out of his persecutor's boat and pushed it back into the raging storm.

The position of Lucerne, which I knew, struck me again as very picturesque. The lion carved in the rock near Lucerne, after Thorwaldsen's design, is an imposing monument—a fine thought well rendered.

Berne, which I reached by way of the Immersthal, a pleasant valley covered with the most beautiful vegetation and ornamented with charming villages, has the aspect of a great city, thanks to its numerous fine streets and buildings. It is a melancholy place, however, and even in summer one feels how cold it must be in winter. The terrace, which is planted with trees and hangs high above the Aar, opposite to the mountains and the glaciers of the Oberland, is a splendid promenade, to which the Hôtel de la Monnaie on one side and the Cathedral on the other make a fine finish.

The road from Berne to this place has no remarkable features. The first view of Fribourg is striking and uncommon. The site is rough and wild; the towers thrown on the surrounding heights, the depth at which the river, or rather the torrent, flows at the foot of the rock on which the town is placed, and the hanging bridge above the houses, all make the scene exceedingly picturesque. The interior of the town, with its numerous convents and its population of Jesuits in long black robes and broad hats, is like a vast monastery, in which there is not wanting, on occasion, a faint flavour of the Inquisition. It is not in this mysterious and cloistered place that one feels oneself drinking in the classic atmosphere of Helvetian liberty. The new Jesuit College is so placed as to dominate the town, and the influence due to its importance is very great. To judge by the little which the traveller is permitted to see, this establishment is on the vastest scale and perfectly managed. There are three hundred and fifty children being educated there, most of them French; the buildings appear to me to

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be intended for an even larger number. Besides this great boarding-school the Jesuits have their own house adjoining, and in addition a country place about a league from the town.

I went to see the Cathedral, which would be quite unworthy of notice were it not for the organ which was playing as I entered and which seemed to me the most harmonious and the least harsh of any I have heard.

I am very glad to have seen Fribourg. I passed through eleven years ago without examining it. I now understand better the kind of part which this town plays in the religious history of the present time.

Lausanne, August 21, 1835.—The broad and easy road from Fribourg crosses a country partly wooded, partly cultivated, smiling and varied but not exactly picturesque, except at Lussan. The scenery does not become grand until the mountain chain which surrounds Lake Leman appears at the end of a pine wood, which for a long time conceals both the lake and the town of Lausanne.

Like all Swiss towns Lausanne is ugly inside. Its situation is picturesque; the variations of level are inconvenient for the inhabitants, but they provide several terraces from which the view is very fine. Those at the Cathedral and the Castle are the most thought of. I prefer the Montbadon promenade which is not so high, but from which one can see the country better. There are too many roofs in the other views.

Bex, August 23, 1835.—Less of wall and vineyard and a few more trees would make the road from Lausanne to Vevey charming. The country does not quite take my fancy until Vevey is reached. Chillon above all impressed me by its situation and its associations. I should like to have re-read Lord Byron's verses while I was going over the famous dungeons. His name alone which is scrawled in charcoal on one of the pillars of the prison (the same to which François de Bonnivard was chained for six years), is enough to make this dungeon poetic.

At Villeneuve the road leaves Lake Leman and plunges

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into a wild and narrow gorge. The sharp and curious indentations of the rocks which flank the road supply the only beauty which adorns the four long leagues to Bex. Quite near, on a spur of rock veined with many colours, and half hidden in a clump of trees, you can see the Castle of St. Triphon, which seemed to me very fine.

Bex itself is a village which bears no resemblance to the pretty villages of the Canton of Berne. Everything already suggests the neighbourhood of Piedmont. We are all at the Auberge de l'Union which is the only one in the place and is neither good nor bad. The sulphur baths established here did not succeed; neither did the goat's milk cure. In fact the place is bare of resources and very sombre and dull, though for me it is lighted up by the rosy cheeks of Pauline and the brightness of her blue eyes. I was delighted to get here.

I got a letter on my arrival which had been left for me by Admiral de Rigny on his way to Naples. He tells me that he has found everywhere on his way a definite belief that the Duchesse de Berry was at Chambéry on the 24th, and that on the 30th, Berryer who was going to take the waters at Aix-en-Savoie disappeared a few hours after the attempt on the King's life in Paris, and afterwards reappeared at Aix much upset. Like M. de Rigny I have found this version of the story current everywhere. The Swiss papers also describe Madame la Duchesse de Berry, but nothing is certain.

At Maintenon the Duc de Noailles has just been having a party of clever and intriguing people. M. de Chateaubriand, Madame Récamier, the Vicomtesse de Noailles, M. Ampère, in fact the whole morning congregation of the Abbaye-aux-Bois.[1] I am sorry to hear it: the Duc de Noailles should not forsake the high road for such a byway.

From what I hear from Touraine I see that the atrocity

[1] The Abbaye-aux-Bois was a religious community of women; it was situated in Paris at the corner of the Rue de Sèvres and the Rue de la Chaise. During the Revolution it was used as a place of detention. Later it reverted to its former character, and, besides the convent occupied solely by the nuns, it afforded a peaceable refuge to ladies of great fashion. Madame Récamier settled there.

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at Paris of the 28th July,[1] has aroused indignation there, an indignation, however, which feared to speak above its breath and which is perhaps even now forgotten. We live in a time when so many monstrosities are produced on the stage, when books are so full of them, and when they are so common in real life that the public have supped full with horrors and have become indifferent to them and quite familiarised with crime. The town of Tours, a place so essentially calm, has distinguished itself by refusing to send addresses from the Tribunal, the Conseil Municipal and the Conseil d'Arrondissement. Two rogues, glibly arguing about the letter of the law, were enough to set all the indifferent at their ease. It appears however that a creditable number of the Garde Nationale showed themselves the day of the funeral service and sent an address with some show of cordiality. When one sees the most violent and criminal passions on the one side and on the other an exhibition of laziness and indifference, one wonders whether the repressive laws asked for by the French Ministry will be enough. Perhaps they will only irritate!

This is an evil age of ours; good centuries are rare but there is no example of one that is worse than this. I pity with all my heart those who are called upon to govern it, M. Thiers, for example, whose weariness and anxiety appear in a letter which I received from him yesterday from which I give an extract. After speaking of the personal danger from which he escaped at the time of the attempt of July 28, he adds, "But my only trouble, and it is overwhelming, is the immense responsibility of my position. I am on my feet day and night. I go from the Prefecture of Police to the Tuileries, to the Chamber, without a moment's rest, and without being sure that I have foreseen everything, for the fertility of evil is infinite, as is the case in every disordered society in which every criminal has formed a hope that he may attain anything by setting the world on fire. There are some scoundrels who would blow up this planet if they were allowed. On the day after the horrible massacre

[1] Fieschi's attempt on the King's life.

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all that occurred to them to say was 'we shall see:' these are the very words of the leader of the assassins. I know not when I shall have the rest which will be the reward of these troubles, nor what issue out of my affliction will be vouchsafed to me."

Immediately after the explosion of the infernal machine, when she learned that her husband and children had not perished, our good Queen said, "How did my sons behave?" an inquiry which I think was worthy of her. The young Princes behaved with touching devotion. They gathered closely round the King, and the next day, when traces of a bullet were discovered on the King's forehead, the Duc d'Orléans said, "And yet I made myself as tall as I could yesterday."

While Madame Récamier is at Maintenon with the Duchesse de Noailles, my sister-in-law, the Princesse de Poix, goes to the Duchesse d'Abrantès' Mondays where one meets Madame Victor Hugo! Wit and politics have strangely intermingled all society, good and bad!

M. le Duc de Nemours is going to London. He is nice-looking, dignified, serious and reserved, with a great air of youth and nobility. One would expect him to have a great success in England, but his excessive shyness so completely deprives him of all ease and grace in conversation that he will perhaps be rated at much less than his real value.

Of all the congratulatory letters written to the King of the French by foreign sovereigns on the occasion of the attempt of July 28, the most cordial was that of the King of the Netherlands. This seems to me very good taste on his part, and I am very glad of it. I have always thought that since his misfortunes the King of the Netherlands has shown ability, readiness, and a persistency which, whatever his ultimate success, will assure him a fine page in the history of our time in which there is so little that is good to say about anybody.

While the King of the French submits to escorts and measures of precaution, and is adopting a more Royal state. the President of his Council comes to diplomatic dinners at

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the Tuileries in coloured trousers and without decorations, and this Minister is the Duc de Broglie!

Jerome Bonaparte and all his family have left Florence and are now at Vevey; the cholera is driving every one out of Italy into Switzerland.

Bex, August 24, 1835.—The weather having cleared, we have been to see the salt mines near Bex, which are the only ones in Switzerland, and do not produce enough to supply the needs of the country. We did not go far into the mine because of the damp cold which we felt gaining on us, but we saw the refining plant in detail. The salt seemed to me very pure and white.

We returned through the valley of Cretet along the mountain stream of Davanson, which is the fullest and the most impetuous I have seen in this part of the Alps. Its course is long and its descent extremely rapid. It is caught in a narrow gorge, the sides of which are high and wooded. It supplies motive power for many factories, and for this purpose is divided into many little canals and aqueducts. These establishments are nearly always hung, as it were, on blocks of rock which seem to have become detached from the high peaks and to be suspended by a miracle over the abyss. All the road as far as M. de Gautard's little château is delightful, and I was somewhat reconciled to the country, the first sight of which was a disagreeable surprise.

I am just come back from a very interesting excursion. The chief object was the cascade of Pisse-Vache, a fine straight foam-white column of water which throws far and wide on all sides a damp mist, and leaps in a single jet from a breach in rocks rising into two needle-like peaks. The water of the cascade soon mingles with that of the Rhone, near the bridge where one crosses the river. The current is almost equally rapid from the source to the mouth and is particularly so in the narrow gorge through which it passes on leaving the Valais to enter the Canton de Vaud. The frontier is at Saint Maurice, a picturesque village, where the convents, the castle, the old town and the fortifications, lying unevenly on the perpendicular rocks, present a quaint spectacle. The gate

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of this town is, so to speak, formed by the narrow passage between two great rocks which separate the two cantons. From this point on the right the view reaches to the Canton de Vaud, ending in the distance beyond Lake Leman at the Jura, and on the left towards the wilderness of the Valais you can see as far as the snowy chain of Saint Bernard.

What, in spite of everything, spoiled the expedition for me was the character of the population. Crétins are numerous, and even those who are not so afflicted are horribly disfigured by goîtres. The women sometimes have as many as three. The water coming from melted snow, and the deficiency of sunlight, which penetrates very little into the narrow gorges of the Valais, are responsible for the frequency of this disease.

Geneva, August 26, 1835.—We left Bex this morning and went along the Rhone to the point at which it enters Lake Leman. Thence to Thonon by a pleasant road boldly tunnelled in the rock and built out over the lake. The view was a picturesque mixture of superb lawns, lovely chestnut trees and majestic rocks, which form a very fine spectacle. From Thonon the road is monotonous until within two leagues from Geneva. There the natural beauty of the country is enhanced by numerous ornamental gardens cared for as well as they are in England, by pretty country houses and magnificent avenues, the whole being grouped like the town of Geneva itself in an amphitheatre round the lake.

We are at the Hotel des Bergues. My window looks out on a new wire bridge which spans the Rhone and joins the two parts of the town, leading at the same time to a small island on which is the statue of Jean-Jacques Rousseau surrounded by a clump of great trees. A great part of the lake is simply covered with little boats; nothing could be gayer or more animated.

Geneva, August 27, 1835.—The Duc de Périgord whom I met yesterday here, and who is a good authority about everything that concerns the Archbishop of Paris, explained to me as follows the *rapprochement* of the Archbishop with the

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present Government. After the attempt of July 28, the Curé of Saint Roch, whose church has become the place of worship of the Royal Family since the destruction of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, went to the King, who intimated to him his intentions as to the funeral service. The Curé, whose name is the Abbé Olivier, observed that after the funeral service a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for the preservation of the King and his children would be an obvious and proper ceremony. The King adopted this idea adding: "This *Te Deum* will have to take place at Saint-Roch as the Archbishop continues to oppose my Government." The Curé of Saint-Roch immediately informed the Archbishop of the innovation which his attitude was about to cause, and it was this which made M. de Quélen decide to go to the King. He was received and thereafter officiated at the Invalides and at Notre-Dame. I shall hear later what passed between the King and him.

I hear from Paris that Marshal Maison, who takes no part in the debates in the Chamber, takes out every day in a phaeton, at the fashionable hour, a young lady whom he has brought back from St. Petersburg. He is the dandy of the Cabinet!

Geneva, August 29, 1835.—The environs of Geneva have improved as much as the interior of the town. Every year new country houses replace and augment the number of those which used to cover the coasts of the lake. The most elaborate belongs to a banker named Bartholony. The Italian taste predominates in the construction of these villas; the gardens and the arrangement of the flowers recall England. The frame of the picture alone is Swiss and it could not be more grandiose. Coppet, which is further from Geneva, has no particular style. It is now occupied by the young Madame de Staël who lives there in all the austerity of early Christian widowhood, and it has a deserted and lugubrious air. The village separates the château from the lake and blocks the view. M. and Madame Necker and the famous Madame de Staël are buried in a part of the park shut off by brushwood and very difficult to approach. Moreover, by

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the orders of the dead, no one (not even their children) is allowed to enter this enclosure. The rest of the Park is full of fine trees which, however, are too close together. They are wanting in style and neatness like the general impression produced by the whole place. Strangers are no longer admitted to the house. I had been there on a former occasion. The apartments are well arranged and well enough proportioned, but they are furnished without taste or elegance. It is in every way an establishment characteristic of a Puritan banker, vast and austere but neither noble nor imposing.

The position of Ferney is very agreeable; the house is embellished by terraces and vegetation. In itself it is small and all on the old French model of last century. The salon and bedchamber of M. de Voltaire alone remain open to the public and consecrated to the memory of the great mind who, during thirty years made this little manor the fire from whence issued so many dazzling flames of wit. We stayed a long time examining the little relics preserved by the gardener. When M. de Voltaire died he was fourteen; he recites his story well, for I do not believe that it is his own.

In a letter I had yesterday from the Duc d'Orléans occurs the following passage: "On the day on which the laws under discussion are voted, and this dangerous weapon is placed in the hands of the executive, the difficulty will begin. It is nothing to have got them through, the trouble is to carry them into execution. Will they be able to carry on this unceasing struggle? Will they be able each day to defeat the stratagems, and to resist the tenacious purpose of men who are driven to desperation and have only one thought and one end? Hostile critics here assert that it is much more difficult to govern regularly and coherently than to carry new laws by violent speeches while not even enforcing those which are already provided. For my part all I say is that, now Ministers have involved us in so grave a struggle, I can find no words with which to describe their conduct if they do not make a proper use of the powers which they have thought it their duty to demand, or if they try to transfer to others the burden of executing what they alone have conceived

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and insisted on in what they believe to be their own interests.

Lons-le-Saulnier, August 31, 1835.—I got here last night very late, after having traversed the wild, melancholy and arid Jura. Great efforts have been used there to create an easy road, on which however you get on slowly owing to the constant ascents and descents. The roads themselves, cut out of the living rock and protected by encasements skilfully contrived so as to prevent infiltration of water, are perfectly smooth, wide and well protected against the dangers of this rugged country. From the heights of Saint Cergue I cast a last look at the lovely lake of Geneva and the Alps. The view stretches out magnificently before one and leaves a fine image in one's memory.

Arlay, September 1, 1835.—This place, which was part of the ancient duchy of Isenghien, came to Prince Pierre d'Arenberg from his maternal grandmother, the heiress of the house of Isenghien, which descended from those of Châlons and Orange. The nobility of such an origin is unquestionable, and is much in the mind of the present owner. The view from my room, and in fact from all parts of the house, is wide without being picturesque; and in this it is like the house itself, which is vast and well restored, but rather bare of furniture and rather chilly, as the ridge above it comes between it and the south.

On the summit of this ridge there are the ruins of the Gothic manor, which have not character enough to be interesting. The approaches are short, there being no other avenue than a courtyard planted with trees. There are many things wanting which are necessary to make it agreeable and effective, but it is a substantial piece of wreckage saved from the revolutionary catastrophe. The master of the house and the Duchesse de Périgord received me with the utmost kindness.

I received here a letter from M. Royer-Collard, who was returning to his country house "after having done what he believed to be his duty and due to his honour in the Chamber," and without waiting for the vote on the law as a

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whole. His speech, the thought, sentiment and language of which I admire (he did not intend it to create a sensation or to carry people away), was made to satisfy the demands of his conscience. He also wished to make his position quite clear (a long silence had made some people uncertain about it) and to lay down clearly the line of his opinions. This is why, though far from well, he made this speech which is so short and yet so full of matter. It is the first time that, without exciting any murmuring or appearing ridiculous, hypocritical or imprudent, any one has praised, honoured, and defended the peers, and that the spirit of religion, the words God and Providence, have been heard in the precincts of the Chamber of Deputies. The respect with which such words were heard seemed to me, more than anything else, to place M. Royer-Collard apart in the exalted regions to which he naturally belongs.

The man in whose pay Fieschi seems to have been, and whose name is Pépin, has at last been arrested. It was a great triumph, but—he has escaped! A few hours after his arrest, following an order of the Court, this Pépin had been taken to his house from the Conciergerie where he was confined in order that a search might be made in his presence. He was taken by a Commissaire de Police and two men only, and the moment he got home he disappeared! It is extraordinary that a man whose arrest and safe keeping were so important should be entrusted *at midnight* to the care of two guards, that he should not have been handcuffed, and that he should have been taken to his own house from which he no doubt knew of exits unknown to those in charge of him! It seems that since the affair of June 6, 1832,[1] in which Pépin was implicated, his house has been so arranged as to furnish him with means of escape. The Juge d'Instruction who allowed Pépin to escape by not having him properly guarded is called Legonidec; he is a young Judge of the Paris Cour d'Assises. Some people think he will be seriously compromised by the carelessness

1 The burial of General Lamarque, who died of cholera on June 2, 1832, took place on June 5, and was the occasion of a revolt which continued all day on the 6th.

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(if it is no worse) with which he has treated this very important matter.

They took me to see the ruins of the old castle, which are more extensive and important than I thought when I came. It was an important fortress in its day and was dismantled by the orders of Louis XI. in the time of the wars against Burgundy.

Dijon, September 3, 1835.—I left Arlay this morning with grateful memories of the kindness with which Pauline and I were received. The Princesse d'Arenberg became a special friend of mine; her politeness, her kindness and simplicity, combined with much good sense and good manners, her education and talents, and her power of making good use of all these, assure this young woman a distinguished position among those of her age and rank of whom very few in my opinion are her equals.

I went by the new road which goes by Saint Jean-de-Losne and is much shorter. The road is good and easy, but the country it crosses—rich no doubt and well cultivated—has no special beauty or even interest apart from its many châteaux and the Burgundian canal which is finely shaded by poplars.

Pierres, the château of M. de Thiard, is the most important of those on the road. It seemed to me large and the surroundings of it are splendid, but its situation is not pleasant. It is a pity they are pulling down the castle of Seurre on the bank of the Saône. It seemed to me to be well placed. Toiran, La Bretonnière, and some others show that the province is well inhabited.

I regret having arrived too late to see Dijon. It is a fine town with splendid buildings. The streets are animated. The park, an excellent public promenade about a quarter of a league from the town and connected with it by long avenues, must be a source of great pleasure to the inhabitants.

Tonnerre, September 4, 1835.—The road from Dijon to Montbard is bare and flat and fatiguing to the eye. Montbard is an old feudal castle of the Dukes of Burgundy situated on a considerable eminence. It was presented by

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Louis XV. to M. de Buffon, who already possessed at the foot of the hill a rather large and melancholy house in one of the streets of the little town. He continued to live in this house which has nothing interesting in it except a fairly good portrait of the celebrated owner. He demolished four of the five surviving towers on the walls of the old château. The one he left still survives, as well as the enormous outside wall which now encloses nothing but a "quincunx" of fine trees planted by M. de Buffon, from which fine alleys lead to his house below. The trees make a delightful shady promenade. At the top of the grove there is a little house containing a single room in which M. de Buffon used to establish himself for several hours every day in order to work uninterruptedly. He had a church built on part of the foundations of the fortress, and is buried there. M. de Buffon's house is occupied by his daughter-in-law, a widow with no children.

The country becomes more varied as one approaches Ancy-le-Franc, a great and noble château built in the sixteenth century by Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre and afterwards bought by the celebrated Louvois, to one of whose descendants it still belongs. This château is perfectly regular in form; it consists of four buildings joined at each corner by a square tower. There is no principal staircase; each tower has its own—a very narrow one. The bedrooms are well proportioned and well furnished, but the public rooms are ill-arranged. They are small, especially the salon, in which the heavy gilding seems to add to the effect of smallness. Some ancient ceilings with panelling to match give some of the rooms a Gothic character which is interesting. The windows are few and narrow, and the courtyard small and sombre. The castle is entirely surrounded by a vast and well planted park. The water is ugly and muddy and I saw neither glass-houses nor flowers, though the offices are considerable. The high road crosses the fore-court a few yards from the house, which I think is carrying the principle of accessibility a trifle too far.

What pleases me least is the situation of this abode. It

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lies at the bottom of a valley and lacks light, air, and a view. The English word "gloomy" seems made for Ancy-le-Franc. The chapel is fine, and it is needless to say that there is a theatre. How could the M. Louvois of to-day do without one?

I had often heard Ancy-le-Franc and Valençay mentioned as the two most considerable and remarkable châteaux in France. I cannot admit that there is any comparison. Valençay is much more imposing, and at the same time cheerful to live in. Its situation is picturesque and healthy: it is much richer in architectural ornament, and its finest part, which dates from the fifteenth century, is a hundred years older than Ancy-le-Franc, and in the purest Renaissance style.

It has just occurred to me that I saw no library in M. Louvois' house. I am sorry I did not mention it to the *concierge*, who seemed, however, to be conscientiously showing us all there was to be seen.

I prefer not only Valençay to Ancy-le-Franc, but, apart from tradition, even Chenonceaux, and I should prefer Ussé also if it were put in order and furnished.

Melun, September 6, 1835.—The banks of the Yonne are pleasant enough, and are a welcome rest after the melancholy road from Dijon. It is a pity, however, that the vegetation is, so to speak, factitious. Up to Sens I saw no other trees than poplars planted in quincunxes or in avenues. This in the end becomes exceedingly monotonous, and gives a stiff and artificial look to the landscape.

The Cathedral at Sens is fine, and its proportions elegant. Two sculptures attract particular attention, the Mausoleum of the Dauphin father of Louis XVI., and the altar of Saint Leu, on which this good Bishop of Sens is represented undergoing his martyrdom, which, as a matter of fact, took place at Sens itself. The group is in white marble, and very effective. I think the general effect of the Dauphin's mausoleum is heavy. The composition lacks simplicity, but some of the parts are fine. The Treasury of the

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Cathedral is not only very rich in relics whose authenticity is beyond question, but also in antiquities, which interested me because they bore the stamp of being genuine. Thus I saw the Episcopal throne of Saint Leu, his pastoral ring, his mitre, the pastoral ring of Gregory VII., the comb used by Saint Leu at ordinations, vestments used by Thomas Becket, who, as I lately read in Lingard, had taken refuge on the Continent when first persecuted, and had resided chiefly in France. These vestments are locked up with great care in an iron case. There is a fine crucifix by Girardon, which is worth seeing.

In a letter from the Princesse de Lieven at Baden, dated August 29, which reached me at Sens, the following passage occurs: "We have strange news from England. Will Ministers really have the courage to carry out their threats against the Lords? Will the latter give way before these threats? I doubt it; but the collision so long postponed is coming at last. In France all is going well. M. de Broglie's speech is splendid. Lord William Russell is always saying "Our alliance is at an end." As France is repudiating revolutionary principles and England is going more and more in that direction, there is no basis of agreement. The alliance was one of principles, and as the principles are no longer identical the alliance is dead."

Paris, September 7, 1835.—It is always a great event for me to get back to Paris where I have had so many bad moments. All my past unrolls itself before me as I pass through these streets and squares, which awake so many memories, almost all of them painful.

As we passed along the boulevards I glanced with a shudder at the house from which Fieschi committed his crime. It is quite small and of a mean appearance. The too celebrated window is boarded up. In a year or two perhaps this house will be demolished, and I shall be sorry. They will no doubt build some memorial on the site, which will disappear in its turn with the first turn of the political weathercock, and will, in any case, be much less impressive than would be the preservation of the scene of the atrocity

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exactly as it is. If it were preserved it would assist tradition; every one knows the history of the event, and may find a lesson in it. The Rue de la Ferronnerie still exists. They pulled down the Opera house in which the Duc de Berry was assassinated only to demolish thereafter the chapel which was built in its place. And yet the chapel from which Charles IX. shot his subjects is still there, always pointed out, always referred to. Why should the crimes of monarchs be made manifest and those of peoples remain concealed?

I shall give some extracts from the letters from M. de Talleyrand which awaited me at Paris: "In the Ministry here you will find more politeness than friendship. To be intimate with M. Royer-Collard and not to have prevented him speaking against the press law is too bad! That is our real crime. Even Thiers has not been here for two days. I am not sorry, as I should have told him very plainly that I thought the articles in the *Journal de Paris* which he writes or inspires very improper, and that he should have so much respect for M. Royer-Collard as at least to keep silent. The confidence of the Tuileries is also one of the causes of the Ministerial coolness. . . . Thiers has lost a great deal at the recent sittings of the Chamber. To appear in the tribune with a copy of the *National* dating from before 1830 in order to prove that one did not say so and so, is to rate oneself very low! Men who have not been properly educated to begin with grow up with great difficulty; they lose their heads whenever they are contradicted. . . . You cannot too highly praise M. de Broglie's speech; all the incense bearers in Paris have passed through his salon. . . . The affair of the escape of Pépin has much diminished the stability of the Ministry, which has shown itself so incompetent to deal with a serious situation. People say, 'If the Government doesn't serve the King better than that what have we to rely upon?' Thiers, instead of using his ability to consolidate his position, has used it to produce an impression of mere cleverness. He came badly out of these sittings. In the first place, he was beaten on an amendment of Firmin Didot's, then he brought his claims as a journalist

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into the tribune which produced a bad effect everywhere. And yet he is the best the Ministry have got, because he has humanity behind all his cleverness; he loves his friends, he is a good creature (in the best sense of the term), but he requires to have good people about him, and those he has are the reverse. . . . Do not forget that espionage in the Chamber, in the streets, and in letters is pushed to the utmost lengths. . . . The King, the Queen, and Madame Adélaïde look forward to seeing you among the greatest of their consolations. They need consolation, for I assure you they are very unhappy. The Guizots and the Broglies will perhaps talk to you of my coldness; you can say to them that the coldness is not on my side. It did not come from me, but from them."

Here now is an extract from a letter from Madame de Lieven, dated Baden, September 2: "I have reason to believe, from a few lines I have from England, that there is an understanding between Peel and Lord Grey. The quarrel of the two Houses will be adjusted, I understand from Lady Cowper. They think very well of M. le Duc de Nemours in England."

Paris, September 8, 1835.—M. Thiers is aged and ill; his illness is nothing but fatigue and exhaustion, but what a life! He is angry with his colleagues for grudging him the days of rest for which he asks, and roundly accuses them of cowardice for shrinking from assuming for three weeks a responsibility which burdens him all the year. But what a responsibility it is to preserve the King from the daggers of assassins! Every day there is a new conspiracy; to defeat them all is a superhuman task.

Up till now Fieschi's crime has not been connected with anything of importance. There are a few obscure public-house accomplices and that is all; the Ministry cannot find anything bigger. M. Thiers even goes so far as to think it the most ominous feature of the case that such an atrocity should be the fruit not of fanaticism or intense passion, or even of some deep laid political conspiracy, but simply the product of the licence and anarchy which dominate the public mind.

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Fieschi, being pressed by a doctor to declare the motive which led him to commit the crime, replied, "I did it as a boy lets off a cracker." Hideous frivolity! He asserts that all the clubs and secret societies, Carlist and others, were informed that on July 28 an attempt would be made to kill the King. Fieschi had relations with some ruffians of his own stamp; these talked to their friends, and thus a vague rumour spread and even reached the Government. No details however were given, no proper names, nothing precise. As for Fieschi himself, he is simply an Italian bravo, who is always ready to set his hand to a crime even though the reward is not great.

M. Guizot, who had to break the news to the Queen, told me that she was seized with an attack of nerves, that Madame Adélaïde was in despair, and yet so angry that she lost all self-control and literally did not know what she was doing. As for Madame de Broglie, who was also at the Chancellerie at the Place Vendôme with the Queen, she was much affected, but had her emotion under control. On this occasion M. Guizot told me that he felt inclined to compare Madame de Broglie's soul to a great desert in which there are beautiful oases. There are many gaps in her nature, and yet much force and power.

Paris, September 9, 1835.—The absurdities of Sébastiani are talked of even in the cabinet of Madame Adélaïde; and they seem in fact to pass all bounds. He is much laughed at in London, which he does not like at all. He says, in his dogmatic and paralytic way, "English society gives me indigestion." As for his wife, her silliness and simplicity have become proverbial. They entertain very little, and no one comes near them; Lord Palmerston alone, in order to mark the contrast with the insolence with which he honoured M. de Talleyrand, is constantly paying little attentions to the General. He is always coming to see him, and is most careful to keep him supplied with all the news.

The English Legion raised by General Alava has just been beaten in Spain. The abominable *canaille* he recruited turned and fled at once.

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The compromise between the two Houses in England has taken place; it is a truce until next Session.

I have seen the King, who gave me his account of July 28. It is a very curious thing that on the evening before he had told his Ministers that they would shoot at him from a window, that being the surest method of assassination. M. Thiers and General Athalin feared an attack at close quarters, and wished the King to take precautions against this, but he absolutely refused to do so as being useless. The King's advisers partly adopted his Majesty's view, but said they thought the attempt, if made at all, would be made in a narrow street. The King, on the other hand, maintained that they were wrong, and that the attempt would be made on the Boulevard because of the trees, which would afford better cover for the assassin. The King's predictions all came true. He told me that the most cruel moment in his life—which has certainly not been without incident—was when the order of the review brought him back after half an hour to the scene of the crime, and he was forced to pass through pools of blood and among the dead and wounded, amid the cries and lamentations of the people who had been torn to pieces because of him. When he rejoined his family he burst into tears, and his first words were, "Poor Marshal Mortier is dead." No one could have been more self-forgetful, more simply courageous, and yet more moved by the misfortunes of others. His conduct was really admirable, as is unanimously admitted.

The Emperor of Russia did not write personally, but contented himself with sending condolences by a *chargé d'affaires*. This is all the worse, as he wrote a letter with his own hand to the widow of the Duc de Trévise, who had been Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Several small Sovereigns were also silent. The letters from Austria were cordial, those from Prussia excellent, Saxony was tender, England correct, Holland kind but otherwise without interest.

The King, who very justly fears any shock, wishes to keep the present Ministry as long as possible, but he thinks he already sees some new germs of division which he fears will

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develop during the sick leave for which M. Thiers has applied and which will be accorded. The composition of a new Cabinet would be very difficult, chiefly owing to the question of the Presidency, which touches everybody's vanity. The King would like to abolish the Presidency altogether, and with this in view he would like to entrust it for a short time to some exceptional person with whom no one would compete and who could have no successor. It is thus that he comes to think of M. de Talleyrand. His Majesty is at least as antagonistic as ever to the doctrinaire party in the Cabinet, and fears above all that if there were a partial dissolution it would be this factor which would be strengthened.

I am always surprised when people lie without any particular object. It is quite natural that newspapers should amuse themselves by deceiving the public, but when Ministers of State amuse themselves by telling falsehoods the effect is curious. Thus M. Guizot told me the day before yesterday that it was he who broke the news of the catastrophe of July 28 to the Queen at the Hôtel de la Chancellerie. Well, it appears that the Princesses were told of the danger to which the King had just been exposed while they were still at the Tuileries and on the point of leaving for the Chancellerie, by two aides-de-camp sent by the King for that purpose! Vanity leads people into very contemptible things. Could anything be more childish than to invent a lying story about a fact of this kind?

Paris, September 10, 1835.—M. le Duc d'Orléans regrets that the Würtemberg project of marriage has not come off. He says he wishes to settle the matter as regards Princess Sophia, and to visit Stuttgart when he next goes to Germany. He says that if he married some one else without having seen her, he would be convinced that he had missed his true fate.

M. le Duc d'Orléans is very bitter about the Ministry in general; the royal family is disposed to blame the negligence and obstinacy (if it is no worse) of the police for what has happened. He is sure that for some time back the police

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have been wanting in ability, but as for the escape of Pépin, he is convinced it is due to the negligence of M. Pasquier, who sits languidly in an arm-chair and gives incomplete orders, and also to some extent to M. Martin du Nord, who transmits these orders, with even less detail, to inferior agents, who carry them out in the slackest way. M. Legonidec, in exculpating himself, makes very grave charges against his superiors, and some go so far as to say that M. Pasquier is negligent because he fears to find some Carlist at the bottom of the Fieschi affair. This is what Madame Adélaïde wants, and what the Queen fears above all things. The King thinks that the attempt has a Republican origin. The essential thing is to get at the truth if possible, and the determination of Ministers to see nothing in the whole affair but a conspiracy conceived in a cabaret is not one which is likely to lead to new discoveries.

Prince Leopold of Naples is accused of practising such duplicity in the matter of his marriage that any other than Princess Marie might have been disgusted with the affair. She is, however, anxious to be settled; no other match offers, and, as the King says, "You know, of course, that Neapolitan princesses simply must be married." His daughter is half a Neapolitan.

The eldest of our Princesses, the Queen of the Belgians, had so little inclination for the King, her husband, that she refuses ever to return to Compiègne, where her marriage was solemnised; and it is chiefly for this reason that the Court is arranging to go to Fontainebleau. However, this disinclination on the part of Queen Louise has been transformed into a conjugal affection so intense that she lives almost shut up with the King in a *tête-à-tête* which is hardly interrupted even by her ladies or the Master of the Household who receive all their orders in writing. The King and the Queen occupy adjoining rooms, the doors of which are left open. The King, who is timid and domestic in his habits, likes this sort of life very well, and it is much to his wife's taste, for she is only loved by her husband, while he is adored by her. I have these details from her brother, the Duc d'Orléans.

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Paris, September 11, 1835.—My son Alexander, who is just returned from Italy, says that the country is covered with monks flying from Spain and taking with them the treasures of their convents. The precious stones which come from this source are being sold cheap.

The Queen of the French, though in delicate health, goes to bed late, and never retires without having herself read all the petitions addressed to her. She does this chiefly because she fears she might miss some information which might be given in this form and might concern the King's safety.

On July 28, at the very moment when he saw his three sons round him, he turned to M. Thiers and, stretching out his hand, said, "Do not be alarmed: I am alive and well." These are words worthy of Henri IV.!

Maintenon, September 12, 1835.—This place is quite restored and furnished. The rooms are fine; there is a large establishment. The river is clear, and the aqueducts are on a great scale. For any one who does not miss a view, and who does not fear the damp, this old château, which has so many associations, is one of the most splendid and attractive abodes possible.

Courtalin, September 13, 1835.[1]—Here they know all about what is passing at the Court of Charles X. It is said that the language there on the subject of the crime of July 28 has been very kind and correct. That unhappy Court spends its time in internal warfare and animosity. There are exactly the same intrigues and rivalries as there used to be at Rome at the Court of the Pretender.

Rochecotte, September 14, 1835.—This morning I went to see the Prince de Laval at his pretty manor of Montigny, which he is arranging and adorning in the most delightful manner, while trying to preserve its Gothic character. It is a place which suits well with the heraldic tastes of its possessor.

At Tours I found the Prefect rather irritated at a Ministerial order requiring an exact report of the newspapers which the officials of the Government take in. This little in-

[1] A castle belonging to the Duc de Montmorency.

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quisition does, in fact, somewhat recall the curiosity which used to be displayed under the Restoration.

Valençay, September 15, 1835.—To-day I dined at Beauregard with Madame de Sainte-Aldegonde. It is a fine house, an old hunting lodge of François I., which he used when stag hunting from Chambord, in the Forest of Roussé. There is a gallery with a hundred and twenty portraits, which are very bad but interesting because they represent all the celebrated people of the period in Europe. The gallery is paved with tiles contemporary with the house. There is a good deal of old panelling and furniture very well preserved by their present owner.

I arrived late at Valençay and found M. de Talleyrand thinner, complaining of palpitation of the heart, and of some rather painful trouble in his left arm. He had just got a letter from the King announcing the appointment of M. de Bacourt as Minister at Carlsruhe. The following extract refers to the want of deference with which M. de Broglie treats him: "My dear Prince, the method which in my 'impotence' I decided to use has proved completely successful, and what you desired [1] has been done. I wished to have at any rate the pleasure of announcing this to you myself while renewing most cordially the assurance of my old friendship for you which you have known so long."

The King of the French is not the only Sovereign who does not like his Ministers. The King of England hates his and speaks openly against them at table, as well as against his sister-in-law, the Duchess of Kent, who meanwhile is taking her daughter about from county to county receiving addresses and answering them just as if she were Regent already.

Valençay, September 16, 1835.—Mlle. Sabine de Noailles is sixteen, very beautiful, very clever and well educated, with a voice like a man, an excellent memory like all the Noailles, and rather brusque manners. At dinner at Courtalin she raised her voice, and addressing M. de Talleyrand, who was

1 An allusion to the request made to the King by M. de Talleyrand that M. de Bacourt should be appointed to Carlsruhe.

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not next to her, she said: "Uncle, will you drink a glass of wine with me?" "With great pleasure, my dear *nephew!*" replied M. de Talleyrand.

The Duke of Modena is playing the petty tyrant in his Duchy. One of his commonest practices is to have the whiskers and moustaches of those whose passports are in any way irregular cut off. The fashion of the day makes this a more cruel punishment than imprisonment, which, however, his victims have usually to suffer in addition!

The grandmother of the present Duc d'Arenberg, an intimate friend of Maria Theresa, a great and noble lady in all respects, came to France under the Consulate to secure her removal from the list of *émigrés* and the restoration of such of her property as was still sequestrated. She stayed with the Maréchale de Beauveau, who was a friend of hers. She had to write to Fouché requesting an interview, which being granted she went to the Hôtel de Police. Her carriage was not allowed to enter, and she had to alight and cross the dirty courtyard. The Minister was engaged and could not receive the Duchess, whom he referred to his principal clerk. The latter said she might sit down while he was looking for the box with the papers about her case. He began to turn over an index and exclaimed, "But your name was removed a fortnight ago; it is struck out altogether, and since I am the first to give you the good news I must have a kiss, Citoyenne d'Arenberg." Whereupon he seized the Duchess and kissed her on both cheeks. But before Madame d'Arenberg was at the bottom of the steps he called her back, shouting: "Hi! Citoyenne d'Arenberg! I made a mistake; it is not you but one d'Alembert who is struck out!" So the poor Duchess had to go back to Madame de Beauveau having been kissed by the clerk but not struck out of the list. The First Consul, who heard the story next day, ordered the Duchess's name to be struck out at once and she got back her property.

Valençay, September 17, 1835.—The Princesse de Lieven has had a curious conversation at Baden with M. Berryer the Advocate and Deputy. "What do you think, monsieur,

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of the new laws proposed by the French Government on the occasion of the attempt of July 28?" "I approve of them in principle, and that is why I intend to absent myself from the Chamber, where my position would oblige me to oppose them."—"Do you think the Government will last?"—"No."—"Do you think there will be a Republic?"—"No."—"Do you think Henri V. will come in?"—"No."—"What, then, do you think?"—"Nothing, for in France it is impossible to establish anything." M. Berryer left the next day for Ischl to see Madame la Duchesse de Berry there, and is bound thence for Naples.

Valençay, September 18, 1835.—I am anxious about M. de Talleyrand—not that I think that the symptoms he complains of are serious, but he is impressed by them. He often speaks of his end, and is evidently afraid of it, and thrusts the idea away from him with horror. He often sighs, and yesterday I heard him exclaim, "Ah, mon Dieu!" in a tone of the deepest dejection. Politics and news interest him, but there is not much of those to be had here.

Valençay, September 19, 1835.—Lord Alvanly came back in a cab from the scene of his duel with O'Connell's son and gave a piece of gold to the cabman. The latter, surprised at this generosity, said, "What, my lord, a sovereign for taking you so near your death?"—"No, my man, but for taking me back!"

I sent for the excellent Dr. Bretonneau from Tours to examine M. de Talleyrand. He says that the trouble is only muscular, the muscles being bruised and weary with the efforts M. de Talleyrand has to make owing to the failure of his legs. He thinks, moreover, that he is in a nervous state and is languid and bored, but that there is nothing dangerous. The worst feature is the growing weakness of his extremities which might at any moment reduce him to complete helplessness. In short all the circumstances point to living with difficulty, but none suggest that the end is near. I hope that Bretonneau's presence and his kind and clever talk will have calmed M. de Talleyrand's mind.

Valençay, September 20, 1835.—General Sébastiani has

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been nearly blown up in Manchester Square in London. A new Fieschi had deposited an infernal machine there with the result that one poor woman was injured. There are as yet no further particulars. There is nothing but crime and mystery in these days!

M. Royer-Collard spoke to us yesterday of his last speech in the Chamber of Deputies. He said that if he had held his peace he would have thought himself dishonoured, that he would rather have had himself carried to the tribune than be silent in a situation in which the glory of his whole life was at stake, and finally that he would be dead now if he had not spoken and that the only reason he is not better than he is, is that he did not manage to express all that he was thinking.

I was bold enough to touch on the subject of the Cours Prévôtales [1] at the time of the second Restoration, for which he has been so much blamed lately, and M. Royer-Collard replied: "It is true that I, with several Councillors of State, was appointed to examine the Bill before the Minister introduced it in the Chamber. M. Cuvier and I opposed it in principle and secured many modifications in detail. M. de Marbois, who was then Garde des Sceaux, and who did not like the law, wished it to be introduced in the Chamber by people who were opposed to it, and appointed me Government Commissary without consulting me. I did not know what had been done till I saw the *Moniteur* and I complained bitterly. I did not appear in the Chamber as Commissary during the discussion of the law, and I defy any one to quote a word I ever said in its favour." He added that M. Guizot, then Secretary-General at the Ministry of Justice, should not have contented himself with being so good as to quote to his colleagues in the present Cabinet the *Moniteur* which contained

1 In 1789 the Cours Prévôtales were tribunals empowered to punish summarily and without appeal certain crimes and offences defined by an Ordinance of 1731. Under the Consulate and the Empire exceptional jurisdictions were established under the same name to deal with desertions, mutiny, political offences and smuggling. The Cours Prévôtales of the Restoration were composed of Judges of Courts of first instance, and were directed by a Prévôt, a superior officer of the army. These Courts from 1815 to 1817 took cognisance of offences against the public safety and acted retrospectively; they were an instrument of Reaction and Political vengeance.

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his name. He should at the same time have explained how it happened. If this accusation had been made in the Chamber instead of merely in the Ministerial press M. Royer-Collard would have ascended the tribune to give the true version of the matter.

He is sorry to have wounded M. Thiers by his speech, which was not aimed at him, and he would have liked to be able to make an exception in his favour.

M. Royer-Collard, who has not always either thought or spoken well of King Louis-Philippe, has changed his mind to a remarkable extent. Last night, *à propos* of the fine portrait of the King which is here, he said he had gone up very much in his opinion, more than he was willing to admit to himself, so great was the contradiction between his past and present opinions on this point, and between his reason and his prejudices.

Valençay, September 21, 1835.—M. de Talleyrand was reassured for a day or two by the conscientious and satisfactory report of Bretonneau, but has now relapsed into anxieties about his health. He admits that he thinks of nothing else and says that the cause lies in his state of mind, which is depressed and weary. Yesterday evening when I went back to his room I found him reading a medical book, studying the subject of heart disease, and fancying he had a polypus. Yet he suffers very little, only at long intervals, and then not without a purely natural cause. It is clear to me (and I know something about it) that he has an attack of nerves. He had no experience of this protean malady. He denied its existence in others and now he is a victim himself and will not admit it.

They say that General Alava has been appointed President of the Council at Madrid. He has been saying for the last year that he only accepted the mission to London because the Duke of Wellington was in office. He remained in spite of the Duke's resignation because, he said, Martinez de la Rosa was Premier at Madrid. The reason why he did not retire along with Martinez de la Rosa was, he explained, because Toreno was also his friend! He led the English

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Legion he had raised in London to Spain in person, after having sworn to declare for Don Carlos on the day the Queen Regent should summon a single foreigner to defend her cause, and finally he seems to have been placed at the head of the Spanish Cabinet by Mendezabal, whom he once drove out of his house as a rascal and a thief! This, it must be confessed, is to push the logic of inconsistency to its furthest limits!

Valençay, September 22, 1835.—This is the first occasion for twenty years that I have spent this anniversary[1] away from M. de Talleyrand. He went away yesterday to the Conseil Général at Châteauroux. I remained alone here with the generation which is destined to succeed him. This gave rise to one or two reflections, among which was that when M. de Talleyrand departs this life I should come here very seldom—not that I fear that I should not be well treated, but the memories of the past would make everything painful to me, and that the contrast which even yesterday was visible would become more marked. I did not feel that it was my business to manage and carry on the salon. It was not my house, and I longed for wings in order to fly to Rochecotte.

M. Mennechet, up to the present time editor of *la Mode*, a Carlist paper, and defamatory on principle, says, "Just fancy; for five years I have been leading forlorn hopes on behalf of the Prague people and I have only had two letters from them, one from King Charles X. bitterly complaining of the caricatures of Louis-Philippe which we had sent him and which he ordered us to stop, and the other from Madame la Dauphine who two months ago wrote me a very severe letter, sending me back my paper and saying that she would give up her subscription because we had published an article in which it was said that we had seen or received a letter containing good news about the Duc de Bordeaux." M. Mennechet, much distressed by these two letters, has resigned the editorship. I think the letters are very reasonable and very creditable to the writers.

1 September 22 is the day of Saint Maurice, the patron Saint of M. de Talleyrand.

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Valençay, September 23, 1835.—I am impatiently awaiting M. de Talleyrand's return from Châteauroux. Though he has become depressed and irritable, his presence does good here. It fills this great castle, and maintains good conversation and manners. Moreover, when he is here I feel there is a reason for my presence.

Valençay, September 24, 1835.—Bretonneau's diagnosis is justified. M. de Talleyrand has returned from Châteauroux revived and pleased with the reception of the Prefect and the enthusiasm of the whole town as well as by the success of the road in which he is interested.

Madame Adélaïde writes that the King's expedition to the town of Eu has been not only good for his health but gratifying to him personally and to all his family. The testimonies of affection which he received all along the way were impossible to describe.

Pépin was at last recaptured on the morning of the 22nd. This also I learn from Madame, but she had only just heard, and gives no details.

M. de Rigny is said to be at Toulon, which proves that he has not been successful in his negotiations for the Neapolitan marriage.

Valençay, September 28, 1835.—M. Brenier, who has just come from London, tells me that General Sébastiani hates music as much as his wife loves it. He will not allow her to go to the Opera or to concerts. One day, however, after many prayers, Madame Sébastiani obtained permission to go to a concert at Lady Antrobus's. It was on June 18, and the General was to call for his wife later. He arrived simultaneously with the Duke of Wellington, who was in uniform and surrounded by many officers, all coming from the great military dinner given on the occasion of the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. The singers were at the moment singing a hymn in honour of the conqueror. Sébastiani was furious, and told M. de Bourqueney, his First Secretary, who had gone with him, to tell Madame Sébastiani that she must leave. She does not understand English, and therefore did not grasp what the words of the cantata meant, and at first

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refused to leave her place. M. de Bourqueney, stimulated by the furious gestures of the General, almost dragged the poor woman out by force over the seats. When she finally got to her husband he said to her, in his pompous and sententious manner, "I told you, madame, that music would be your ruin!"

It was this same M. Bourqueney, who was lately writing for the *Journal des Débats* before he went to London with Sébastiani, who had the impudence to insinuate that he prepared for M. de Talleyrand from Paris the speech which the Prince made to the King of England in delivering the letters accrediting him to the Court of St. James's in 1830. The following is the history of this speech. M. de Talleyrand was just finishing dressing to go to the King, and said to me that it had occurred to him that it would not be amiss to say a word or two, as was the old fashion. In the peculiar circumstances of the time he thought it would be a good thing, but he had no time to prepare anything. Then he added: "Come, Madame de Dino, sit down and find me a few phrases, and please write them in your largest hand." I did so. He changed two or three words in my draft, which I recopied while his orders were being pinned on and his hat and cane were being brought. This is the precise history of this little speech, which by its fortunate allusions and a comparison between 1688 and 1830 attracted some attention at the time.[1]

It is the same with the letter of resignation which M. de Talleyrand wrote less than a year ago. The general idea is that M. Royer-Collard was its author, so here again follows an exact account of what passed. My conscience had told me that it was absolutely necessary that M. de Talleyrand should send in his resignation, and I familiarised him by degrees with this idea. I knew that he always found it difficult to express his thoughts in words, and that he pre-

1 This speech is given at the end of this volume. I shall quote only the phrase here referred to. "England, like France, repudiates in her foreign relations the principle of interfering in the affairs of her neighbours, and the ambassador of a monarchy established by the unanimous votes of a great people feels himself at ease in a land of liberty, in the presence of a scion of the illustrious House of Brunswick."

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ferred to act. I had, therefore, for a long time been considering what words it would be best to use. At last, one day last November, when we were alone here, I spoke again to M. de Talleyrand of the propriety, which was daily growing more obvious, of his sending in his resignation—a step from which he still shrank a little. He then said that the necessary letter would be very hard to write. Thereupon I immediately gathered together all that I had prepared in thought and put it into writing. I came back in half an hour and read what I had written to M. de Talleyrand, who was much struck with it and adopted it entire, all but two words, which he thought affected. I then asked him to submit the proposed letter to M. Royer-Collard, which he was quite willing to do. Next morning I left for Châteauvieux. M. Royer-Collard thought well of the letter, only putting at the end "the thoughts which it suggests" instead of "the warning which it gives," as I had written, and replacing one expression at the beginning, which he thought too pompous, by another in better taste. Thus, without any further alteration, this letter afterwards appeared in the *Moniteur*, and for a good while occupied public attention. All the letters of this period written by M. de Talleyrand to the King, Madame Adélaïde, and the Duke of Wellington, were first thrown on paper by me and then rehandled by him. It was only the first above-mentioned, which contained his resignation, which was corrected by M. Royer-Collard. The others were merely communicated to him, and he approved them all.

Valençay, October 1, 1835.—Yesterday I went to Châteauvieux; the weather was terrible.

M. Royer-Collard said that, of all the people he had ever met, the two most alike were Charles X. and M. de la Fayette. They were both equally mad, equally obstinate, and equally honest. Speaking of M. Thiers, he said: "He is a good-humoured rascal with plenty of cleverness and some sparks of greatness, but capable of losing an empire by his recklessness and excitability." Referring to the recent repressive laws, he said: "I have no love for dictators, but reason tells me that

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they are necessary at times. Perhaps the present is one of these times. But where are we to find the Dictator? If they frankly proposed the King I could understand it, but to think of the present Cabinet occupying such a position!"

Valençay, October 4, 1835.—Yesterday I heard some singular stories of M. Cousin, whose formerly revolutionary ideas have changed into monarchical sentiments of the most exalted character. Some delightful remarks on the subject are quoted. It seems that this illustrious Peer has composed a monarchical and Catholic Catechism. The work being completed it was laid before M. Guizot, who gave it his approval, as did M. Persil, Minister of Public Worship. The book was printed, sent out to educational establishments, and recommended to all the institutions under the University. After all this there came a poor priest with the book in his hand and proved that all these doctors had only forgotten one little thing in the whole system of Catholic doctrine, which was the doctrine of Purgatory, to which not the slightest allusion was made throughout the catechism, verified and approved as it was by M. Guizot, Minister of Public Instruction and a Calvinist!

Valençay, October 10, 1835.—A pedantic and ill-mannered Prefect spitefully refused permission to M. de Talleyrand to plant a few trees, saying that he was "*à cheval sur la loi.*" "Dear me," replied M. de Talleyrand, "you have chosen to ride a sorry jade!"

The celebrated Alfieri was at first attracted by the ideas of the French Revolution, but became so disgusted with them, that he determined to leave France. The reason of this was that one day he was driving four-in-hand in the Bois de Boulogne at a great pace, himself holding the reins, when the horses were requisitioned by force for the public service. That very evening he announced his departure, and in reply to entreaties that he should remain. he observed, "What on earth is one to do in a country where the nobility have no daggers and the priests no poison!"

Valençay, October 16, 1835.—I am confronted with new anxieties. I had heard that the Princesse de Talleyrand

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was in an alarming condition, and that her end appeared to be approaching. The Baronne de Talleyrand, who told me, asked me to prepare M. de Talleyrand for this event. I confess I shrank from this mission. The gloomy ideas which have so frequently recurred to M. de Talleyrand's mind for some time, the depression caused by his great age, the anxiety which he feels at the slightest symptoms, the sharp and painful impression made on him by the deaths of his contemporaries—all this made me hesitate to tell him that his wife's days were numbered. I was not afraid of the shock of the bereavement, for his heart is not interested. But the disappearance of a person much of his own age, with whom he had lived and of whom he had once been fond, or who had been so indispensable to him that he had given her his name—all this made me think that the Princess's danger would affect him deeply.

I racked my brains to find some oblique way of getting at the subject without speaking directly of a seizure. My first remarks were received in silence, after which M. de Talleyrand immediately changed the subject. Next day, however, he returned to it, but only to refer to the embarrassment it would be to be in mourning if she did die, of the funeral, and of the cards that would be sent out. If the Princess did die, he said, he would go out of Paris for a week or a fortnight, and all this he said, not only without any trace of grief, but even in a tone of obvious relief. He immediately proceeded to enter on the financial questions of importance which are involved in his wife's death which would repossess him not only of her annuity, but also of other monies in which she has only a life interest. All the rest of the day M. de Talleyrand showed a kind of serenity and gaiety which I have not seen in him for a long time, and which struck me so much, that when I heard him positively humming a tune, I could not help asking him "if it was the fact that he was soon to be a widower that put him in such spirits." He made a face at me like a mischievous child, and went on talking about all there would be to do if the Princess were to die. He will have the satisfaction of

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an easier income, which will be a relief to him, as for some years past his revenues have, to his great annoyance, notably diminished owing to several causes. Besides this, it is probably a relief to him (though he will not acknowledge this even to me), to see a bond snapped which was the greatest scandal of his life because it was the only one which was irremediable.

Valençay, October 18, 1835.—After several months of silence, during which General Alava has come to grief at the head of the English ruffians he took with him to Spain, I have received a letter from him at Madrid, dated the 6th instant, which begins thus: "You were right, my dear Duchesse, when you once said that to enter Spain with foreign troops was to tempt Providence." The letter ends with another allusion to my prediction, which seems to have come true to a degree which poor absurd Alava can hardly bear. He insists, however, that he was in honour bound to this partisan existence which he dignifies with the epithet chivalrous, although it is merely Quixotic in the bad sense.

He does not need to explain why he refused the Premiership, but he says he took the Ministry of Foreign Affairs because he saw the safety of the Queen Regent was compromised. He does not say how. He then adds that as soon as he was reassured on this point he retired completely from the Cabinet, that his only desire is to resume his duties in London as soon as the session of the Cortès is over. He seems to feel the uncertainty of this, for he says, "Heaven alone knows what obstacles may come between me and London before then." He ends by saying that if he goes back to England it will be by sea in order to avoid Paris which, according to him, is a very dangerous place for a Spanish diplomatist.

As regards France, he says: "As they waited for the *casus fœderis* before they acted, the *casus mortis* in which we find ourselves, relieves us of the necessity of thinking of our liberation, which is a thing of which dead men have no need."

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Paris, October 23, 1835.—We have been back in Paris some days.

M. le Duc d'Orléans was speaking to me yesterday of the Neapolitan marriage planned for his sister Princess Marie, which did not come off, and he told me that he had applied to his brother-in-law, the King of the Belgians, who is here just now, to find some younger son of a great German House who would be willing to marry the Princess and come and live at Paris. Princess Marie is clever, but her imagination is vivid and restless; she is fond of the arts, and is little used to restraint or to pomp and ceremony. They think she would be happier if established in Paris, and certainly freer than she would be elsewhere. No opportunity seems likely to occur of a foreign marriage; even the chance of such a thing seems more remote. The Princess is twenty-three, and the Queen is worried and anxious about it.

The pretensions of the King's children are in all things much reduced, for M. Guizot said the other day, when M. de Bacourt was leaving for Carlsruhe, that there might not be much to do, but there was one thing, which was to preserve the last Princess of Baden for M. le Duc d'Orléans. This Princess is the daughter of Stéphanie de Beauharnais. I doubt if this marriage would be agreeable to the young Prince, who only yesterday, *à propos* of the Leuchtenbergs, said some hard things of the Beauharnais family. He said they were all intriguers, and would not make an exception even in favour of the Grand Duchess Stéphanie of Baden who, in my opinion, deserves a place apart. She is not only a kindly woman, but there is in her a touch of sublimity, though she is a trifle too energetic and her pretensions to wit are excessive.

The Princesse de Talleyrand is better, and so little concerned about her condition that all she thinks of is how to secure further advantages for herself at her husband's death.

Paris, October 24, 1835.—M. Pasquier told us yesterday that they had been obliged to amputate one of Fieschi's finger-joints as a result of the wound caused by the bursting of his infernal machine, and that the patient grasped the

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injured finger with the other hand before the surgeons began their work saying: "Little one, I am sorry, but you are going to lose your head before I lose mine." His coolness, courage and physical strength are only equalled by his excessive vanity.

I find the Tuileries depressing, Madame Adélaïde aged, the King flushed and stouter. They are both cast down by the departure of the Prince Royal for Algeria. The punishment of an African brigand does not seem a sufficient motive for risking so precious a life. They are displeased with Ministers for having rather encouraged than checked the adventurous and highly natural impulse of the young Prince.

The cholera has ceased neither at Toulon nor in Africa; it may yet cause some calamity to the King. The failure of the Neapolitan marriage disappoints, and the extreme coldness of the new Russian Ambassador discourages them.

In the thirty-six hours he spent in Vienna with the ostensible purpose of paying his respects to the last Emperor of Austria, and with the real object of charming M. de Metternich through his wife, and the Archduke Louis through the Archduchess Sophia, the Czar of Russia rushed all over the city in a cab, forced the vault in which the last Emperor is buried, and contrived to change his uniform four times!

À propos of the appointment of Count Pahlen as Russian Ambassador in France the Carlists are saying that nothing can more clearly prove the *rapprochement* of the Czar Nicholas with King Louis-Philippe than the choice of the son of a murderer as Ambassador at the Court of the son of a regicide.

Paris, October 27, 1835.—M. de Talleyrand said yesterday that on his return from America, after all the horrors of the Revolution, he met Sieyès and asked him how he had got through that frightful time, and what he did during those miserable years. "I lived," replied Sieyès! It was in fact the best, and the most difficult, thing to do!

The Government, wishing to find a pretext for the liberation of the Ham prisoners,[1] eagerly seized on some symptoms of mental derangement shown by M. de Chantelauze. M.

[1] In 1830 the signatories of the celebrated decrees which led to the fall

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Thiers intended after some months of an asylum to remove the prisoners to the country houses of friends who would be answerable for them, and with this end in view he had appointed a commission of celebrated physicians to inquire into the condition of M. de Chantelauze and at the same time that of the other ex-Ministers. M. de Chantelauze however, as soon as he heard of the impending arrival of the doctors, hastened to declare that he would receive them politely as eminent persons but not in their medical capacity, that he would answer none of their questions, and that he desired his complete and instantaneous liberation or nothing. I much doubt whether his companions in misfortune are pleased with him for showing so much disdain.

Paris, November 14, 1835.—I have just had very friendly letters from Lord and Lady Grey. They are very busy with their estate of Howick, from which they write, and seem to be quite out of politics.

Lady Grey says a thing which I echo with all my heart. "If my friends will only love me and I can possess a garden in summer and an armchair in winter I am perfectly happy in leading the life of an oyster.—Don't expose me to Madame de Lieven, she would think me unfit to live!"

Paris, November 16, 1835.—M. de Barante came to say good-bye. He leaves to-morrow for St. Petersburg with a full heart and an anxious mind. Since the famous speech [1] of the Czar Nicolas at Warsaw, which Madame de Lieven herself refers to as a catastrophe, and since the commentary of the articles in the *Journal des Débats* on this speech, the position of the French Ambassador is a very difficult one.

of Charles X., MM. de Polignac, de Peyronnet, Guernon de Ranville, and Chantelauze, were prosecuted before the House of Peers, deprived of their titles, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. They were then confined at Ham.

[1] The speech here mentioned was made on October 10, 1835, at Warsaw by the Emperor Nicolas, in the presence of the Corporation of that City, whom he was addressing. The Imperial words were filled with threats and reproaches to the Poles, formulated in terms so violent that they astonished Europe, where their authenticity was largely doubted. The allusions to clandestine relations maintained by the Polish rebels with foreign Powers, embarrassed more than one diplomatist, and more than one Government. This speech was published by the *Journal des Débats* of November 11, 1835, and will be found in the Appendix to this volume.

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The line he is to take seems to me a good one and all the more prudent as it was traced for him by the King.

We dined last night at the Tuileries, where there were only the Royal Family, the ladies and gentlemen actually in attendance, and some young people, the friends of the little Princes. M. le Duc d'Aumale had just been head of his class, which put him in high spirits. He was the only member of the company who appeared to me to be so.

The King was so kind as to have a charming portrait of Mary Stuart brought for me to see. It was all the more interesting as its history is pathetic. Mary Stuart's ladies went from England to Belgium immediately after their mistress's execution, and took with them this portrait which they placed in a public building where it still is. The Queen of the Belgians had a perfect copy of it made for the King, her father, and it is this copy which I saw.

In the course of the evening the King had a long talk with M. de Talleyrand and asked him to take a journey to Vienna. This however he declined, alleging in excuse the season of the year, his age, and the presence of another Ambassador already accredited to Vienna.

Paris, November 20, 1835.—The effect of the famous speech of the Emperor Nicolas to the municipality of Warsaw has been no less disagreeable at Vienna than at Berlin. The English papers have attacked it violently. The *Morning Chronicle*, the organ of the Whig Cabinet, has been much more violent even than the *Journal des Débats*. *À propos* of the latter a curious thing has happened. The Government, wearied of all the indiscretions and improprieties committed by the *Débats*, which are becoming embarrassing owing to the semi-official colour of the paper, formed the idea of giving more importance to the *Moniteur* by inserting carefully-written articles, thus taking away the Ministerial importance of the *Débats*. This was the King's idea, and was adopted by the Cabinet. When, however, the question arose who should have the direct control of the *Moniteur* the Duc de Broglie claimed it as President of the Council, whereupon the King at once dropped the plan, and things are as they were before.

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Letters from England report that the English Ministry is much embarrassed. Lord John Russell's timid speech at Bristol, without satisfying the Conservatives has irritated the Radicals and the Irish Catholics extremely, and the Cabinet's very existence appears to be seriously threatened though the question is adjourned until the opening of Parliament.

The more I see of Count Pahlen, the new Russian Ambassador, the more excellent I find his disposition. I know on excellent authority that he has written to his Court in clear, simple, straightforward and kindly terms about what he has lately thought and seen. He did not conceal how much his social position was suffering owing to the instructions he had received, and he added that he did not feel bound to remain in such a position, declaring finally that his Government should either modify its first instructions or recall him. This declaration was sent off yesterday. The King and Madame Adélaïde are impatiently awaiting the answer, which of course will decide what relations there will be in future between our Government and that of Russia.

Paris, November 23, 1835.—Here are the leading points of a letter which I have just received from the Duke of Wellington. "We are still on the path on which we entered five years ago. All we can hope for is that the pace will not be too fast. To stop, and, above all, to return, is impossible. Robespierre was at least honest as regards money, his power was founded on disinterestedness; but those who intend to govern us and who are going to be our rulers will not be guided by the same considerations. At least I fear not."

Paris, November 24, 1835.—I spent a curious morning yesterday of which I wish to give a detailed description, but in order to be understood I must say a few words by way of preface.

I have a cousin named Louisa de Chabannes. In her early youth she was very pretty, and sang and painted. She was well bred but poor, and got no opportunity of marrying. She became retired, unsociable, weakly, and almost ugly. I used to see her three or four times a year, and I was always

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struck by the weariness of her manner, by her pallor and thinness, and by her silence and nervousness. Seven years ago I heard that she had joined the *Grandes Carmélites*. I was not surprised, for though she had never been exactly pious, it was quite clear that she was ill at ease in the world. However, like all her relations, I was quite convinced that the austerities of this severe Order would soon destroy that fragile and ailing organism. I heard, however, at long intervals, from her brother Alfred that she was still alive, and indeed much better than she used to be.

Yesterday morning I got a letter beginning, "My dear Cousin," and ending "Sœur Thérèse de Jésus." For a moment I did not understand; then I recollected Louisa de Chabannes. In this letter she said that having at last obtained permission to see me from her Superior she begged me to come at once. Yesterday was one of the very few days on which visits are allowed, and she added that in order that I should not be terrified she had as a great favour obtained permission to see me with her face uncovered and without witnesses. I should have been very sorry to disappoint the poor woman, and as I had business with the Archbishop, who lives in the same neighbourhood, I resolved to do both on the same day.

I left at two, and drew up at the end of the Rue d'Enfer before a doorway surmounted by a cross. The doorkeeper told me that Vespers were not over, for the nuns said the Great Office every day, and that I should go into the Chapel. I did so. At the end of the choir there is a grille armed with projecting points, behind which is a great brown veil, and the voices of the Sisters come from beyond this. Besides myself there were only two old ladies in the chapel, the only ornaments of which are a kneeling statue of Cardinal Bérulle in white marble and several portraits of S. Theresa. I did not know my cousin well enough to recognise her voice, but the Office came to an end almost immediately, and I went back to the doorkeeper's room, where I found the convent doctor, who had just called.

While they were away announcing his arrival and mine he

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saw that I was shivering, for in this house there never is any fire except in the infirmary and in the kitchen. The doctor then spoke to me of the régime of the establishment, which he declares is not unwholesome, and to prove it said that after numerous observations he had come to the conclusion that the average age reached by women outside was thirty-seven, whereas among the Carmélites it was as much as fifty-four. He left me to go to the infirmary and soon afterwards they took me to the parlour, which also was without a fire. A little cane arm-chair, on which was spread a mat also of cane, was drawn up to an iron grille lined with a wooden casing, and behind this double barrier there was a curtain of brown wool.

After a few moments I heard a lock turned and some one came forward to the grille and said in a clear voice, "*Deo gratias.*" I did not know what to reply and was silent, when the same voice repeated "*Deo gratias.*" Thereupon I had to say "I have not been told what answer I should give." A little burst of laughter disconcerted me—"My dear cousin, I only wanted to be sure that it was you." The curtain was drawn and I saw before me a round fresh smiling countenance lit up by two bright blue eyes. Instead of the feeble voice I expected I heard rich, animated, and rapid accents. The thoughts which she expressed were kindly and sweet, and the assurances she gave of her happiness and contentment were corroborated by her appearance, which certainly was strikingly reassuring in a nun so strictly cloistered. She is forty-eight and does not look thirty-six. She thanked me very much for having come, and handed me a little medal with an effigy of the Blessed Virgin, begging me to make M. de Talleyrand wear it without his knowledge. "This medal," she said, "brings back to the Faith even those who have wandered furthest from it." I did not refuse to do as she wished, as to do so would have been horribly unkind. Besides, there is something catching in a faith so sincere and so vivid! I said that I would look for a favourable moment for carrying out her blessed purpose.

I left much touched, and very thoughtful after saying adieu, probably for ever, to this charming and happy woman,

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who sleeps on a board, never has a fire, fasts the whole year round, and would be distressed if she did not say with S. Theresa, "may I suffer or else die."

I went on the Rue Saint-Jacques to the Convent of the Dames Saint-Michel to see the Archbishop, to whom I wished to speak about a project of marriage between my second son and Mlle. de Fougères. I was conducted by one of the sisters, clad in white from head to foot, to a little separate building which looks into the immense garden of the Convent. M. de Quélen has lived here almost entirely since the destruction of his palace. His apartments are clean, pretty, and very well looked after.

I found the Archbishop well and in good spirits and very much pleased to see me. He at once began to talk to me about my children, of their future and their marriages. I did not hesitate to go into details with him on this subject. He listened kindly and said that he would always be delighted to testify the interest he took in the family of the Cardinal de Périgord, and particularly in my children. I must know that he had a special interest in me which was due to the qualities I possessed, and to the fact that he had always regarded me as the instrument which Providence would probably use to accomplish its merciful and redeeming work on M. de Talleyrand. I made him promise to pay a morning call on M. de Talleyrand from time to time, as he used to do before our departure for England. When I left he said "Treat me as you used to do, as a relative, and promise me that you will come and see me again about the New Year." I said I would, and asked if I might then present my daughter, who had been baptized and confirmed by him. "And who, I hope, will not be married by any one else," he replied, on which I took my leave.

Paris, December 6, 1835.—Here is a story which M. Molé told me last night. Madame de Caulaincourt (Mlle. d'Aubusson) married in 1812. On leaving the church after the ceremony she went back to the convent where she had been educated, and her husband left for the front. He was killed at the battle of La Moskowa, where his brother-

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in-law, a young page of the Emperor, disappeared and was never heard of again. Madame de Caulaincourt, after her year of mourning, returned to Society, but did not go out much. She kept her father's house, he having been for long a widower. Her eldest brother, shortly after his marriage with Mlle. de Boissy, became completely insane, and her sister, the Duchesse de Vantadour, was attacked by a slow consumption. The father, all of whose children were stricken, decided to marry again, and did, in fact, marry Madame Greffulhe, mother of Madame de Castellane. Madame de Caulaincourt then retired to a convent, where she wished to take the veil. Her father opposed this and the Archbishop of Paris, whose consent was necessary, refused to give it so long as M. d'Aubusson withheld his approval. Madame de Caulaincourt was forced to give up her idea, but she took part in the exercises of the Sisterhood and wore their habit, never leaving the convent except when her father was ill. Her grief at not being allowed to follow her vocation undermined her health and the mischief settled naturally on her chest. On her deathbed she at last obtained her father's permission and sent for the Archbishop, to whom she communicated her desire to take the veil at the same time as she received extreme unction. There were some difficulties about this, but they were overcome, and forty-eight hours before she breathed her last she received the last sacraments and the veil that she so ardently desired! She died yesterday morning, in the odour of sanctity, a young woman.

Paris, December 9, 1835.—Madame la Princesse de Talleyrand died an hour ago. I have not yet told M. de Talleyrand more than that she was dying. Even where there is no affection the word "dead" has a sinister sound, and I do not like to say it to an aged man in ill-health—the less so as when he awoke to-day he had another slight heart attack, which abated on the application of mustard to his legs. He fell asleep again, and I shall tell him of his wife's death when he again awakes. He is in haste, I think, to be free at all costs from the agitations of these last days.

Paris, December 15, 1835.—M. Guizot came to see M. de Talleyrand yesterday, and told us that among the papers

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of M. Réal, formerly Chief of the Imperial Police, there had been discovered the original manuscript of the Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz, with the erasures made by the monks of Saint Mihiel. The manuscript had been bought by the Government, which had invoked the aid of the cleverest chemist in Paris, who, having vainly tried various methods, had finally discovered one which enabled the superimposed text to be removed and the original to be read. A new edition of the Memoirs, based on this manuscript, is to be published.

Madame d'Esclignac, who is behaving very badly about the property of the Princesse de Talleyrand, had a discussion on the subject yesterday with the Duchesse de Poix. The latter tried to make her see the impropriety of her conduct, how odious the publicity of a lawsuit would be, and how ungrateful to M. de Talleyrand, who gave her a dowry and is still paying a pension to her old nurse, whom she had left to die of hunger. To all this Madame d'Esclignac replied: "For my own part I do not fear any scandal, and as far as my uncle is concerned I desire it. I shall have the Faubourg Saint-Germain on my side, for I had the Archbishop of Paris to administer the last sacraments to Madame de Talleyrand."

Paris, December 21, 1835.—Count Pahlen received from his Government yesterday very satisfactory despatches, which assure him that the extravagances of the *Journal des Débats* are not confounded with the views of the King and his Ministers. These despatches, which came by post, were quite obviously intended to be read by the public. The Ambassador expects a courier every day, who will no doubt bring an expression of the private views of the Czar.

The Princesse de Lieven, whom I met yesterday at Madame Apponyi's, spoke to me about her affairs, and said that for a long time back her husband and she had invested all their savings out of Russia in order that they might be safe from ukases.

The Prince de Laval said yesterday, amusingly enough, that M. de Montrond's wit "fed on human flesh!" M. de Talleyrand thinks this "*very true and very neat!*"

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Paris, December 30, 1835.—I saw Madame Adélaïde yesterday. She was much satisfied with the opening sitting of the Chambers, which had taken place that very morning. She was pleased with the reception the King had, both coming and going, and along all the way from the Garde Nationale. There had been great difficulties in settling the terms of the speech from the Throne, which was still under discussion ten minutes before the sitting. The words "the Head of my Family," which are causing a great sensation, which are thought bold, but which please the diplomatic corps and every one who is on the side of stability, originate neither in the Palace nor in the Cabinet. They come from a sentence composed by M. de Talleyrand and me, which the King eagerly adopted, but the Cabinet would only authorise the words "the Head of my Family." The Carlists think them insolent! They are horrified at the idea of a fourth family! The Republicans like them no better, perhaps rather worse; . . . every one else approves of them highly.

Yesterday we had at dinner Madame de Lieven, Mr. Edward Ellice, Count Pahlen, Matuczewicz, and M. Thiers, who was in high spirits and very brilliant in conversation. He took me into a corner and told me that le Bergeron, of Port Royal, had a new criminal enterprise in hand. He had disguised himself in woman's clothes along with one of his friends, with the intention of making as if to present a petition to the King, and while doing so to shoot him point blank. The plan miscarried because the King, instead of riding to the Chamber as he had intended, went in a carriage because of the frost. Several arrests were made, but as nothing was actually attempted it is thought that they will have to release the suspects.

The fact that eight horses were attached for the first time to the King's carriage attracted attention. The real reason for this is unknown to the public, and is as follows. For greater safety the King (without his knowledge) was given the carriage formerly used by the Emperor Napoleon, which is lined with iron throughout to protect it from shots; it is extremely heavy, and requires eight horses.

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Count Pahlen yesterday received despatches modifying his first instructions, which were very severe in their terms and made his position here impossible. It appears that this has been clearly understood at St. Petersburg, and that he is to be given more scope. This will greatly please Madame de Lieven!

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APPENDIX

I

Speech made on October 6, 1830, by M. DE TALLEYRAND *on the occasion of his presenting his credentials to the* KING OF ENGLAND *as Ambassador of France at the Court of St. James's.* *See page 270.*

SIR,

His Majesty the King of the French has chosen me to be the interpreter of his sentiments towards Your Majesty, and I have joyfully accepted a mission which sheds so much lustre on the end of my long career.

Sir, of all the vicissitudes which I have seen in the course of my long life, in all the changes of fortune which I have experienced during forty eventful years, nothing perhaps could have so completely satisfied my desires as an appointment which would bring me back to this happy country. But how times change! The jealousies and prejudices which so long divided France and England have given place to sentiments of esteem and enlightened affection. Common principles bind the two countries even more closely together. England in her foreign policy repudiates, like France, the principle of interfering in her neighbour's foreign relations, and the Ambassador of a Monarch who is the unanimous choice of a great people feels himself at ease in a land of liberty in the presence of a scion of the illustrious House of Brunswick. I appeal, Sir, with confidence for your countenance in the duties with which I am charged at your Majesty's Court, and I pray that your Majesty will be pleased to accept the homage of my profound respect.

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II

Speech addressed by H.I.M. *the* Czar Nicolas *to the Municipality of Warsaw on October* 10, 1835.[1]

Gentlemen, I know that you wished to speak to me, and I even know the contents of the speech you proposed to make. It is in order to save you from uttering a lie that I do not allow that speech to be made—Yes, Gentlemen, a lie—for I know that your sentiments are not what you would have me believe. How could I believe you whose language on the eve of the Revolution was the same? Was it not you who five years since, aye eight years since, talked to me of your fidelity and devotion, and made the finest protestations? Before a fortnight had gone you broke your oaths and committed the most atrocious crimes.

The Emperor Alexander, who did more for you than an Emperor of Russia should have done, was recompensed with the blackest ingratitude. You have never been content with your position, however advantageous it has been made for you, and you have ended by destroying your own happiness—I am telling you the truth as this is the first time that I have had occasion to see you since the late troubles. Deeds, Gentlemen, are required, not words. Repentance must come from the heart. I am speaking without heat; you see that I am calm: I bear you no malice and I will do you good in spite of yourselves.

The Marshal here is carrying out my intentions and assisting me in my plans; he too is concerning himself with your welfare. (*Here the members of the deputation bowed to the Marshal*). Well, Gentlemen, what do these bows mean? Before all things you

[1] This speech first appeared in the *National*. The *Moniteur* reproduced it some days later.

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must do your duty and behave like decent people. You have to choose one of two courses, either to persist in your illusions about the independence of Poland, or to live quietly like faithful subjects under my government.

If you are obstinate enough to go on dreaming of a separate nationality, of an independant Poland and chimeras of that kind the only possible result will be that you will bring disaster on your own heads. I have built a fortress here and I assure you that on the slightest symptom of revolt I will have the town bombarded. I will destroy Warsaw, and most assuredly it will not be I who will rebuild it.

It is very painful to me to speak to you thus. It is very painful for any sovereign to have to address his subjects in such terms; but I do so for your good. Your business, Gentlemen, is to labour to deserve that the past should be forgotten, and it is only by your devotion to my government that you can achieve this.

I know that correspondence is carried on with foreign countries and that malignant persons are sent here to pervert you. But with the best police in the world clandestine relations cannot be altogether suppressed on a frontier like yours. You must yourselves act as police for the suppression of the evil. Bring up your children well and inculcate good principles of religion and fidelity to their sovereign, and you will have no difficulty in keeping the right road.

In the midst of all the troubles which are agitating Europe and all the theories which threaten the fabric of society, Russia alone stands firm and intact. Believe me, gentlemen, it is a piece of real good fortune to belong to her and to enjoy her protection. If you behave well and fulfil all your duties my paternal solicitude will be extended to you all, and in spite of all that has passed my government will constantly study your welfare.

Think well of what I have said to you!

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BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX OF THE NAMES OF PERSONS MENTIONED IN THIS BOOK

A

ABERCROMBY, George Ralph (1800–1852). A colonel in the British Army; also a Member of Parliament and a Lord Lieutenant. He was a member of Lord Grey's Cabinet.

ABERDEEN, George Hamilton Gordon, Earl of (1784–1860). He served with distinction in the British Diplomatic Service, was a member of several Ministries, and became Prime Minister in 1852 for three years.

ABERGAVENNY, Henry, Earl of (1755–1843). Married in 1781 Mary, only daughter of Lord Robinson. The family name is Nevill.

ABRANTÈS, Laure de Saint-Martin-Permon, Duchesse d' (1784–1838). Descended through her mother from the Imperial family of the Comneni. Born at Montpellier, she married General Junot on his return from Egypt, followed him on his campaigns, studied and observed much, and on her husband's death in 1813 devoted herself to the education of her children. She wrote several novels more suited for the circulating library than for serious reading.

ADÉLAÏDE D'ORLÉANS, Madame (1777–1847). Youngest sister of King Louis-Philippe, to whom she was devotedly attached. This Princess had much influence on her brother, and was spoken of as his Egeria. She was a woman of intellect, and in the time of the Restoration she helped to gather round Louis-Philippe the most distinguished men of the Liberal Party, and in 1830 she persuaded him to accept the Crown. She never married, and left her immense fortune to her nephews.

ADELAIDE, Queen (1792–1849). Daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. In 1818 she married the Duke of Clarence, who ascended the throne of England as William IV.

AGOULT, Anne Henriette Charlotte de Choisy, Vicomtesse d'. Died in 1841. She was lady-in-waiting to Madame la Dauphine, whom she followed into exile. She died at Gorits. She married the Vicomte Antoine Jean d'Agoult, who died in 1828. He was a Grand Cross of the Order of St. Louis, and Governor of Saint Cloud. He was made a Peer of France in 1823 and a Knight of the Saint Esprit in 1825.

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ALAVA, Don Ricardo de (1780–1843). Lieutenant-General in the Spanish Army. Along with the Prince of Orange he was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington during the war, and at that time became intimate with the future King of the Netherlands. He was Minister Plenipotentiary of Spain in Holland, in London, and in Paris after the death of Ferdinand VII. In 1834 he was made a Senator by the Queen Regent, Maria Christina. After the insurrection of La Granja he retired from public life and settled in France, where he died.

ALBANY, Countess of (1753–1814). Caroline de Stolberg. She married in 1773 the Pretender, Charles Edward, who had taken the title of Count of Albany. She separated from him in 1780 and lived with the poet Alfieri, who had a great passion for her, and who secretly married her after the death of the Count of Albany. After Alfieri's death the Countess returned to Florence, where she formed relations with the French painter Fabre.

ALCUDIA, Comte d'. A Spanish statesman. He was a member of the Calomarde Ministry during the lifetime of Ferdinand VII., and replaced Salmon at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He was, however, always a person of secondary importance, and lost his place at Calomarde's death.

ALDBOROUGH, Cornelia, Lady. The eldest daughter of Charles Landry; she married Lord Aldborough in 1804.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, King of Macedon (356–323 B.C.).

ALEXANDER I., Czar of Russia (1777–1825). Eldest son and successor of the Czar Paul I., he was celebrated for his great struggle with Napoleon.

ALFIERI, Count Victor (1749–1803). The great Italian tragic poet. Left an orphan at an early age his education was much neglected, but at the age of twenty-five a sudden change took place in him. To please the Countess of Albany, who had inspired him with a taste for poetry and literature, he undertook a most elaborate course of study, created a new system of poetical composition, and wrote prose works which entitle him to rank with Machiavelli himself.

ALLEN, George (1770–1843). A learned English doctor, who produced numerous works on history, metaphysics, and physiology. He was very intimate with Lord Holland and lived with him.

ALTHORP, John Charles Spencer, Lord (1782–1845). An English statesman. He was made Chancellor of the Exchequer after having been Home Secretary and a Lord of the Admiralty. His eloquence and financial capacity were only moderate, but he was a laborious and conscientious Minister and proverbial for his political honesty.

ALVANLEY, Lord (1787–1849). Son of Richard Pepper-Arden. Created Lord Alvanley in 1801. He had a duel with Morgan, son of O'Connell.

AMELIA, Princess of England (1783–1810). The last of King George III.'s fourteen children, her father's favourite and companion. She died unmarried at the age of twenty-seven.

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AMPÈRE, Jean-Jacques (1800–1864). Professor at the Collège de France. A distinguished man of letters, member of the Académie des inscriptions et belles-lettres, and of the Académie française.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA, Queen of France (1602–1666). Eldest daughter of Philip II., King of Spain. She married Louis XIII., King of France, and at his death became regent during the minority of her son, Louis XIV.

ANNA PAULOWNA, Queen of the Netherlands (1795–1865). She was a daughter of the Czar Paul of Russia, and in 1816 married King William II. of the Netherlands.

ANNE, Queen of England (1665–1714). Daughter of James II. During her reign there was a long struggle with Louis XIV., and the Union of England and Scotland was brought about.

ANTROBUS, Lady (1800–1885). Only daughter of Hugh Lindsay and wife of Sir Edmund Antrobus.

APPONYI, Countess (1798–1874). Daughter of Count Nogarola; married in 1818 Count Antony Apponyi, who for many years was Austrian Ambassador at Paris.

ARBUTHNOT, Mrs. Died in 1834. Mrs. Arbuthnot and her husband, Charles Arbuthnot, nicknamed "Gosh" in society, were the most intimate friends of the Duke of Wellington, with whom they lived, and were very well known in the best London society.

ARENBERG, Louise Marguerite, Duchesse d'. Born 1730. She was the only daughter and heiress of the last Count de la Mark, and married in 1748 Duke Charles d'Arenberg.

ARENBERG, Prosper-Louis, Duc d' (1785–1861). Married a Princess Lobkowitz in 1819.

ARENBERG, Prince Pierre d' (1790–1877). Married first, in 1829, Mlle. de Talleyrand-Périgord, who died in 1842. In 1860 he married the daughter of Count Kannitz Rietberg, widow of Count Antony Starhemberg.

ARENBERG, Princesse Pierre d' (1808–1842). Alix Marie Charlotte, daughter of the Duc de Périgord.

ARGENSON, Comte Voyer d' (1771–1842). Grandson of Marc-Pierre d'Argenson, Minister of War under Louis XV. He entered the army in 1791. In 1809 he was Prefect of the Department of Deux-Nèthes (Antwerp). Under the Restoration and the Monarchy of July he was a Deputy and conspicuous for his liberal opinions. He married the widow of Prince Victor de Broglie, mother of Duke Victor.

ARNAULT, Antoine Vincent (1766–1834). A French tragic poet and fabulist. He attached himself to Bonaparte at an early period, and accompanied him to Egypt, and was made by him Governor of the Ionian Islands. He then worked at the organisation of Public Instruction. He was made a member of the Institut in 1799, and in 1833 became Perpetual Secretary of the Académie française.

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ASHLEY, Lord (1801–1881). An English statesman and philanthropist. In 1830 he married Lady Emily Cooper, and in 1851, on the death of his father, became Earl of Shaftesbury. In 1826 he was elected to the House of Commons, and was a member of several Ministries.

ATHALIN, Baron Louis Marie (1784–1856). A French General of Engineers. Served with distinction in the Imperial Campaigns, received the title of Baron after the Battle of Dresden, and under the Restoration became aide-de-camp to the Duc d'Orléans. He was entrusted with several diplomatic missions and was made a Peer of France when Louis Philippe ascended the throne. After 1848 he retired into private life.

AUBUSSON DE LA FEUILLADE, Pierre Hector Raymond Comte d' (1765–1848). Under the First Empire he was Chamberlain to the Empress Josephine, then Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador. The Emperor made him a Peer during the Hundred Days, but the Restoration removed him. He did not re-enter the House of Peers till November 1831. He was the father of the Duchesse de Lévis and the last of his name, having in 1842 lost his son who had become insane.

AUGEREAU, Pierre François Charles (1757–1816). Marshal of France under the First Empire and Duc de Castiglione. He distinguished himself in several campaigns and carried out the *coup d'état* of 18th Fructidor.

AUGUSTA, Princess of England, daughter of King George III., died unmarried.

AUSTRIA, Emperor of, Ferdinand I. (1793–1875). Son of Francis II., ascended the throne in 1835. His incapacity for Government and his bad health obliged him to leave the control of affairs to a regency chiefly directed by Prince Metternich. He abdicated in 1848 in favour of his nephew Francis Joseph I.

AUSTRIA, Archduke Louis Joseph of (1784–1864). Son of the Emperor Leopold II. and of the Empress Marie Louise, daughter of Charles III. of Spain; he was Director-General of Artillery.

AUSTRIA, Archduchess Sophia of (1805–1872). Daughter of Maximilian I., King of Bavaria, married in 1824 the Archduke Francis-Charles, and was the mother of Francis Joseph I.

B

BACKHOUSE, John, died in 1845. An English author and statesman. He was for some years Canning's private secretary, and was twice Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

BACOURT, Adolphe Fourrier de (1801–1865). A French Diplomatist and a Peer of France. He was sent to assist the Prince de Talleyrand while the latter was King Louis Philippe's Ambassador in London, and was

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afterwards Minister at Carlsruhe and Washington, and Ambassador at Turin. He resigned in 1848.

BAILLOT, a young officer and an only son who was killed in Paris during the *émeute* of April 13, 1834, by a pistol shot fired at him point blank while he was carrying an order from Marshal Lobau.

BALBI, Comtesse de (1753–1839). She was the daughter of the Marquis de Caumont la Force and married the Comte de Balbi, a Genoese. She was lady-in-waiting to the Comtesse de Provence, and was honoured with the friendship of the Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.).

BARANTE, Baron de (1782–1866). He was successively Auditor of the Conseil d'État, charged with various diplomatic missions, Prefect of La Vendée, and then of Nantes, Deputy, Peer of France and Ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was very successful as a historian and was elected to the Academy.

BARRINGTON, Charles, a young Englishman intimate with Lord Holland towards 1832.

BARROT, Odilon (1781–1873). A French politician. He began as a lawyer and took an active part in the Revolution of 1830. Under Louis-Philippe he was the leader of the dynastic Left.

BARTHE, Felix (1795–1863). French magistrate and statesman. He was connected with the Carbonari and a violent opponent of the Restoration. In 1830 he was a Deputy and was subsequently Minister of Public Instruction, Garde des Sceaux, and President of the Cour des Comptes. In 1834 he was made a Peer. In the Molé Cabinet he was Minister of Justice, and in 1852 he was summoned to the Senate.

BASTARD D'ETANG, Comte (1794–1844). French magistrate and politician. Conseiller à la Cour in 1810, in 1819 he was summoned to the House of Peers. He conducted the prosecution of Louvel with integrity, showed much political independence, and after 1830 was one of the members of the Upper House charged with the prosecution of Charles X.'s ministers.

BASSANO, Hughes Bernard Maret, Duc de (1763–1839). Began as a lawyer, and in 1789 published the bulletins of the National Assembly, thus founding the *Moniteur Universel*. Bonaparte after the 18th Brumaire made him Secretary General to the Consuls, and afterwards a Minister. He always accompanied the Emperor, was made Duc de Bassano in 1811 and Minister of Foreign Affairs. In 1831 Louis Philippe made him a Peer of France, and in 1834 he was for a very brief period Minister of the Interior and President of the Council.

BASSANO, Duchesse de, Madame Maret, wife of the Duc de Bassano, was Maid of Honour to the Empresses Josephine and Marie-Louise.

BATHURST, Henry, Earl (1762–1834). An English Statesman and one of the most eminent members of the Tory Party. He was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, for War and for the Colonies, as well as

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President of the Board of Trade and Lord President of the Council in the Duke of Wellington's Ministry. He was an intimate friend of the Duke and an implacable enemy of Napoleon I., whom he caused to be banished to St. Helena.

BATTHYANY, Countess (1798–1840). *Née* Baroness von Ahrenfeldt. She married Field-Marshal Count Bubna. She became a widow in 1825 and married in 1828 Count Gustave Batthyany Stratlman.

BAUDRAND, Marie-Etienne François, Comte de (1774–1848). A French General. Served under the Republic in the Armies of the Rhine and Italy, took part in the Battle of Mont Saint Jean as Chief of Staff, became a Peer of France under Louis Philippe, was aide-de-camp to the Duc d'Orléans at the siege of Antwerp in 1832, and in 1837 became Governor of the Comte de Paris.

BEAUHARNAIS, Eugène de (1781–1824). Son of General de Beauharnais and Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, who afterwards became Empress by her second marriage with Bonaparte. Eugène de Beauharnais took an active part in the Wars of the Empire. In 1805 he was appointed Viceroy of Italy, and in 1806 he married the Princess Augusta, daughter of the King of Bavaria. After the fall of Napoleon he retired to Bavaria with the title of Duke of Leuchtenburg.

BEAUHARNAIS, Hortense de (1783–1837). Daughter of the Empress Josephine, married in 1802 Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, and became the mother of Napoleon III. Under the Restoration she received a pension and the title of Duchesse de Saint-Leu.

BEAUHARNAIS, Stéphanie de (1789–1860). Daughter of Claude de Beauharnais, Chamberlain of the Empress Marie-Louise, married in 1806 the Grand Duke Charles Louis Frederick of Baden, who died in 1818.

BEAUVEAU, Maréchale Princesse de (1720–1807). Marie Charlotte de Rohan-Chabot; married first in 1749 J. B. de Clermont d'Amboise, and secondly, in 1764, the Prince de Beauveau.

BEAUVILLIERS, Duchesse de (1774–1824). She was the seventh daughter of the Duc de Mortemart by his first marriage with Mlle. d'Harcourt. She married François, Duc de Beauvilliers de Saint-Aignan, Peer of France.

BEDFORD, John, Duke of (1766–1839). Married, firstly, a daughter of Viscount Torrington; and, secondly, a daughter of the Duke of Gordon. His third son was Lord John Russell.

BEDFORD, Duchess of. Died 1853. Daughter of Alexander, Duke of Gordon. Married in 1803 the Duke of Bedford.

BEÏRA, Duchesse de (1793–1874). Marie-Thérèse, Infanta of Portugal. In 1813 she lost her husband, Don Pedro Carlos, Infante of Spain, and and married, secondly, the Infante Don Carlos of Spain in 1828. He died in 1855.

BELFAST, Anne Henrietta, Lady (1799–1860). Married Lord Belfast in 1822.

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BELGIUM, Princess Louise d'Orléans, Queen of (1812–1850). Second wife of King Leopold I. of Belgium, and daughter of Louis Philippe, King of France.

BENCKENDORFF, Alexander, Count (1784–1844). A Russian officer. In the rebellion of 1825 he showed great devotion to the Emperor Nicolas, who made him his aide-de-camp and created him Count and Senator. He was the brother of the Princesse de Lieven.

BÉRANGER, Madame de. Died in 1826. She was a Mlle. de Lannois and married in 1793 the Duc de Châtillon Montmorency. In 1806 she married, secondly, Comte Gua de Béranger.

BÉRANGER, Mlle. Elisabeth de. A daughter of the Duchesse de Châtillon by her second marriage. She married the Comte Charles de Vogüé, brother of the Marquis.

BERGAMI, Barthélemy. An Italian postillion in the stables of Queen Caroline, wife of George IV. of England. The Queen raised him to the rank of Chamberlain after she had left England and taken refuge in Italy. He was very good-looking, and had two brothers, Balloti and Louis. The Queen made the latter her steward, and entrusted her financial affairs to the former. Their sister, who had married a Count Oldi, became her Lady-in-Waiting.

BERGERON, Louis. Born in 1811: a French journalist. After 1830 he threw himself into the Republican movement, and in November, 1832, was accused of having shot at Louis Philippe. He was acquitted, but in 1840, having struck M. de Girardin at the Opera in the course of a polemical discussion, he was condemned to three years' imprisonment.

BERRY, Duc de (1778–1820). Second son of the Comte d'Artois (Charles X.). He followed his family during the Emigration, and returned to France in 1814. In 1816 he married the Princess Caroline of Naples. He was assassinated at Paris on February 13, 1820, by Louvel, who wished to extinguish in him the race of the Bourbons. He left, however, a posthumous child, the Duc de Bordeaux.

BERRY, Duchesse de (1798–1870). Princess Caroline, daughter of Francis I., King of the Two Sicilies. Married in 1816 the Duc de Berry, and was the mother of the Comte de Chambord.

BERRYER, Antoine (1790–1868). An advocate of the first rank, and the orator of the Legitimist party. He was several times Deputy, and was elected to the Académie in 1855. At twenty years of age he married Mlle. Caroline Gauthier. His last years were spent in retirement on his estate of Augerville.

BÉRULLE, Cardinal Pierre de (1575–1629). Distinguished alike by his kindly and conciliatory temper, by his religious firmness and by the extent of his knowledge. He powerfully assisted Cardinal de Peyron in his controversies with the Protestants; he established the Order of the Carmelites in France, and founded the Congregation of the Oratory.

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BERTIN DE VEAUX (1766–1842). Born at Rescones. He founded in 1799 the *Journal des Débats*, along with his brother. He was Conseiller d'État, Deputy, Vice-President of the Chamber, Minister at the Hague, and a Peer of France.

BIGNON, Louis Pierre Edouard, Baron (1771–1841). A French diplomatist; Secretary of Legation in Switzerland, Sardinia, and Prussia. He was Minister at Cassel and Carlsruhe, and Administrator in Poland and Austria under the First Empire. He was made a Deputy in 1817 and a Peer of France in 1837.

BIRON, Armand Louis, Duc de (1747–1793). Known under the name of Lauzun. He took part in the American War of Independence. In 1792 he was made Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the Rhine. Accused of treason by the Committee of Public Safety and tried before the Revolutionary Tribunal, he was condemned to death and executed.

BIRON-COURLANDE, Princess Antoinette de (1813–1881). Married the Comte de Lazareff, a Russian colonel.

BJOERNSTERNA, Magnus Frederick Ferdinand. After the Battle of Eckmühl he was sent on a mission to Napoleon I. He was afterwards Minister-Plenipotentiary at London.

BLACAS, Pierre Louis Jean, Duc de (1770–1839). Attached himself to the person of Louis XVIII. during his exile, and at the Restoration was made Minister of the King's Household. He became a member of the House of Peers, and was sent to Naples to negotiate the marriage of the Duc de Berry with the Princess Caroline, and to Rome to conclude a concordat which never came into operation.

BOIGNE, Comtesse de (1780–1866). Adèle d'Osmond married the Comte de Boigne in 1798 during the Emigration. The Comte, after an adventurous life, had returned from India with a large fortune. From 1814 to 1859 Madame de Boigne's salon was one of the most important in aristocratic, diplomatic, and political circles in Paris. The Duc Pasquier was its most regular *habitué*.

BOISMILON, Jacques Dominique de (1795–1871). A French teacher who was made Secretary to the Duc d'Orléans. He was afterwards attached to the Comte de Paris, and was promoted Officer of the Legion of Honour in 1845.

BOISSY, Mlle. Rouillé de. Sister of the Marquis de Boissy, Peer of France. She married Comte Pierre d'Aubusson, who became insane and died in 1842. She herself died in 1855.

BOLIVAR, Simon (1783–1830). The Liberator of America. He freed Venezuela and New Granada, which he united in a single Republic under the name of Columbia.

BONAPARTE, General. *See* NAPOLEON.

BONAPARTE, Jerome (1784–1860). King of Westphalia. The youngest brother of Napoleon I. In his youth he had married a Miss Paterson,

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whom the Emperor forced him to divorce in order that he might marry Princess Catherine of Würtemberg.

BONAPARTE, Lucien (1773–1840). The third brother of Napoleon I. He had many talents, but an independent character. He was in disgrace with his brother and retired to Rome, where Pope Pius VII. raised his estate of Canino to the rank of a Principality.

BONNIVARD, François de (1494–1571). Historian and politician; Prior of Saint-Victor in the territories of Geneva. He made common cause with the Genevan patriots against Charles III., Duke of Savoy, who coveted the place. When the Duke became master of Geneva he imprisoned Bonnivard at Chillon, where he remained six years. He is the subject of Lord Byron's fine poem "The Prisoner of Chillon."

BORDEAUX, Duc de (1820–1883). Son of the Duc de Berry and grandson of Charles X. He lived in exile with his family from the year 1830, either at Frohsdorff in Styria or at Venice. He used the title of Comte de Chambord. He married an Archduchess of Austria, and never had any children.

BOULLE, André Charles (1642–1732). A celebrated cabinet maker.

BOURQUENEY, Baron, afterwards Comte de (1800–1869). Connected with the *Journal des Débats*, then Maître des Requêtes to the Conseil d'Etat. He afterwards took up diplomacy, and was Secretary of Embassy in London, and thereafter, in 1844, Ambassador at Constantinople, and, in 1859, at Vienna. He soon afterwards gave up diplomacy and entered the Senate.

BRAGANZA, Duchess of (1812–1873). Amelia Augusta, daughter of Eugène de Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, and of a Bavarian Princess. She was the second wife of Dom Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil, who died in 1834.

BRENIER, de Renaudière, Baron (1807–1885). He was sent on a mission to Greece in 1828, and was afterwards Secretary of Embassy at London. Lisbon, and Brussels. In 1855 he was French Minister at Naples.

BRESSON, Charles, Comte (1788–1847). A French diplomatist who under Napoleon I. was an official in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In 1833 he was appointed First Secretary at London, and in 1835 he was made Minister at Berlin, where he re-established friendly relations between France and Prussia. In 1841 he became Ambassador at Madrid, and in 1847 at Naples, where he killed himself in a fit of insanity.

BRETONNEAU, Dr. Pierre (1788–1862). A celebrated French physician, who lived at Tours, his native place, where he settled, being indifferent to fame. He was one of the greatest ornaments of the French medical school, and did much good among the poor.

BROGLIE, Duc de, Achille Charles Victor (1785–1870). Member of the House of Peers, where he distinguished himself by defending Marshal Ney on the occasion of his case. He belonged to the doctrinaire party, and was several times in office under Louis Philippe. He was a

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member of the Academie française, and was married to a daughter of Madame de Staël.

BROGLIE, Duchesse de (1797–1840). Albertine de Staël married the Duc Victor de Broglie in 1814. Madame de Broglie was beautiful, serious, and pious, and had the reputation of being rather severe.

BROOKE, Lord. Born in 1818. Married in 1852 Anne, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss, and succeeded his father as Earl of Warwick in 1853.

BROUGHAM, Henry, Lord (1778–1868). An English politician and man of letters, a brilliant contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, and after making a great success at the Bar, entered Parliament in 1810. He was the celebrated and successful defender of Queen Caroline, who had been accused of adultery. He was made a Peer and Lord Chancellor in the Ministry of Lord Grey in 1830.

BROUGHAM, Lady. Died 1865. Mary Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Eden, married firstly Lord Spalding. On his death she married Lord Brougham in 1819, by whom she had one daughter named Eleonora, who died of consumption at the age of seventeen. In the hope that the fine climate might cure her, Lord Brougham built a house at Cannes, and so laid the foundation of the prosperity of that resort.

BÜLOW, Henry Baron von (1790–1846). A Prussian diplomatist. In 1827 he was appointed Prussian Minister in England, and took part in the Conference of London in 1831. Afterwards he held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in Prussia. He married the daughter of Wilhelm von Humboldt.

BURGERSH, John, Lord (1811–1859). After the death of his father he became Earl of Westmorland. After being aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, he adopted the career of diplomacy and was Minister at Florence, Berlin, and Vienna. He was a great musician and composed several operas.

BUTERA, Prince di; died 1841. He was an Englishman named Wilding, who married the Princesse di Butera, the representative of a great family of Palermo. By decree of the king of the Two Sicilies in 1822 he was authorised to add the title to his name. In 1835 another decree made him in his own right Prince di Radoli, a title which he bore until his death. He left no heir.

BYRON, George Gordon, Lord (1788–1824). A celebrated English poet. At the commencement of the Greek War of Independence he went to the scene of action and died at Missolonghi.

C

CALOMARDE, Francis Thadé (1775–1842). A Spanish statesman who was the life and soul of his country's policy after the restoration of Ferdinand VII. He was a member of the Ministry of Grace and Justice in 1824, and managed to preserve a preponderating influence

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over the king. He became the leading spirit of the reactionary party, was partly responsible for the decree whereby Ferdinand VII. abolished Salic law in Spain, and severely punished the Carlist risings. However, when the King was struck down by serious illness in 1832, and was believed to be dead, Calomarde was the first to salute Don Carlos with the title of King, and Queen Christina exiled him to his estates when she became Regent. He was on the point of being arrested when he fled to France, where he lived in retirement until his death.

CAMBRIDGE, Augusta, Duchess of, daughter of the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse-Cassel. Married in 1818 Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, seventh son of George III. of England. He died in 1857.

CAMPAN, Madame (1752–1822). Jeanne Genet who, at fifteen years of age, became lectrice to Mesdames, daughters of Louis XV. She married M. Campan, and became first woman of the Bedchamber to Marie Antoinette. During the Revolution she retired to the Valley of Chevreuse, and founded a school for young ladies to which Madame de Beauharnais sent her daughter. Napoleon I. afterwards made Madame Campan superintendent of the school which he founded at Ecouen for the education of daughters of Members of the Legion of Honour.

CANINO, Charles Jules Laurent, Prince of Canino and Musignano (1803–1857). Son of Lucien Bonaparte. Married a daughter of Joseph Bonaparte. He was President of the Roman Constituent Assembly in 1848, was a distinguished naturalist and a corresponding member of the Institute of France.

CANIZZARO, Duchess of. An Englishwoman who married François de Plantamone, Duke of Canizzaro, who for several years was Minister of the Two Sicilies at the Court of England.

CANNING, George (1770–1827). An English statesman. He left the Bar and entered the House of Commons in 1793 as a supporter of Pitt, who made him an Under Secretary of State. Afterwards he was in Opposition, and later was Ambassador at Lisbon. He travelled on the Continent, and his association with the Parisian Liberals altered his principles. In 1822 he became Foreign Secretary, and thenceforward concerned himself with Liberal reforms. He was a generous friend of the Catholics.

CANNING, Charles John, Earl (1812–1862). An English statesman, son of George Canning. He entered the House of Commons in 1836 and took the side of the Opposition led by Sir Robert Peel. On his father's death he went to the House of Lords, and became Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In 1846 he was appointed to the Woods and Forests, and in 1852 was made Postmaster-General. He was subsequently Governor-General of India, where for two years he had to struggle with the Mutiny.

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CANNING, Lady (1817–1864). Eldest daughter of Lord Stuart of Rothesay. Married Lord Canning in 1835 and died childless.

CANOVA, Antony (1757–1822). A celebrated Italian sculptor.

CAPO D'ISTRIA, Jean Antoine, Count (1776–1831). Born at Corfu, he was educated in Italy and entered the Russian service. The Czar, Alexander I., sent him on several missions to Germany, Turkey, and Switzerland. He was a plenipotentiary on the occasion of the second Treaty of Paris in 1815. He afterwards retired to Switzerland and supported the Greeks in their revolt. He was assassinated by the sons of the Bey of the Maniotes.

CARLISLE, George William, Earl of, Viscount Morpeth (1802–1864). On his mother's side he was the grandson of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. He filled with distinction the position of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland under the Liberal Administration of Lord John Russell.

CARLOTTA, The Infanta (1804–1844). Daughter of the King of the Two Sicilies and sister of Queen Marie Christina of Spain, wife of Don Francesco de Paulo, Infante of Spain.

CAROLINE, Queen (1781–1821). Daughter of the Duke of Brunswick; married in 1795 the Prince of Wales, who became Regent in 1810, and King of England in 1820 as George IV. Her husband publicly accused her of adultery, and the resulting case is famous. The inquiry only proved that her Majesty had been guilty of indiscretions.

CARRACI, Annibale (1560–1609). Considered the greatest of the painters of his family, the members of which were almost all distinguished artists.

CARREL, Armand (1800–1836). A celebrated French publicist. He was educated at Saint Cyr, and took an active part in the semi-Liberal, semi-Bonapartist conspiracies of the time of the Restoration. On the occasion of the Spanish Revolution he went in secret to fight for the Constitutionalists. He quitted the sword for the pen, and became editor in chief of the *National*, a newspaper founded by Messieurs Thiers and Mignet for the purpose of hastening the downfall of the Bourbons and the elevation of the House of Orleans to the throne. It was only in 1832 that the *National* adopted the principles of Republicanism. Carrel fought a duel with M. de Girardin, and died forty-eight hours later as the result of the wounds he received.

CASTELLANE, André, Marquis de (1758–1837). Deputy for the nobility in 1789, he joined the Tiers État, and was secretary of the Constituent Assembly. During the Terror he was thrown into prison and only escaped the guillotine owing to the death of Robespierre. In 1802 he was made Prefect of the Basses Pyrénées, and thereafter Maître des Requêtes to the Council of State. Louis XVIII. made him a Peer of France in 1815, and Lieutenant-General in the following year. He was the father of Marshal de Castellane.

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CASTELLANE, Comtesse de (1796–1847). Cordelia Greffulhe married the Comte de Castellane, afterwards Marshal of France, in 1813.

CASTLEREAGH, Robert Stuart, Viscount, Marquess of Londonderry (1769–1822). He entered the House of Commons, where he supported the policy of Pitt. He was a fierce enemy of the French Revolution, and the life and soul of the coalitions against Napoleon I. While he was Secretary for War he furnished subsidies to the Powers fighting against the Emperor. At the Congress of Vienna in 1815 he sacrificed Poland, Belgium, Saxony, and Genoa. He was vehemently attacked in Parliament, and killed himself in a fit of insanity.

CASTRIES, Armand Charles Augustin de la Croix, Duc de (1756–1842). A deputy to the States General, he had taken part as a Colonel in the American War of Independence. He was an energetic defender of the Royal prerogatives, and in a duel which sprang from a political discussion he wounded Charles de Lameth in the arm. As a result of this he was obliged to retire to Germany. In 1814 he was made a General of Division and a Peer of France. He afterwards rallied to the July monarchy.

CATHERINE of Aragon (1483–1536). Daughter of Ferdinand of Aragon and of Isabella of Castille. Married successively Henry VII. and Henry VIII. of England. The latter repudiated her in order to marry Anne Boleyn, and this divorce was the origin of the English schism.

CATHERINE dei Medici (1519–1589). Queen of France, daughter of Lorenzo II. dei Medici, married Henry II. King of France, and was Regent during the minority of her second son, Charles IX. Catherine brought from Italy a taste for art. She built the palace of the Tuileries and continued the building of the Louvre.

CATHERINE Paulowna, the Grand Duchess (1788–1819). Daughter of the Czar Paul I. of Russia. Married first Prince Peter of Holstein, then William I., King of Würtemberg, by whom she had a daughter.

CAULAINCOURT, Comtesse de. Died in 1835. Blanche d'Aubusson married in 1812 Auguste Jean Gabriel de Caulaincourt, who was killed at the Battle of La Moskowa, and who was the brother of the Duc de Vincence.

CELLES, Antoine Charles, Comte de Visher de (1769–1841). A member of an illustrious family of Brabant, he was elected a member of the States General for that province. Napoleon I. made him Maitre des Requêtes to the Council of State and Prefect of the Loire-Inférieure, and afterwards of the Zuyder-sée. After 1814 he became a subject of the King of the Netherlands, and was for some time a member of the provincial estates. King Leopold having sent him to France as Minister Plenipotentiary, M. de Celles became naturalised and became a Councillor of State in France in 1833. He was the brother-in-law of Marshal Gérard.

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CHABANNES la Palice, Comte Alfred de (1799–1868). He was first a member of the Garde du Corps of Louis XVIII.; then Chef d'Escadron and colonel after the siege of Antwerp. He became General of Brigade and aide-de-camp to the King in 1840. He left the service in 1848, and followed the royal family into exile.

CHABANNES, Louisa de (1791–1869). A Carmelite nun: she became Superior of the Paris Convent, and after some years became Superior of that at Brussels, where she died.

CHALAIS, Princesse de, Marie Françoise de Rochechouart-Mortemart. Married, first, the Marquis de Cany, by whom she had a daughter, who became the grandmother of the Prince de Talleyrand. She married secondly Louis Charles de Talleyrand, Prince de Chalais, who died in 1757. She was lady-in-waiting to the Queen.

CHALAIS, Princesse de. Died 1834. Élolie Pauline Beauvilliers de Saint-Aignan married in 1832 Hélie-Royer de Talleyrand-Périgord, Prince de Chalais, a title borne by the eldest son of the head of this House.

CHANTELAUZE, Victor de (1787–1859). A Deputy; Charles X.'s last Garde des Sceaux. He drafted the famous decrees which caused the Revolution of July. He was arrested and sentenced to imprisonment for life. The Amnesty of 1837 set him at liberty.

CHARLEMAGNE (742–814). King of the Franks and head of the Carolingian dynasty. He succeeded his father Pepin the Short in 768. In 800 Pope Leo III. crowned him Emperor of the West.

CHARLES I., King of England (1600–1649). Son of James I.: he married Henrietta of France, daughter of Henri IV. and sister of Louis XIII. He died on the scaffold.

CHARLES IX., King of France (1550–1574). Second son of Henri II. and Catherine dei Medici. In his reign the kingdom was distracted by religious wars.

CHARLES X., King of France (1757–1836). Brother of Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII., whom he succeeded in 1824. He bore the title of Comte d'Artois until his accession. He died in exile at Goritz.

CHARLES JOHN, King of Sweden (1764–1844). General Bernadotte, Prince de Ponte Corvo, Marshal of France. He married Mlle. Clary, sister of Joseph Bonaparte's wife. After the death of Charles XIII. of Sweden, by whom he had been adopted, he became in 1818 King of Sweden and Norway.

CHARLOTTE, Princess of Prussia (1798–1860). Daughter of King Frederick William III. Married in 1817 the Grand Duke Nicolas of Russia, who succeeded his brother Alexander I. on the throne.

CHATEAUBRIAND, François René, Vicomte de (1768–1848). One of the most illustrious of the French authors of the nineteenth century. He was intimate with many women celebrated for their talent, their grace, or their beauty. Under the Restoration he was for some years in the

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diplomatic service, and as Minister of Foreign Affairs had much to do with the Spanish war of 1822.

CHATILLON-MONTMORENCY, Duc de, husband of Mlle. Lannois. He perished in the wreck of the frigate *Blanche* at the mouth of the Elbe.

CHODRON, Jules (1804–1870). Son of M. de Talleyrand's notary. M. de Talleyrand obtained for him the grant of the name Courcel from King Louis-Philippe. He entered the diplomatic service, in which he attained an honourable and distinguished position. His son was for several years Ambassador at Berlin and London.

CHOISEUL-STAINVILLE, Etienne François, Duc de (1719–1785). A French statesman, Ambassador, and afterwards Minister from 1758 to 1770 under Louis XV. He was responsible for the conclusion of the Family Compact. He was overthrown by a Court intrigue because he would not give way to Madame Dubarry. Banished to his estate of Chanteloup, he received there, in spite of the King, many tokens of public esteem. He married Mlle. Crozat du Châtel, who paid the debts which her husband's generosity had led him to contract, and passed the last years of her life, after becoming a widow, in a poor convent at Paris.

CLANRICARDE, Marquess of (1802–1874). An English politician. Married in 1825 the daughter of George Canning, and was in the following year summoned to the House of Lords. He was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1826, Ambassador to Russia from 1838 to 1841, Postmaster-General from 1846 to 1852, and Lord Privy Seal in 1857.

CLANRICARDE, Lady. Died 1876. Henrietta, only daughter of George Canning; wife of Lord Clanricarde.

CLARENCE, Duchess of (1792–1849). *See* Adelaide, Queen.

CLARENDON, Edward Hyde, Earl of (1608–1674). An English Minister and historian. In the Civil War, under Charles I., he took the Royalist side. Charles II. made him Lord Chancellor. He retired to France, and died at Rouen.

CLARENDON, Earl of (1800–1870). British Minister at Madrid in 1833. Afterwards President of the Board of Trade and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1853 he became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, represented England at the Congress of Paris in 1856, and was afterwards Ambassador to Italy in 1868.

COBBETT, William (1766–1835). An English demagogue. He spent several years in the United States, and on his return to England in 1804 he edited a Radical journal, which was often prosecuted. In 1832 he was elected to the House of Commons, where he was a warm supporter of Parliamentary Reform.

COBURG, Prince Ferdinand of (1816–1888). He was the second husband of Queen Doña Maria da Gloria, whom he married in 1836. He

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received the title of King in 1837. His wife died in 1853, and he became Regent during his son's minority. In 1869 he contracted a morganatic marriage with Mlle. Hensler, who was made Countess Elise d'Edla. He was the brother of King Leopold of Belgium and of the Duchess of Kent.

COLNAGHI, a London print and picture dealer. The origin of this firm goes back to 1750 when Paul Colnaghi, an Italian who came from Paris, opened a shop in partnership with a M. Nolteno. King George IV. was a constant patron.

CONROY, Sir John (1786–1854). An English officer, Gentleman in Waiting to the Duchess of Kent. On her accession Queen Victoria made him a baronet. He married in 1808 the daughter and heiress of Major Fisher, brother of the Bishop of Salisbury.

CONYNGHAM, William, Lord (1765–1854). An Irish barrister and member of the House of Commons. He belonged to the Liberal group of which Burke was a member. Towards the end of his life he leaned towards the Tories. He was raised to the Peerage.

CONYNGHAM, Henry, Lord (1766–1833), married the eldest daughter of Joseph Denison.

CONYNGHAM, Lady, died 1861. Elisabeth, daughter of J. Denison, a London banker, married in 1794 Henry, Baron Conyngham, who was made a Marquis in 1816. She was intimate with the Prince Regent and turned her influence over him to good account.

CONYNGHAM, Francis Nathaniel, Marquis of (1797–1882). During his father's lifetime he bore the name of Mount Charles. He distinguished himself in public life by his liberal ideas, was Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a Lord of the Treasury, and Postmaster General in 1834, a Privy Councillor in 1835, and Vice-Admiral of Ulster in 1849.

CORINNA, A Grecian poetess of the fifth century, B.C.

COUSIN, Victor (1792–1867). A French philosopher and author, a Peer of France, director of the Ecole Normale and a member of the Académie française. For a very short time he was Minister of Public Instruction under M. Thiers in 1840.

COWLEY, Lady (1796–1860). Georgiana Augusta, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury, married in 1816 the Hon. Henry Wellesley, who in 1828 was created Baron Cowley.

COWPER, Lady, Sister of W. Lamb, Lord Melbourne. She married Lord Palmerston (secondly) in 1840, being then fifty years of age.

CRANMER, Thomas (1489–1556) Archbishop of Canterbury, a promoter of the Reformation in England. He pronounced, himself, the divorce against Catherine of Aragon, which the Pope had refused to Henry VIII. On the Accession of Queen Mary Tudor he was arrested as a heretic and burned at the stake.

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CROMWELL, Oliver (1599–1658), Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England in 1653. He brought about the ruin of the Royalist Cause, and the misfortunes of Charles I., for whose condemnation he was responsible.

CUMBERLAND, Ernest Augustus, Duke of (1771-1851). The last of the sons of George III. In 1837 he mounted the throne of Hanover.

CUMBERLAND, Duchess of (1778-1841). Frederica, Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Younger sister of Queen Louise of Prussia. She married in 1793 Prince Louis of Prussia, brother of Frederick William III. On his death she married secondly Prince Frederick William of Solms-Braunfels, and finally, thirdly, the Duke of Cumberland who was called to the Throne of Hanover in 1837. She was the mother of King George V. of Hanover.

CUVIER, Georges (1769–1838). A celebrated naturalist, member of the Académie française, Councillor of State in 1814, and Peer of France in 1831.

CZARTORYSKI, Prince Adam (1770–1860). Son of Adam Casimi Czartoryski, who on the death of Augustus III. King of Poland was proposed as a candidate for the Throne, but was set aside in favour of Stanislas Poniatowski at the instance of Catherine II. After the partition of Poland, he was sent as a hostage to St. Petersburg where he enjoyed high favour with the Czar Alexander I., became Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1801 to 1805, and in 1815 became Senator Palatine of Poland and Curator of the University of Vilna. He retired from public life in 1821, and after 1830 established himself at Paris. In 1817 he married the Princess Anna Sapieha.

D

DACRE, Thomas Brand, Lord (1774–1851), married in 1819, Barbara, daughter of Sir C. Ogle.

DALBERG, Duc de (1773–1833). Son of the Primate and Arch-Chancellor of the same name, member of the Conseil provisoire at Paris after the fall of Napoleon, and plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vienna.

DAUPHIN DE FRANCE, Louis, son of Louis XV. (1729-1765), married first the Infanta Maria of Spain, who died soon afterwards. He had several children by his second marriage with Princess Josepha, daughter of the Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. He never came to the Throne, but was father of Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X. He was a model of all the virtues and lived a saintly life.

DAURE, M. A teacher at the Collège Henri IV. in Paris, who wrote for the *Constitutionnel*.

DAVOUT, Napoleon Louis (1810–1853). Son of the Marshal. He was on Marshal Gérard's Staff at the siege of Antwerp. He entered the House of Peers in 1836 and bore the title of Prince d'Eckmühl.

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DAWSON DAMER, George Lionel, born in 1788. A colonel in the British Army. He married the niece and adopted daughter of Mrs. Fitzherbert, who died in 1848.

DECAZES, Elie, Duc (1780–1846). He was at first a lawyer and was then attached to the service of King Louis of Holland. Louis XVIII. afterwards made him a Minister and a Peer of France. In 1820 he had to quit the Ministry as the more fanatical Royalists did not scruple to blame him for the assassination of the Duc de Berry. He was created a Duke and sent as Ambassador to England. After 1830 he rallied to Louis-Philippe, and was made Grand Référendaire de la Cour des Pairs.

DECAZES, Duchesse, daughter of the Comte de Saint-Helaire by his marriage with Mlle. de Soycourt, and grand-daughter on her mother's side of the last Prince of Nassau-Sarbrück, and grand-niece of the Duchess of Brunswick-Beovern, who obtained from Frederick VI. of Denmark the transmission of the Duchy of Glucksburg in favour of the Duc and Duchesse Decazes on their marriage in 1818. She was the second wife of the Duc Decazes.

DEDEL, Solomon (1775-1846). A Danish diplomatist. He was Ambassador to Sweden, Spain and England, and died at London.

DEMION, M. Agent for the Montmorency family, for the Prince de Talleyrand, and for the James Rothschilds. For several years he administered the estates of Valençay.

DENISON, Albert (1805-1860). Second son of the Marquis of Conyngham. Through his mother he inherited a large fortune from his uncle, Denison, and took his name. He was raised to the Peerage as Lord Londesborough in 1850.

DESAGES, Emile (1793–1850). Son of a high official in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he entered that office at the age of sixteen. In 1820 he was appointed Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople. In 1830 General Sébastiani then Minister of Foreign Affairs, made him head of the Political Branch of the Department. He retired after 1848 to Menesele in the Charente.

DEVONSHIRE, William, Duke of (1760–1835). He belonged to the Courtenay family. The title being extinct in the elder branch, the Duke succeeded in regaining it, after having proved before the House of Lords in 1831 that by Letters Patent of 1553 Queen Mary had laid down that the title, in default of direct heirs, should pass to collateral branches.

DEVONSHIRE, Marchioness of. Died 1806, daughter of Lord Spencer, married in 1774 the Marquis of Devonshire.

DIANE DE POITIERS (1499-1586). Eldest daughter of Jean de Poitiers Seigneur de Saint-Vallier. Diane married Louis de Brézé, when she was thirteen. She was the favourite of Henri II., who made her Duchesse de Valentinois and gave her the Château d'Anet, one of the finest pieces of architecture of this period.

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DIDOT, Firmin (1764–1836). He distinguished himself early in life, by the advances in the art of printing which were due to him. His father and elder brother had already similarly distinguished themselves. He was elected Deputy in 1827. Decorated with the Legion of Honour, he was appointed by King Louis Philippe, Printer to the King and to the Institut de France.

DINO, Duchesse de (1793–1862). The title borne by the Comtesse Edmond de Périgord from 1815 onwards. It had been granted by the King of Naples to the Prince de Talleyrand, who had so successfully defended his interests at the Congress of Vienna, and M. de Talleyrand bestowed it as a compliment on his niece.

DOLOMIEU, Marquise de (1779–1849). Lady-in-waiting to Queen Maria Amelia, to whom she was most devoted. Madame de Dolomieu was the sister of Madame de Montjoye, Mme. Adélaïde's lady-in-waiting.

DOM MIGUEL (1802–1866). He was Regent of the Kingdom of Portugal during the minority of his niece Queen Doña Maria da Gloria. He seized the opportunity to possess himself of the Throne, and had himself proclaimed king in 1828. Dom Pedro I. then returned from Brazil, and after a sharp struggle he succeeded in re-conquering the crown for his daughter, and in forcing Dom Miguel to leave Portugal.

DON ANTONIO, the Infante (1755–1817). One of the Spanish princes confined at Valençay by Napoleon I. On his return from captivity he was made Grand Admiral of Castille.

DON CARLOS DE BOURBON (1788–1855). Second son of Charles IV. and brother of Ferdinand VII., King of Spain. He was detained with his brother at Valençay. At the close of his reign in 1833 Ferdinand abolished the Spanish law of succession and left his crown to his daughter Isabella. Don Carlos protested, was banished, returned to Spain in 1834 and began a civil war. Conquered in 1839 he took refuge first in France, and then in 1847 at Trieste, where he died.

DON FRANCESCO (1794–1865). Infante of Spain, married in 1819 the Princess Carlotta, daughter of the King of the Two Sicilies and sister of Queen Christina.

DONNADIEU, Gabriel (1777–1849). A French general. He embraced with ardour the principles of the Revolution, enrolled himself in Moreau's Corps d'Armée and remained in it for a long time. Suspected of conspiracy under the Consulate and the Empire he passed through several vicissitudes of favour and disgrace. He rallied to Louis XVIII. who made him a Lieutenant-General.

DORSET, Duke of (1795–1815). He died, childless, as the result of a fall from his horse. He was the brother of Lady Plymouth. The title of Earl of Dorset was given to the Sackville family by Queen Elizabeth.

DORSET, Charles, Viscount Sackville, Duke of (1767–1843). Uncle of the foregoing and heir to his title. He never married. He was a very intimate friend of King William IV. of England.

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DOSNE, Mme. Mlle. Sophie Eurydice Matheron married M. Dosne, an Agent de Change, in 1816. She was born in 1788. Her parents kept a wholesale drapery establishment in the Faubourg Montmartre.

DOUGLAS, Marquis of (1811–1863). Afterwards Duke of Hamilton. In 1843 he married Princess Maria of Baden. He died at Paris as the result of an accident.

DROUET D'ERLON (1765–1844). Marshal of France. He joined the army under the Republic and took part in the Campaigns of the Empire. He was one of the first to recognise Napoleon on his return from Elba, and commanded the first Corps d'Armée during the Hundred Days. He fought at Waterloo, and was condemned in his absence. He found an asylum in Prussia, and did not resume his service in France until 1830. In 1834 he was made Governor of Algeria.

DUCHATEL, Charles Tanneguy, Comte (1803–1867). A French politician. He was successively Councillor of State, Deputy, and Minister. He was a member of the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques.

DUNCANNON, John William (1781–1847). Married in 1805 Mary, daughter of Lord Westmorland. He held advanced Liberal views, and was in 1834 Member of Lord Melbourne's Ministry as Home Secretary. He was raised to the Peerage as Lord Bessborough.

DUPERRÉ, Admiral (1775–1846). Distinguished himself early in action with the English and was made Rear-Admiral and a Baron in 1811. In 1830 he commanded the fleet which conveyed the French Army to Algeria, and was promoted Admiral and made a Peer of France. He was several times Minister of Marine.

DUPIN, André Marie (1783–1865). Called Dupin the elder. A French jurisconsult, magistrate, and deputy. He took an active part in the election of Louis-Philippe as King of the French. From 1832 till 1840 he was President of the Chamber of Deputies. Under the Second Empire he was made a Senator.

DUPIN, Pierre Charles François, Baron (1784–1873). The last of the three Dupins. A French statistician, a member of the Institut and of the House of Peers, he showed himself equally devoted to the Orleans Dynasty and to the Charte of 1830.

DURHAM, John Lambton, Earl of (1792–1840). Son-in-law of Lord Grey. He entered Parliament, where he sat among the advanced Whigs. In collaboration with Lord John Russell he drafted the Great Reform Bill of 1831. He was afterwards Ambassador to Russia and Governor-General of Canada.

DURHAM, Lady (1816–1841). Louisa Elisabeth, daughter of Lord Grey, and second wife of the Earl of Durham.

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E

EASTNOR, Lord (1788–1873). He married in 1815 the daughter of Lord Hardwicke.

EASTNOR, Lady (died 1873). Daughter of Lord Hardwicke and sister of Lady Stuart of Rothesay.

EBRINGTON, Hugh, Lord, Earl Fortescue (1783–1861). Entered the House of Commons early in life. In 1839 he was made a Privy Councillor and Viceroy of Ireland. He retired in 1850. He was a consistent Whig.

ELIZABETH, Queen of England (1533–1603). Daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. She never married, and left the crown to James I., King of Scotland and son of Mary Stuart.

ELLICE, The Hon. Edward (1787–1863). Son-in-law of Lord Grey. He was a Member of the House of Commons, and contributed much to the passage of the Reform Bill. He was Secretary to the Treasury and Secretary at War. He was a rich merchant and possessed vast estates in Canada.

ENTRAIGUES, Amédée Goveau d'. Born in 1785. Prefect at Tours 1830–1847. He married a Princess Santa-Croce, whose father had been concerned in the events of 1798, which resulted in taking Rome from the Pope and the proclamation of a Republic. This Prince had made his daughter a ward of Talleyrand, who brought her up and gave her a dowry.

ENTRAIGUES, Jules d'. Born in 1787, he died at a very advanced age. He was the brother of the Prefect of Tours, and possessed in the neighbourhood of Valençay a charming château called *La Moustiers*.

ESCLIGNAC, Duchesse d' (1801–1868). Georgine, daughter of the Baron Jacques de Talleyrand-Périgord, third brother of the Prince de Talleyrand and of Charlotte Louise de Puissigneux.

ESTERHAZY, Paul Antoine, Prince (1786–1866). An Austrian diplomatist who was Ambassador at London during the Conferences of 1831, and a member of the Batthyany Ministry in Hungary. He was always a faithful friend of the Duchesse de Dino.

ETIENNE, Charles Guillaume (1777–1845). A French journalist and dramatist. He became a deputy in 1832, voted with the Liberals, and in 1839 obtained a seat in the House of Peers.

ETIENNE DE BLOIS, Stephen, King of England (1105–1154). His mother was a daughter of William the Conqueror. He married the heiress of the Counts of Boulogne.

EXELMANS, Isidore, Count (1775–1852). One of the most brilliant generals of the First Empire. Exiled on the return of the Bourbons he returned to France only in 1823. Made a Peer of France by Louis Philippe, he became in 1849 Grand Chancellor of the Legion

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of Honour, and in 1851 a Marshal of France. He died as the result of a fall from his horse.

F

FABRE, François Xavier (1766–1837). A French painter and a pupil of David. He was intimate at Florence with the Comtesse d'Albany, widow of the last of the Stuarts, and of Alfieri who was her second husband.

FAGEL, General Robert. Born in Holland of Dutch parents. He fought against France in the Wars of the Republic. Under the Restoration he was appointed Netherlands Ambassador at the Tuileries.

FALK, Anton Reinhard (1776–1843). A Dutch statesman. He was Secretary of Legation at Madrid and afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs, of Public Instruction, of Commerce, and of the Colonies. In 1824 he went as Ambassador to London, and after the separation of Belgium from Holland he became Ambassador at Brussels, where he died.

FALK, Madame (1792–1851) (Rose, Baroness de Roisin). She was maid of honour to the Queen of the Netherlands and married M. Falk in 1817. After her husband's death she was appointed "*grande maîtresse*" of the Princess of Orange, and resigned this position when the Princess ascended the throne.

FARNBOROUGH, Lord (1761–1838). An intimate friend of Pitt. He was Postmaster-General.

FERDINAND II., King of the Two Sicilies (1810–1859). He ascended the throne in 1830, and by his unpopularity brought about the fall of his dynasty. He was nicknamed "King Bomba."

FERDINAND VII., King of Spain (1784–1833). Eldest son of Charles IV. and Marie Louise of Parma. In 1808, the very year of his accession, he was imprisoned at Valençay, but reascended the throne in 1814.

FERGUSSON, Robert Cutler (1768–1838). An English lawyer and magistrate. He spent twenty-five years at Calcutta where he made a large fortune, and in 1826 he returned to England where he became an ardent supporter of Liberal reforms. In 1830 he took up the cause of Poland. In 1831 he married Mlle. Auger, a Frenchwoman by whom he had two children.

FERRETTE, Étienne, Bailli de (1747–1831). In 1767 he was already Bailli of the Knights of Malta and their Ambassador at Paris. In 1805, when the domains of the Order at Heitersheim were secularised and incorporated in the Grand Duchy of Baden, the Baron de Ferrette was indemnified by a pension of 60,000 livres for life and made Minister of Baden at the Court of Napoleon I., and thereafter at that of Louis XVIII. He resigned in 1830. He had many friends in Paris and was a friend of the Prince de Talleyrand,

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FERRERS, Lady. Married in 1844 Earl Ferrers (1822–1859). She was called Arabella, and was a daughter of the Marquess of Donegal.

FIESCHI, Joseph (1790–1835). Born at Murano, Corsica, he attempted the life of Louis Philippe at Paris during a review on July 28, 1835, by means of an infernal machine which he prepared in a house about the middle of the Boulevard du Temple. The King and the Princes escaped, but twenty-two people were wounded and eighteen killed, among whom was Marshal Mortier, Duc de Trévise, Minister of War. Fieschi was condemned to death with his two accomplices Pépin and Morey.

FITZCLARENCE, Lord Adolphus (1802–1856). Third illegitimate son of King William IV. of England and the actress Mrs. Jordan. He was a Rear-Admiral and naval aide-de-camp to Queen Victoria.

FITZPATRICK, Richard (1747–1813). He was a British general and distinguished himself in the American War. He entered Parliament in 1770, was Secretary to the Duke of Portland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in 1783 Secretary at War; he was an attached friend of Fox.

FITZPATRICK, M. Born in 1809, he married in 1830 the daughter of Augustus Douglas. He was a Captain in the British Army and a Member of Parliament.

FITZROY SOMERSET, Lord (1788–1855). Afterwards Lord Raglan. Younger son of the Earl of Beaufort and aide-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington, by whose side he lost his right arm at Waterloo. He died of cholera under Sebastopol where he was Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

FITZROY SOMERSET, Lady. Died 1881. She was a daughter of Lord Wellesley and a niece of the Duke of Wellington, the chief and friend of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, whom she married in 1814.

FLAHAUT, General Comte de (1785–1870). Aide-de-camp of Napoleon I., he became a Peer of France under Louis Philippe and under Napoleon III. Senator and Ambassador. His family was poor, and the Prince de Talleyrand had contributed to the cost of his education.

FLAHAUT, Comtesse de. Died 1867. She was a daughter of Lord Keith and Nairn, an English Admiral.

FOUCHÉ, Joseph, Duc d'Otrante (1763–1820). Chief of Police under the Empire. An able but unscrupulous man without convictions.

FOUGIÈRES, Mlle. de. She married the Marquis Christian de Nicolay. Her son Antoine married Mlle. de Vogüé and her daughter Aymardine married Paul de Larges.

FOX, Charles James (1748–1806). One of the greatest of English orators He entered Parliament, joined the Opposition, and soon became the leader of the Whigs. He was a defender of tolerance and

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liberty and was favourable to the French Revolution, never ceasing to advise peace with France.

FRANÇOIS I., King of France (1494–1547). Son of Charles d'Orléans, Comte d'Angoulême, and of Louise de Savoie, he succeeded in 1515 King Louis XII., whose daughter he had married.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, King of Prussia (1712–1786). Illustrious in war, he laid the foundations of Prussia's military power. He was an amateur of letters and prided himself on his philosophic attainments. He attracted Voltaire to his Court and kept up correspondence with the Encyclopédistes.

FRIAS, Duc de (1783–1851). Don Bernardino Fernandez Vilano, Comte de Haro, Duc de Frias, Duc de Meda, Marquis de Villena. From 1796 he served in the *Guardia Volona* and became a Captain. He married Doña Marianna de Silva, daughter of the Marquis de Santa Cruz. The Duc de Frias was Spanish Ambassador at London and afterwards became President of the Upper Chamber established by the Constitution granted by Queen Maria Christina in 1834, and called *El Estatuto Real*. He was a man of letters and has left some poems behind him.

FULCHIRON, Jean Claude (1774–1859). A French Statesman and man of letters. A pupil of the École Polytechnique, he served in the Artillery. In 1831 he was elected a deputy, and for fifteen years was the constant advocate of a Conservative policy. He was made a Peer of France in 1845, and in 1848 he retired into private life.

G

GAËTE, Martin Charles Gaudin, Duc de (1756–1841). Minister of Finance under Napoleon I., who made him a Duke. He was Deputy under the Restoration, and in 1820 was made Governor of the Bank of France.

GARCIA, Manuel (1775–1832). A Spanish composer and musical artist. He was the father of Mme. Malibran and Mme. Viardot.

GARROUBE, Jean Alexandre Valleton de (1790–1859). He adopted the profession of arms and distinguished himself at first by his zeal in the legitimist cause. His devotion to the Duchesse d'Angoulême won him the nickname of *Chevalier du Brassard*, and Royal favours which continued unabated for fifteen years. In 1830 he rallied to Louis Phillippe. In 1831 he was colonel and deputy. In general he remained faithful to the doctrinaire party, and in 1852 was placed on the retired list with the rank of General of Brigade.

GASTON D'ORLÉANS (1608–1660). Third son of Henri IV. and brother of Louis XIII. He bore the title of Duc d'Anjou till 1624 when the Duchy of Orléans was conferred upon him as an appanage. He played a sorry part in the Fronde, passing repeatedly from one side to another. He was for the rest a wit and a cultivator of literature and science. He left an only daughter, the celebrated Mademoiselle, Duchesse de Montpensier,

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GAUTARD, M. de, died 1837. He possessed the Château Grenier near Bex. He was highly respected, and his death, which was due to an accident, was much regretted. The accident was caused by the explosion of some spirits of wine, the manufacture of which he was supervising.

GEORGE III., King of England (1738–1820). He ascended the throne in 1760 succeeding his grandfather George II. He extended the English conquests in India and finally united Ireland to Great Britain. His reign was marked by the loss of the American Colonies. He fought against the French Revolution with all his strength, and for ten years before his death he was out of his mind.

GEORGE IV., King of England (1762–1830). A dissipated youth, enormous debts, and his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Catholic, alienated from him the respect of the country. In 1795 he married Caroline of Brunswick against whom he afterwards instituted scandalous proceedings. In 1811 he was made Regent by Parliament owing to his father's insanity, and he succeeded to the throne in 1820. It was to him that Napoleon wrote his letter requesting the hospitality of England after his second abdication.

GEORGE V., King of Hanover (1819–1878). He succeeded his father, King Ernest Augustus, in 1851, in spite of his blindness. In 1866 he lost his kingdom, which was absorbed in Prussia, after having absolutely refused to come to any understanding with that country.

GÉRARD, Étienne Maurice, Comte (1773–1852). He adopted the military career, and took part in all the campaigns under the Republic and the Empire. At the Restoration he retired, but in 1830 he became Minister of War, and in 1831 was made a Marshal. He commanded the Belgian Expedition, took the Citadel of Antwerp, and was made a Peer in 1832.

GESSLER, Hermann. Governed the Cantons of Schwyts and Uri for Albert I., Archduke of Austria. His cruelty caused an insurrection in the country in 1307, and, according to tradition, he perished by the hand of William Tell.

GILLES, Le Grand. A figure of farcical comedy, deriving his name from a celebrated actor of the seventeenth century.

GIRARDON, François (1630–1715). A sculptor, whose patron was the Chancellor Séguier, who sent him to study at Rome. He produced several pieces which are much admired.

GIROLET, Jean Baptiste Simon, Abbé (1765–1836). A Benedictine priest of the congregation of Saint Maur, who was forced to emigrate at the Revolution. He found a place as tutor in Poland, where he became known to the Princess Tyszkiewicz. She recommended him to the Prince de Talleyrand, who procured his appointment as Almoner to the House of Peers. He was a great friend of the Talleyrand family, and towards the end of his life established himself at Rochecotte, where he founded a school which bears his name.

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GLOUCESTER, Frederick, Duke of (1776–1834). Son of William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, who died in 1805. He married, in 1816, the fourth daughter of King George III., and was on that occasion raised to the rank of Prince of the Blood.

GLOUCESTER, Duchess of (1776–1857). Mary, daughter of George III. and Princess Sophia Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

GONTAUT-BIRON, Duchesse de (1773–1858). Née Montault-Navailles, Governess of the children of France, whom she followed into exile. Charles X. made her a Duchess in 1827.

GRAFTON, Henry Fitzroy, Duke of (1790–1863). Entered the House of Commons in 1826 as a Liberal and a promoter of Parliamentary Reform. On his father's death he went to the House of Lords, where he preserved his Liberal views and was a faithful supporter of the policy of Lord John Russell. He married a daughter of Admiral Berkeley.

GRAHAM, Sir James (1792–1861). He became Duke of Montrose on his father's death in 1836, and sat in the House of Lords as a Conservative. In 1837 he became Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, in 1852 Comptroller of the Household. He was also a Lord-Lieutenant and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

GRANT, Charles, afterwards Lord Glenelg. He was born in 1780, and was a member of the House of Commons. From 1817 till 1822 he was Chief Secretary for Ireland. In 1830 he was a member of Lord Grey's Ministry, and in 1835 of that of Lord Melbourne.

GRANVILLE, Lord (1775–1846). Younger son of the Marquis of Stafford. He represented England at Paris for many years, and made many powerful friends there. His wife was a daughter of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire.

GRANVILLE, Lady. Henrietta Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, married Lord Granville in 1809, and died in 1862.

GREFFULHE, Madame (1766–1859). Pauline de Randan Pully, married in 1793 M. Louis Greffulhe, by whom she had a daughter, who became Comtesse de Castellane. Her first husband having died in 1821, Madame Greffulhe married again Comte d'Aubusson la Feuillade, a Peer of France and formerly an Ambassador, who died in 1848.

GRENVILLE, William Wyndham, Lord (1759–1834). A relative of Pitt and a member of his party. He played some part in politics.

GREVILLE, Henry. He held a post at the Viceregal Court at Dublin under Lord Clarendon. Afterwards he held a position at the Foreign Office, and was the Duke of Wellington's private secretary.

GREY, Charles Grey, Viscount Howick, Earl (1764–1845). A member of the Liberal Party, Lord Grey was a Minister with Fox, and played a great part in the case of Queen Caroline, and also in the affairs of Belgium in 1830. It is to him that England owes parliamentary Reform.

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GREY, Lady (1775–1861). Daughter of William Ponsonby and of Louise, daughter of Viscount Molesworth. She married Lord Grey in 1794.

GREY, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Georgiana. Daughters of Lord Grey who died unmarried.

GRISI, Giulia (1812–1869). A celebrated singer, daughter of an Italian officer in the French service and niece of Madame Grassini. She was born at Milan, entered the Conservatoire at an early age, and became an artist famous over all Europe and America. In 1836 she married Comte Gérard de Melcy at Paris, but this union was soon afterwards broken as the result of a duel between M. de Melcy and Lord Castlereagh, son of the celebrated statesman. She afterwards married again, her second husband being her colleague Mario, Comte de Candia.

GROSVENOR, Lady. Born in 1797. Elizabeth, younger daughter of the Duke of Sutherland. She married the Duke of Westminster in 1819.

GUISE, Henri de Lorraine, Duc de, surnamed *Le Balafré* (1550–1588). Eldest son of François de Guise, head of the League. He was assassinated at the Castle of Blois by order of Henri III. He had directed the massacre of S. Bartholomew.

GUIZOT, François Pierre Guillaume (1787–1874). A French statesman and author. He was Minister under Louis Philippe, Ambassador to London and member of the Académie française.

GUIZOT, Madame (1803–1833). Eliza Dillon, the second wife of M. Guizot, whom he married in 1828, after the death of his first wife, Pauline de Meulan.

H

HANDEL, George Frederick (1685–1759). A German composer, born at Halle, in Saxony. He died blind in London.

HALFORD, Sir Henry (1766–1844). Chief physician to King George III. He had a great reputation.

HARDWICKE, Lady (1768–1858). Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Balcarres. She married, in 1782, Charles Philip Yorke, who, on the death of his uncle, Lord Hardwicke, took his name and title. He was an Admiral and a member of Lord Derby's Ministry in 1852.

HAREWOOD, Henry, Lord (1797–1857). Married Lady Louise Thynne, daughter of the Marquis of Bath.

HARISPE, General (1768–1854). Distinguished himself in the campaigns of the Revolution and the Empire. Set aside by the Restoration, he was recalled in 1830, made a Peer and a Marshal of France in 1851.

HAYDN (1732–1809). A German composer; the author of symphonies and oratorios of great merit.

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HENRI III. of France (1551–1589). Third son of Henri II. He was at first styled Duc d'Anjou; was elected King of Poland, but abandoned that kingdom after a few months to succeed his brother, Charles IX., as King of France. He was assassinated by Jacques Clément, and with him the Valois family became extinct.

HENRI IV., King of France (1553–1610). Son of Antoine de Bourbon and of Jeanne d'Albret. He succeeded to the throne in 1589, and was assassinated by Ravaillac.

HENRI V. The Legitimists so styled the Duc de Bordeaux.

HENRY III. of England (1216–1272). Son of King John, whom he succeeded at the age of nine.

HENRY VIII. of England (1491–1547). Succeeded his father, Henry VII., in 1509. Supported Charles V. against François I., and broke with the Catholic Church.

HERTFORD, Lady. Died 1836. Married Seymour Conway, Marquis of Hertford. She was a friend of George IV.

HESSE-DARMSTADT, Louis II., Grand Duke of (1777–1848). Married, in 1830, Princess Wilhelmina of Baden, who died in 1836.

HESSE-DARMSTADT, Mathilde Caroline, Grand Duchess of (1813–1842). She was a daughter of King Louis of Bavaria, and married Louis III., Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt.

HESSE-HOMBURG, Elizabeth Landgravine of (1770–1840). A daughter of King George III. of England, she married, in 1818, Frederick Joseph, Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, who died in 1829.

HESSE-HOMBURG, Augusta Landgravine of. Born in 1778, she was the daughter of the Duke of Nassau-Usingen, and married in 1804 Louis, Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg.

HEYTESBURY, William Lord (1779–1860). An English statesman, a Privy Councillor, and distinguished as a diplomatist. His last Embassy was St. Petersburg (1828–1833). From 1844 till 1846 he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He married a daughter of Mr. W. Bouverie.

HILL, Rowland, Lord (1773–1842). A British general who distinguished himself in the Peninsula and in 1815. In 1827 he became Governor of Plymouth, and the following year he was made Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

HOBHOUSE, Sir John Cam (1785–1869). An English author and politician. He was a contemporary of Lord Byron at Cambridge, and remained on the most intimate terms with him. They travelled together in the East and on the Continent, and Sir J. Hobhouse published in 1814 a volume entitled "Journey across Albania," which led to his election to the Royal Society. Being at Paris when Napoleon returned from Elba Sir J. Hobhouse published after Waterloo the "Letters of an Englishman during the Hundred Days," which made a sensation, as it attacked the Government and expressed Liberal ideas. Hobhouse

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entered the House of Commons in 1820, and thereafter occupied several administrative positions. He was raised to the Peerage as Baron Broughton Gyfford in 1851.

HOHENTHAL, Countess von (1808–1845). Born Princess Louise of Biron-Courlande, sister of the Comtesse de Lazareff and Madame de Boyen.

HOLLAND, Lord (1772–1840). Nephew of Fox, he was, like his uncle, the champion of public liberty. With Lady Holland he contributed to ameliorating Napoleon's condition at St. Helena.

HOLLAND, Lady, died 1840. By her first marriage she was Lady Webster. Lord Holland had known her at Florence, and married her after having previously had a liaison with her, and after she had been divorced from Sir Godfrey Webster. Lady Holland was very witty and Holland House was for a long time the rendezvous of the literary celebrities of the period.

HOPE, Thomas (1774–1835). A rich connoisseur. He travelled a great deal and then settled in London, where he formed a magnificent collection of pictures and sculpture.

HOWE, Richard William Penn, Lord. Died 1870. Son of Lord Curzon. In 1831 he had a post at the Court of Queen Adelaide.

HOWICK, Henry Grey, Viscount (1802–1894). Eldest son of Earl Grey and Under Secretary of State for the Colonies in his father's Ministry in 1830. In 1845, on the death of his father, he entered the House of Lords. He held advanced Liberal opinions.

HUGO, Madame Victor. Born in 1810. Her maiden name was Adèle Foucher. She was the daughter of Paul Henry Foucher, a French politician and man of letters.

HUMANN, Jean Georges (1780–1842). A French financier and statesman. He sat in the Chamber of Deputies from 1820, was one of the 221 Signatories who brought about the Revolution of 1830, was Minister of Finance 1832–1836, and from 1840 till his death.

HURE, M. A great friend of Fox.

HUSS, John (1373–1415). A Bohemian theologian and heresiarch. Excommunicated by Pope Alexander V. for having adopted the doctrines of Wyclif, he appealed to the Council of Trent and, having refused to retract, was burned at the stake.

I

INEZ DE CASTRO. Murdered in 1355, celebrated for her beauty and misfortunes. She was married to the Infante Pedro of Portugal. In the sixteenth century Ferreira wrote a tragedy about her.

ISABELLA, Doña (1801–1876). Regent of Portugal 1826–1828.

ISABELLA II. Queen of Spain (1830–1904). She succeeded her father King Frederick VII. in 1833 under the guardianship of her mother,

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Queen Christina. Isabella II. married her cousin german François d'Assise de Bourbon, who took the title of King. She abdicated in 1870, in favour of her son Alphonso XII., after having quitted Spain in consequence of the Revolution of 1868.

J

JACOB, Louis Léon, Comte (1768–1854). A French sailor. He invented signalling by semaphore in 1805, and became Rear Admiral in 1812. He was made a Peer of France after 1830, and was for a short period Minister of Marine.

JAMES I., King of England and Scotland (1566–1625). Son of Mary Stuart. He succeeded to the throne of Scotland at the age of one, in 1567. In 1603 he ascended the throne of England on the death of Elisabeth.

JAUCOURT, Marquise de (1762–1848). Mademoiselle Charlotte de Bontemps married the Marquis de Jaucourt, great nephew of the Chevalier de Jaucourt, editor of the *Encyclopédie*.

JERNINGHAM, Miss. Eldest daughter of Lord Stafford, died 1838.

JERSEY, Lady (1787–1867). Sarah, daughter of the Earl of Westmorland. Lord Jersey, her husband, filled several positions at Court and Lady Jersey was for long the leader of smart society in London.

JOSEPHINE. The Empress (1763–1814). Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie was born in Martinique, and married in 1779 the Vicomte de Beauharnais who died on the scaffold in 1794. In 1796 she married General Bonaparte and became Empress in 1804. In 1809, however, Napoleon divorced her and she died five years later at Malmaison, near Paris.

K

KENT, Duchess of (1786–1861). Daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and mother of Queen Victoria. She married first the Prince of Leiningen and secondly the Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III.

KOREFF, David Ferdinand (1783–1851). Son of a Jewish doctor, he was born at Breslau and studied at Halle, Berlin and Paris. He travelled in Italy with the de Custine family, and being at Vienna in 1814 he made the acquaintance of Hardenberg, Chancellor to the King of Prussia, whose service he then entered, having been baptized. In 1821 he went to Paris and subsequently spent some years in England.

KÜPER, The Rev. William. A German by birth and a Lutheran. He was for many years reader to Queen Adelaide. His son was Admiral Augustus Leopold Küper.

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L

LA BESNARDIÈRE, Jean Baptiste Goney de (1765–1843). In 1805 he followed the *Grande Armée* in company with the Prince de Talleyrand. During the last years of the Empire he represented the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on the Conseil d'État along with MM. d'Hauterive and Dalberg : in 1814 he accompanied the Prince de Talleyrand to Vienna and in 1819 he retired to Touraine.

LABOUCHÈRE, Henry (1798–1861). An Englishman whose family was of French origin. He was Member for Taunton from 1830. He was the second son of Peter Cæsar Labouchère, a partner in the Amsterdam firm of Hope & Co., who married a daughter of Sir Francis Baring. He also married a Baring, his cousin german. In 1858 he was raised to the Peerage as Lord Taunton.

LA BRUYÈRE, Jean de (1645–1696). A French moralist. He was tutor to the grandson of the great Condé and the author of the *Caractères*.

LACRETELLE, Jean Claude Dominique (1766–1855). Author of several works more distinguished by a certain skill in arrangement than by profundity of thought.

LA FAYETTE, Gilbert Mortier, Marquis de (1757–1834). After having taken part in the American War in extreme youth he was elected Deputy to the States-General in 1788. Outlawed after June 20, 1792, he fled, but was arrested by the Austrians and remained for five years in prison at Olmütz. In 1814 he was a Deputy, and voted for the deposition of the Emperor. Under the Restoration he remained attached to the Opposition. As Chief of the National Guard in 1830 he contributed to the accession to power of Louis-Philippe.

LAGRANGE-CHANCEL, Joseph de (1676–1758). A French author, who wrote some feeble tragedies and some bitter satires, entitled *Philippiques*.

LAMB, Sir Frederick (1782–1852). An English diplomatist, brother of Lord Melbourne. He was Ambassador to Venice, to Munich, and to Spain, and in 1821 was raised to the Peerage as Lord Beauvale. In 1848 he became Viscount Melbourne on his brother's death.

LAMMENAIS, Hughes Félicité Robert, Abbé de (1782–1854). Catholic writer, philosopher, reformer, journalist, and revolutionary. He broke with the Church, by which his works had been condemned.

LANGWARD. A German improvisatore, of no particular celebrity.

LANSDOWNE, Henry, Marquess of (1780–1863). An English statesman. He was a moderate Whig, and has left behind him a well-merited reputation for political uprightness and honesty. He entered Parliament in 1802, showed much zeal for the abolition of slavery, and ardently defended the Irish Catholics. In 1830 he became a member of Lord Grey's Reform Cabinet as Lord President of the Council.

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LANSDOWNE, Lady, died 1865. She was a daughter of Sir Henry Vane Tempest, and married the Marquess of Lansdowne in 1819.

LARCHER, Mlle. Henriette (1782–1860). She was a native of Geneva, and was the governess of Mlle. Pauline de Périgord, afterwards Marquise de Castellane.

LA REDORTE, Joseph Charles Maurice, Comte de (1804–1886). A pupil of the École Polytechnique, he became Lieutenant in 1826, and was made aide-de-camp to the Duc d'Orléans in 1833. Elected Deputy for Carcassone in 1835, he left the army, was ambassador at Madrid for a few months in 1840, and entered the House of Peers in the following year.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, Vicomtesse Sosthène de (1790–1834). She was the only daughter of Matthieu, Duc de Montmorency.

LA RONCIÈRE LE NOURY, Émile Clément de (1804–1874). Son of General de La Roncière. He entered the cavalry at the age of seventeen, and was sent as Lieutenant to the École de Saumur in 1833. He was condemned to ten years' imprisonment for the offence mentioned in the text, after which he retired into obscurity. He emerged under the Second Empire, and became successively Inspector of Colonisation in Algeria and Chef de Service at Chandernagore and the Islands of Saint Pierre and Miquelon.

LATOUR-MAUBOURG, Marquis de (1781–1847). A French diplomatist. Under the First Empire he was Chargé d'Affaires at Constantinople and Minister Plenipotentiary at Würtemberg. Under the Restoration he became successively Minister to Hanover and Saxony, Ambassador at Constantinople in 1823, at Naples in 1830, at Rome in 1831. In that year he was made a Peer of France.

LAURENCE, Justin (1794–1863). Son of a jeweller of Mont de Marsan, he was the leading spirit of the Liberal opposition in his Department. He became in turn Conseiller de Préfecture des Landes, and Avocat Général à la Cour Royale de Pau, and was elected Deputy in 1831. He was made Directeur Général des Contributions in 1844, and his political career terminated with the Revolution of 1848.

LAUZUN, Duc de (1652–1733). He played a brilliant but adventurous part at the Court of Louis XIV. He married La Grande Mademoiselle, cousin german to the King.

LAVAL, Adrien, Prince de (1768–1837). A Peer of France and Duc de Fernando in Spain. He was French Ambassador at Rome, and married his cousin, Mlle. de Montmorency-Luxembourg.

LAVRADIO, Don Francisco de Almeida, Comte de (1796–1870). A Portuguese, a Peer of the Realm and a Councillor of State. He was Minister in 1825 and 1846. In 1851 he was Minister at London and had just been transferred to Rome when he died.

LAZAREFF, Count Lazare de (1792–1871). A Russian Colonel, who married the Princesse Antoinette de Biron-Courlande.

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LEGONIDEC, Joseph Julien (1763–1844). A French Magistrate. Avocat au Parlement de Paris, he went to America at the Revolution and did not return till 1797. In 1815 the Restoration Government made him Conseiller à la Cour de Cassation, in which he sat till his death as *doyen* of the Chambre Civile.

LE HON, Comte Charles (1792–1868). Born at Tournay, in Belgium, he was a prominent member of the Opposition in that country before 1830. He was thereafter for many years Belgian Minister at Paris, where he remained until 1852.

LEHZEN, Mlle. Louise, died 1870. Daughter of a Hanoverian Protestant pastor. She came to England in 1818 to be governess to the Princess Feodora of Leiningen, daughter of the Duchess of Kent by her first marriage. She discharged the same duties to the Princess Victoria, afterwards Queen of England. In 1827 George IV. made her a Baroness. She remained at the Court of England till 1849, when she returned to Germany.

LEICESTER, Richard Dudley, Earl of (1531–1588). A great favourite of Queen Elizabeth.

LENORMAND, Marie Anne (1772–1843). A celebrated fortune-teller. She was brought up by the Benedictines of Alençon, where she began her career as a soothsayer, and came to Paris in 1800, where she predicted the future by means of cards, being consulted by the Empress Josephine and other distinguished personages.

LÉON, Princesse de (died 1815). Her maiden name was Mlle. de Séran. She died as the result of an accident, her dress having caught fire. Her husband three years later took Orders, and was made successively Bishop of Auch and Besançon, receiving a cardinal's hat in 1830. After his father's death the Prince de Léon took the title of Duc de Rohan.

LÉON, Bishop of, Don Joachim, Albarca y Blanquès (1781–1844). One of the councillors of the Pretender Don Carlos, whom he accompanied to London in 1834, and who afterwards made him his Minister of Justice. He had been made Bishop of Léon in 1825.

LEOPOLD I., King of the Belgians (1790–1865). George Christian Frederick, Prince of Coburg-Gotha, was elected King of the Belgians in 1831. He married first, in 1816, Princess Charlotte of England, and secondly, Princess Louise d'Orléans, daughter of King Louis-Philippe.

LESLIE, Charles Robert (1794–1839). An English painter of great excellence, famous for his portraits of the authors from whose works he derived most of the subjects of his pictures, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Molière, Sterne, Walter Scott.

LEUCHTENBERG, Prince Auguste Charles of (1807–1835). Married in 1835 Doña Maria, Queen of Portugal, and died the same year.

LEUCHTENBERG, Prince Max of (1817–1852). Son of Eugène de Beauharnais. Married in 1839 the Grand Duchess Marie, daughter of the Czar Nicolas I. of Russia.

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LEZAY-MARNESIA, Albert, Comte de. He occupied several prefectures, among others that of Loir-et-Cher, where he was stationed in 1834.

LICHTENSTEIN, Aloys Joseph, Prince de (1796–1858). An Austrian diplomatist attaché at London, The Hague, and Dresden. He married a Countess Kinsky.

LIEVEN, Christophe, Prince de (1770–1839). A Russian General. He was Ambassador at Paris and London, and in 1834 was made Governor of the Heir to the throne of Russia, afterwards Alexander II.

LIEVEN, Princesse de (1787–1857). Dorothea de Benckendorff, wife of the above. Celebrated for her wit and judgment, she made her house in London the rendezvous of the most distinguished men of the time, and passed the last years of her life at Paris, where she was much sought after by important political personages.

LITTELTON, Edward John Walhouse (1791–1863). For many years a Member of the British Parliament. In 1834 he was made Chief Secretary for Ireland. He married, first, in 1812, a daughter of the Marquess Wellesley; and, secondly, in 1858, the widow of Edward Davenport.

LONDONDERRY, Charles William, Lord (1778–1854). An English soldier and diplomatist. He was Ambassador at Vienna, a general, and a lord-lieutenant. He married, first, a daughter of Lord Darnley; and, secondly, in 1819, a daughter of Sir H. Vane Tempest, who died in 1865.

LOUIS, Baron (1755–1837). A French Minister of Finance. He had been a subordinate of the Prince de Talleyrand, and was a close friend of his. From 1815 he sat as Deputy in almost all the legislative assemblies, where he distinguished himself by the moderation and sagacity of his views.

LOUIS XI., King of France (1423–1483). Son of Charles VII. No prince of his time better understood the subtleties of politics and the art of managing men.

LOUIS XII., King of France (1462–1515). At first bore the title of Duc d'Orléans. He succeeded to the throne of France on the death of Charles VIII.

LOUIS XIII., King of France (1601–1643). Son of Henry IV. and Marie de' Medici, under whose Regency he at first reigned. He married Anne of Austria.

LOUIS XIV., King of France (1638–1715). Son of Louis XIII.; he succeeded his father before he was five years old, under the Regency of his mother, Anne of Austria. He married the Infanta Maria Theresa, and (later) secretly Madame de Maintenon.

LOUIS XV., King of France (1710–1774). Son of the Duc de Bourgogne and of Princess Adélaïde of Savoy. He succeeded his grandfather, Louis XIV., on the throne.

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LOUIS XVI., King of France (1754–1793). He perished on the scaffold as one of the first victims of the Revolution.

LOUIS XVIII., King of France (1755–1824). At first styled Comte de Provence; he married in 1771 Louise Marie Josephine of Savoy. His reign began in 1814.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE I., King of the French (1773–1849). Son of Philippe-Égalité, Duc d'Orléans, he was proclaimed King after the Revolution of 1830 and the abdication of Charles X. He was obliged in his turn to abdicate by the Revolution of 1848.

LOUISE, Queen of Prussia (1776–1810). Daughter of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and wife of King Frederick William III. of Prussia. She was mother of King Frederick William IV. and of William I., who in 1870 was proclaimed German Emperor.

LOULÉ, Marquise de (1806–1857). Anne, Infanta of Portugal, married in 1827 to Mendoça, Marquis de Loulé, a Minister of State. The Marquis was made a Duke, but his children never enjoyed any Royal privilege.

LOUVOIS, Marquis de (1639–1691). A French statesman, Minister of War under Louis XIV. He was the son of the Chancellor le Tellier.

LOUVOIS, Marquis de (1783–1844). Chamberlain of Napoleon I. Established foundries at Ancy-le-Franc, also a glass manufactory, a mill, and a saw-mill, which made the district very prosperous. Under the Restoration he became a Peer of France.

LUDOLF, William Constantine, Count (1759–1839). Minister of the King of Naples at London for many years. His family was of Austrian origin.

LYNDHURST, Lady. Sarah Grey, widow of Lieut.-Colonel Charles Thomas, who fell at Waterloo, married in 1819 Lord Lyndhurst, as his second wife. She was of Jewish extraction.

M

MAINTENON, Marquise de (1635–1719). Françoise d'Aubigné, married in 1652 the poet Scarron. Having lost her husband she was entrusted with the education of the children of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan. After the Queen's death Louis XIV. secretly married Madame de Maintenon.

MAISON, Marshal (1771–1840). Distinguished himself in the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, and was made a Peer of France at the Restoration. In 1828 he commanded the expedition to the Morea, in which he achieved complete success. He was made a Marshal, and under Louis-Philippe became successively Minister for Foreign Affairs and of War, and Ambassador at Vienna and St. Petersburg.

MALIBRAN, Madame Marie Félicité (1808–1836). A famous singer daughter of Manuel Garcia. She married first the banker Malibran, and secondly de Bériot the violinist.

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MARBOIS, François, Marquis de Barbé- (1745–1837). Before the Revolution he held several diplomatic appointments. At the Revolution he was deported to La Guyane, and did not return until after the 18th brumaire. The First Consul made him President of the Cour des Comptes, an office which he held till 1834.

MAREUIL, Joseph Durand, Comte de (1769–1855). A French diplomatist. At the Second Restoration he was made Conseiller d'État and employed on several missions. Made a Peer of France in 1833, and given the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour in 1834, he was sent to Naples as Ambassador and recalled eighteen months later. Thereafter he lived in retirement.

MARIA, the Infanta (1793–1874). Daughter of John VI. of Portugal. She married first the Infante Dom Pedro, and secondly Don Carlos, Infante of Spain.

MARIA II., or MARIA DA GLORIA, Queen of Portugal (1819–1853). Daughter of Dom Pedro I. who, recognising the impossibility of retaining both the throne of Portugal and that of Brasil, abdicated the former in favour of Dona Maria, his second child, after having granted the Kingdom a liberal constitution. Dona Maria married first the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and secondly Prince Ferdinand of Coburg.

MARIA AMELIA, Queen (1782–1866). Daughter of Ferdinand I., King of the Two Sicilies, married in 1809 the Duc d'Orléans, who became Louis-Philippe I., King of the French.

MARIA THERESA, the Empress (1717–1780). Daughter of the Emperor Charles VI., whom she succeeded on the Austrian throne. She had to struggle with Frederick II., King of Prussia, who deprived her of Silesia. She married François de Lorraine.

MARIE, Casimire d'Arquien (1630–1699). Queen of Poland. She accompanied to Poland Queen Maria Gonzaga. She married first Zamoyski, and secondly King John Sobieski. Having become a widow she retired first to Rome, and then to Blois, where she died.

MARIE DE' MEDICI, Queen of France (1573–1642). Daughter of the Grand Duke Francis I. of Tuscany, she married Henri IV., King of France, became the mother of Louis XIII., and held the Regency during her son's minority.

MARIE D'ORLÉANS, Princess (1813–1839). Daughter of King Louis-Philippe. She married Prince Alexander of Würtemberg. She had a talent for sculpture, and is the author of a statue of Jeanne d'Arc placed in the Court of the Hotel de Ville at Orléans.

MARIE LOUISE, the Empress (1791–1847). Daughter of Francis II., Emperor of Austria. Married Napoleon I. in 1810.

MARY STUART, Queen of Scots (1542–1587). Married Francis II., King of France, who died in 1560. She returned to Scotland, where she had to struggle against the Reformation and the intrigues of Queen Elizabeth. She was imprisoned in England for eighteen years, and was finally executed.

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MARTIN, M., a pupil of the École Normale. He became professor in a Parisian institution, from which he was taken by the Prince de Talleyrand to superintend the education of his two nephews, Louis and Alexandre de Périgord. He afterwards became Rector of the Académie d'Amiens.

MARTIN DU NORD, Nicolas Ferdinand (1789–1862). A French statesman and man of letters. Elected Deputy in 1830, he sat among the Conservatives. He was Avocat Général à la Cour de Cassation in 1842, then Procureur Général à la Cour Royale de Paris. In 1834 he became Minister of Public Works, and in 1839 Minister of Justice and Public Worship.

MARTINEZ DE LA ROSA, Francis (1789–1862). A Spanish statesman and man of letters. A Deputy in the Cortes in 1812, he there advocated the most advanced ideas, for which he was condemned to ten years' imprisonment in Morocco. He was liberated by the Revolution of 1820, and became President of the Council. Under the Queen Regent he became head of a Constitutional Cabinet, which signed the Quadruple Alliance, but he retired in 1835. He was afterwards Ambassador at Paris and Rome, and President of the Cortes.

MASSA, Duchesse de. Born 1792. Daughter of the Duc de Tarente. She married Régnier, Duc de Massa, who died in 1861.

MATUCZEWIECZ, Count André Joseph (1790–1842). A diplomatist in the Russian service of Polish birth. Was Minister of Russia in England *ad interim*, Minister of Naples and Stockholm.

MAUGUIN, François (1785–1854). An ardent Liberal. He was elected Deputy in 1827, and played a prominent part until 1848. After the *coup d'état* of 1851, he retired to Saumur, where he lived with his daughter, the Comtesse de Rochefort.

MEDEM, Count Paul (1800–1854). A Russian diplomatist. Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, and then at London. In 1839 he was Minister at Stuttgart.

MELBOURNE, William Lamb, Viscount (1779–1848). An English statesman. He was made Home Secretary by Lord Grey in 1830. He was a moderate Whig, and acquitted himself with much tact and devotion in the task which afterwards fell on him as Premier, of initiating the young Queen Victoria into her duties as Sovereign. Separated from his wife, Lady Catherine Ponsonby, famous for her liaison with Lord Byron, Lord Melbourne formed a connection with Mrs: Norton which, in 1836, ended in divorce proceedings and caused much scandal.

MENDELSLOH, Charles Augustus Francis, Count (1788–1852). A Würtemberg diplomatist, who was Minister successively at St. Petersburg, London and Vienna.

MENDIZABAL, Don Juan Alvarez y (1790–1853). A Spanish statesman, son of a poor shopkeeper, he made a great fortune in trade. He became Minister of Finance in 1835, but soon had to retire.

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MENNECHET, Édouard (1794–1845). A French man of letters. Private secretary to the Duc de Duras, who introduced him to Louis XVIII. The latter made him head of his private office, a post which Mennechet held also under Charles X.

METTERNICH, Clement Wenceslas Lothair, Count, afterwards Prince (1773–1859). An Austrian statesman. He was Minister at The Hague, at Dresden, at Berlin, and Paris. In 1809 he became Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs and remained in power until 1848, when the Revolution forced him to fly.

MIAOULIS, André (1771–1835). A Greek admiral. He was commander-in-chief of the insurgent fleet in 1821, beat the Turks at Patras, set fire to the ships of Ibrahim Pasha at Modon, but failed to prevent the fall of Missolonghi. In 1831 he put himself at the head of the Hydriotes, who had revolted against the President Capo d'Istria.

MIGNET, François Auguste Marie (1796–1884). A French historian, a member of the Académie française, and Keeper of the Archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

MINA, Don Francisco Espozy (1781–1836). A famous Spanish party leader. In 1809, at the time of the French invasion, he placed himself at the head of a guerilla band and obstructed the French operations for five years. In 1820, during the Spanish Revolution, he held his own against Marshal Moncey. In 1834 he defended the Constitutional throne against the pretensions of Don Carlos.

MIRABEAU, Victor Riquetti, Marquis de (1749–1791). The most eminent orator of the French Revolution. In 1789 he was a member of the States-General, and contributed by his eloquence to the success of the Constituent Assembly.

MIRAFLORÈS, Don Manuel, Marquis de (1792–1867). Descended from a mercantile family enriched by the wars of the eighteenth century, he was ennobled and made a grandee of Spain. He was Ambassador to London in 1834, and there signed the celebrated treaty of the Quadruple Alliance. In 1846 he became Grand Chamberlain to Queen Isabella, and in 1864 President of the Council of Ministers. An eminent *littérateur*, he was a member of the Historical Academy of Madrid.

MIRAFLORÈS, Marquise de (1795–1867). Dona Vicenta Monina y Pontejos, heiress and niece of the celebrated Count de Florida-Blanca. Married the Marquis de Miraflorès in 1814.

MODENA, Duke of (1779–1846). Francis IV. of Modena, son of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria. He married Princess Maria Beatrice, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia.

MOLÉ, Comte Matthieu (1781–1855). Descended from a parliamentary family. He replaced the Duc de Massa as Minister of Justice in 1813, and then received the title of Count of the Empire. He rallied to Louis-Philippe, and in 1830 became Minister for Foreign Affairs. In 1840 he was elected a member of the Académie française.

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MOLÉ, Comtesse, died 1845. Mlle. Caroline de la Briche met Comte Molé as a young man in her mother's salon and married him in 1798. The Comtesse Molé published anonymously several works translated from the English.

MOLLIEN, François, Comte (1758–1850). A clever financier. He was made Minister of the Treasury in 1866. Louis XVIII. made him a Peer in 1819.

MOLLIEN, Comtesse (1785–1878). Mlle. Juliette Dutilleul, wife of François Mollien. She was a distinguished and attractive person, and was Lady-in-waiting to Queen Marie Amélie.

MONSON, Lord (1809–1841). Son of Lady Warwick by her first marriage. He left no children, and his cousin became his heir.

MONSON, Lady Theodosia, daughter of Latham Blacker. Married Lord Monson in 1832.

MONTESPAN, Marquise de (1641–1707). Françoise Athénais de Rochechouart, the favourite of Louis XIV.

MONTMORENCY, Raoul, Baron de (1790–1862). He took the title of Duke, in 1846, on his father's death. He married Euphémie de Harchies, by whom he had no children. His sisters were the Princesse de Bauffrement-Courtenay and the Duchesse de Valençay.

MONTMORENCY, Duchesse de (1774–1846). Anne Louise Caroline de Matignon, mother of Raoul de Montmorency, of the Princesse de Bauffrement, and the Duchesse de Valençay.

MONTPENSIER, Duchesse de (1627–1693). Anne Marie Louise d'Orléans, known as La Grande Mademoiselle, was the only daughter of Gaston d'Orléans. She was several times on the verge of making the most brilliant marriages without ever succeeding. At forty-two she conceived a violent passion for a private gentleman, the Comte de Lauzun, whom she secretly married. She had taken a very active part in the Fronde.

MONTROND, Comte Casimir de (1757–1843). A friend of M. de Talleyrand, and a *habitué* of his house. Napoleon I., on his return from Elba, sent him to Vienna, where the Congress was sitting, to persuade M. de Talleyrand to join him, but M. de Talleyrand was inflexible in his loyalty to Louis XVIII.

MONTROND, Comtesse de (1769–1820). Aimée de Coigny, who inspired André Chénier's *Jeune Captive*. Married first the Duc de Fleury, and divorced him in order to marry the Comte de Montrond.

MORELL, Baronne de. Mlle. de Mornay, sister of the Marquis and the Comte de Mornay, married General Baron de Morell, who, in 1834, was in command of the cavalry school at Saumur.

MORELL, Mlle. Marie de. Born in 1818. Celebrated for her beauty. Was the daughter of General Baron de Morell. She married the Marquis d'Eyrargues, who filled various diplomatic positions in the reign of Louis-Philippe.

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MORELLET, Abbé André (1727–1819). The friend of the most eminent personages of his time. The Abbé was especially celebrated for his subtle and mocking wit. He was a laborious contributor to the *Encyclopédie* and to the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, the archives of which he saved at the Revolution.

MORNAY, Comte Charles de (1803–1878). A Peer of France, Ambassador to Sweden, brother of Jules, Marquis de Mornay, Deputy for the Oise. He was devoted to the Monarchy of July, and was raised to the Peerage in 1845, and made Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. In 1848 he retired into private life.

MORNINGTON, Lady (1742–1834). Anne, eldest daughter of Viscount Duncannon, married in 1759 the Earl of Mornington. One of her sons was the famous Duke of Wellington.

MORTEMART, Mlle. Alicia de (1800–1887). Daughter of the Duc de Mortemart and his second wife. Born a de Cossé-Brissac; she married in 1823 Paul, Duc de Noailles.

MORTIER, Marshal, Duc de Trévise (1768–1835). Distinguished himself in the campaigns of the Revolution and the Empire. A Deputy and Peer of France in 1834. He accepted the Ministry of War together with the Presidency of the Council, and was killed by the explosion of Fieschi's infernal machine by the side of Louis-Philippe.

MOSKOWA, Prince de la (1803–1857). Eldest son of Marshal Ney. He first entered the Swedish service, and did not return to France until after the Revolution of July. He was made a Peer of France under Louis-Philippe, and married the daughter of Jacques Lafitte.

MOTTEUX, M. A *habitué* of Holland House, and a great favourite of the Prince de Talleyrand. He was very intimate with Lady Cowper, afterwards Lady Palmerston, and left all his fortune to her second son.

MOUNT-EDGCUMBE, Richard, Lord (1764–1839). One of the intimates of King William I. He married in 1789 a daughter of the Earl of Buckinghamshire.

MULGRAVE, Lord (1797–1863). Constantine Henry Phipps, afterwards Lord Normanby. He was a member of the Whig Ministry of Lord Melbourne, was Governor of Jamaica, and afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1846 he was sent to Paris as Ambassador, and went to Tuscany in the same capacity.

MUNIER DE LA CONVERSERIE, General, Count (1766–1837).

MUNSTER-LEDENBURG, Count Ernest Frederick Herbert von (1766–1839). As envoy of the Elector of Hanover, King of England, he helped to form several coalitions against France. He was Hanoverian Minister in London. He married in 1814 Wilhelmina Charlotte (1785–1858), sister of the Duke of Schaumburg-Lippe.

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MUSSET, Alfred de (1810–1857). A French poet, son of an official of the Ministry of War. He was a fellow-pupil of the Duc d'Orléans at the Collège Henri IV., and became his friend.

N

NANTES, Mlle. de (1673–1743). Fourth child of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan, legitimated by Royal Letters Patent, and married in 1785 to the Duc de Bourbon.

NAPLES, Princess Marie of (1820–1861). Married in 1850 Charles de Bourbon, Comte de Montemolin.

NAPOLEON I., Emperor of the French (1769–1821). Second son of Charles Bonaparte and Laetitia Ramolino. Married first Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, widow of General de Beauharnais, whom he divorced in 1810, and married Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria, by whom he had a son.

NASSAU, William George Augustus, Duke of (1782–1839).

NECKER, Jacques (1732–1804). A banker of Geneva, who became Director of French Finances under Louis XVI. He was the father of Madame de Staël.

NECKER, Madame (1739–1794). Suzanne Curchot, daughter of a Swiss Calvinist Pastor, wife of Jacques Necker, who was celebrated for her beauty, her wit, and her goodness.

NEELD, Lady Caroline, died 1869. Daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury. She married Joseph Neeld in 1831.

NEMOURS, Duc de (1814–1896). Louis Charles d'Orléans, son of King Louis-Philippe. He married a Princess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

NESSELRODE, Count (1780–1862). He belonged to a Westphalian family, a branch of which settled in Livonia. He entered the Russian diplomatic service, and was *attaché* at various Embassies, notably at that of Paris. He afterwards became Chancellor of the Russian Empire. He married the daughter of Count Gourieff, Russian Finance Minister. The Countess died in 1849.

NETHERLANDS, Prince Frederick of the (1797–1881). Admiral of the Fleet. In 1825 he married Princess Louise of Prussia (1808–1870), daughter of King Frederick William III.

NEY, Michel (1769–1815). Duc d'Elchingen, Prince de la Moskowa, Marshal of France. He covered himself with glory in the wars of the Revolution and the Empire. Napoleon called him *le brave des braves*. Made a Peer of France by Louis XVIII. he declared for Napoleon in the Hundred Days. At the Second Restoration he was condemned by the House of Peers and shot.

NICOLAS I., Czar of Russia (1776–1855). Third son of Paul I. He ascended the throne in 1825, succeeding his brother Alexander I. on the renunciation of his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine.

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NOAILLES, Paul, Duc de (1802–1885). Attached himself to the Government of Louis-Philippe and frequently took part in important debates in the House of Peers. At the Revolution of 1848 he retired into private life, and thenceforth occupied himself with literature. He was elected to the Academy in 1849.

NOAILLES, Duchess de. *See* MORTEMART.

NOAILLES, Vicomtesse de (1792–1851). Charlotte Marie Antoinette, daughter of the Duc de Poix, married her cousin Alfred, Vicomte de Noailles, who was killed in 1812 at the crossing of the Beresina.

NOAILLES, Mlle. Sabineide (1819–1870). Married, 1846, Lionel Widdrington Standish.

NORFOLK, Duke of (1791–1856). Married, 1814, Charlotte Sophia, daughter of the Duke of Sutherland. William IV. conferred the Order of the Garter on him in 1834.

NORTHUMBERLAND, Duchess of. Died 1848. She was Lady Louisa Stuart Wortley.

O

O'CONNELL, Daniel (1775–1847). Early in life he became connected with associations for the emancipation of Irish Catholics. In 1823 he founded a Catholic Association embracing all Ireland. As member of the House of Commons he had much influence; brought about the triumph of the Whigs and supported Parliamentary Reform.

OLIVIER, Abbé Nicolas Théodore. Born 1798. He was Curé de Saint-Roch in Paris, and in 1841 became Bishop of Évreux.

OMPTEDA, Charles Georges, Baron (1767–1857). A Hanoverian diplomatist, Minister of State, and Chief of the Hanoverian Cabinet in 1823. From 1831 he was accredited to the Court of St. James. He resigned on the death of William IV.

OMPTEDA, Baroness (1767–1843). Frederica Christina, Countess von Schlippenbach. She married first Count Solms-Sonnenwald, and secondly Baron Ompteda.

ORANGE, William, Prince of (1793–1849). Ascended the throne of Holland in 1840. He married, in 1816, Anna Paulowna, *q. v.*

ORLÉANS, Duc d' (1741–1793). Louis Philippe Joseph, known as Philippe Égalité. He systematically opposed the Court throughout his life, and in 1787 became the leader of all the malcontents. He was elected to the States-General, and became a member of the Jacobin Club, but this did not prevent his being guillotined.

ORLÉANS, Duc d' (1810–1842). Ferdinand, eldest son of King Louis-Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie. He served under Marshal Gérard in Belgium, commanded in the Algerian campaigns, and died as the result of a carriage accident near Paris.

ORSAY, Count Alfred d' (1801–1852). Surnamed the King of Fashion. Good looks were hereditary in the d'Orsay family and the Count was

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a dandy by vocation. He went early in life to London, then regarded as the centre of masculine elegance. He ruined himself by his extravagant though artistic tastes, and died miserably of a spinal complaint.

OSSULSTON, Lord, born 1810. He married a daughter of the Duke of Manchester and in 1859 became Lord Tankerville.

P

PAHLEN, Peter, Count, born in 1775, a Russian General. He played a distinguished part in the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814, was Russian Ambassador at Paris from 1835 till 1841, and was afterwards made a member of the Council of the Empire and Inspector-General of the Cavalry.

PALAFOX, Don José de (1780–1847). The intrepid defender of Saragossa. In 1808 he accompanied the Royal Family to France as an officer, and escaped when he saw Ferdinand VII. detained as a prisoner. He raised all Aragon, and, after vigorously defending Saragossa, forced the French to retreat. They returned, however, to the charge with all their forces and compelled him to capitulate. Palafox powerfully contributed to the restoration of Ferdinand VII. to the throne. In 1820 he declared for the Constitution, and thereafter lived in retirement. On her accession as Regent, Queen Maria Christina made him Duke of Saragossa and a Grandee of Spain.

PALMELLA, P. de Souza Holstein, Duc de (1786–1850). A Portuguese statesman. He was Regent of Portugal in 1830, and made the cause of Doña Maria prevail over that of Dom Miguel. He was one of the plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Vienna in 1815.

PALMERSTON, Lord (1784–1865). An English statesman. Elected to the Commons in 1807, he was a Lord of the Admiralty in 1808, Secretary for War 1809–1828, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs 1830–1841, and 1846–1851, Home Secretary 1852–1855, First Lord of the Treasury 1855–1858, and from 1859 till his death.

PALMERSTON, Lady (1787–1869). Sister of Lord Melbourne, married first Lord Cowper and secondly Lord Palmerston.

PALMYRE, Mlle. The first dressmaker in Paris in the time of Louis-Philippe.

PARRY, Sir William Edward (1790–1855). An English navigator famous for his expeditions to the North Pole. He was hydrographer to the Admiralty, and accompanied Ross on his first voyage of discovery.

PASQUIER, Étienne, Duc (1767–1862). Napoleon made him Maître des Requêtes, then Conseiller d'État. He rallied to the Bourbons in 1814, was made Garde des Sceaux in 1815, and afterwards a member of the Upper House, the Presidency of which he received under Louis-Philippe. He was raised to the dignity of Chancellor in 1837.

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PASSY, Hypolite Philibert (1793–1880). A French politician and member of the Institute, elected Deputy in 1830. He was a member of the ephemeral Cabinet of the Duc de Bassano in 1834. In 1838 he succeeded M. de Talleyrand as member of the Academy of Moral and Political Science.

PASTA, Judith (1798–1865). An Italian singer of Jewish origin. She came to Paris in 1821 and made a great name for herself. She retired in 1849 to her beautiful house by the lake of Como.

PEDRO I., Dom (1798–1834). Emperor of Brazil and King of Portugal, father of Queen Doña Maria of Portugal.

PEEL, Sir Robert (1788–1850). An English statesman. Elected to the House of Commons in 1809, he was Home Secretary in 1822. He was Conservative in politics, but held Liberal views on questions of criminal legislation and administration. He was a member of several Ministries and in 1838 re-established the financial equilibrium of the country, disturbed by the Whig deficit of £30,000,000, by the introduction of the Income Tax, while he opened new sources of revenue by the abolition of the Corn Laws.

PEEL, Lady, died 1849. Julia, daughter of General Sir John Lloyd, Bart., married Sir Robert Peel in 1820.

PÉPIN (1780–1836). A grocer of the Place de la Bastille, Paris. Pépin was elected Captain of the Garde Nationale after the events of July 1830. He was implicated in Fieschi's crime in 1835 and was arrested, condemned to death and executed.

PÉRIER, Casimir (1777–1832). He entered politics in 1817. After 1830 he was elected President of the Chamber of Deputies, and shortly afterwards was made Minister without a portfolio. In 1831 he was President of the Council, and governed in a firm and resolute manner. He succumbed to an attack of cholera contracted as the consequence of a visit to the Hôtel Dieu with the Duc d'Orléans.

PÉRIGORD, Duc de (1788–1879). Augustin Marie Élie Charles de Talleyrand-Périgord. A Grandee of Spain of the first class.

PÉRIGORD, Duchesse de (1789–1866). Marie Nicolette, daughter of the Comte de Choiseul-Praslin, married, in 1807, the Duc de Périgord.

PÉRIGORD, Alexandre, Comte de, afterwards Duc de Dino (1813–1894). Second son of the Duc de Talleyrand and the Princess Dorothea of Courland. Alexandre de Périgord was at first in the Navy, but soon abandoned that career. In 1849 he took part in the campaign of Piedmont against Austria as a member of the Staff of King Charles Albert, and during the Crimean War he was attached to the Sardinian Army Corps as French Commissary. He married Mlle. Valentine de Sainte-Aldegonde.

PÉRIGORD, Mlle. Pauline de (1820–1890). Daughter of the Duc de Talleyrand and of the author of these Memoirs. She married, in 1839

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Henri, Marquis de Castellane, who died in 1847. From that time she lived a retired life, distinguished by the practice of the highest virtues. She lived for the most of the year at her estate of Rochecotte, in the Valley of the Loire.

PERSIL, Jean Charles (1785–1870). A French magistrate and statesman. Elected Deputy in 1830, he immediately attacked the Polignac Ministry, protesting against the decrees. He was Minister of Justice in 1834, but, having had a difference of opinion with M. Molé, he resigned. In 1839 he entered the Upper House, and took the Direction of the Hôtel des Monnaies. Napoleon III. made him a member of the Conseil d'État.

PETER, Mrs. An English lady very well known in London society about 1835, and the friend of several statesmen.

PETIT, General (1772–1856). Distinguished himself in the campaigns of the Revolution and the Empire. It was he who, at Fontainebleau, received the last accolade of the Emperor and the touching adieux which he addressed to the whole army. He was made a Peer of France in 1838.

PIRON, M. (1802–1865). Son of a landed proprietor in the Nivernais. He was well educated, and occupied an important position in the French Post Office. His duties brought him into contact with the English postal officials, and he knew England well. In 1834 M. Dupin, who came from the same part of France, took him with him on his journey to London in order that M. Piron might act as his guide to English society, with which he had for some time been in touch. He had, for instance, known the Duke of Richmond (who had been Postmaster-General) and Lord Brougham. The premature death of his son, to whom he was deeply attached, inflicted such a blow on M. Piron that he too died of a seizure some weeks later.

PITT, William (1759–1806). Followed in the footsteps of his father, the celebrated English statesman. After the French Revolution he displayed a great hatred of France and made three coalitions against her. He was a great administrator.

PLANTAGENET. A dynasty which occupied the throne of England from Henry II. till the accession of Henry VII. In the fourteenth century the family separated into two rival branches, from whose quarrels arose the Wars of the Roses.

PLYMOUTH, Lady (1792–1864). She was a daughter of the Duke of Dorset, and married first, in 1811, Lord Plymouth. Having become a widow she married, secondly, William Pitt, Lord Amherst. She died childless.

POIX, Duchesse-Princesse de (1785–1862). Mélanie de Périgord, daughter of the Duc de Talleyrand and Mlle. de Senozan, married, in 1809, Juste, Comte de Noailles, Prince de Poix. The Duchesse de Poix had been Lady-in-waiting to the Duchesse de Berry.

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POLIGNAC, Jules Armand, Prince de (1780–1847). President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs at the end of the reign of Charles X. On July 29, 1830, he signed the famous decrees which caused the Revolution and the fall of the elder branch of the Bourbons.

POLIGNAC, Princesse de. *Née* Miss Barbara Campbell, a Scottish lady. She was very beautiful and very rich, but of obscure family. She had to abjure the Protestant religion and become a Catholic in order to marry the Prince de Polignac. She died in 1819.

PONIATOWSKI, Prince Joseph (1762–1803). A Polish general. He served in the Polish Legion under Napoleon I., was made a Marshal of France at Leipsig, and perished in the waters of the Elster. His chivalrous courage won him the surname of the Bayard of Poland.

PONSONBY, Lord (1770–1855). Brother-in-law of Lord Grey. Ambassador at Constantinople, 1822–1827.

PORCHESTER, Lord (1800–1849). Henry John Charles, Earl of Carnarvon. Married, in 1830, the daughter of Lord Molyneux.

POTOCKI, Stanislas, Count (1757–1821). Fought against Russia in 1793, in which year he left Poland. On the creation of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw by Napoleon I., he was made Senator Palatine and Chief of the Council of State. He was retained in office by the Czar Alexander I. On the formation of the new kingdom of Poland Count Potocki was appointed Minister of Public Worship and Instruction, and afterwards President of the Council of State.

POZZO DI BORGO, Count (1764–1842). A Corsican, who took service under different Powers, and finally under Russia. He was one of the Czar's representatives at the Congress of Vienna, and was afterwards Ambassador.

PRUDHON, Pierre (1760–1822). A French painter. He spent several years at Rome, where he became intimate with Canova. He was selected by Napoleon I. to give drawing lessons to the Empress Marie Louise.

PRUSSIA, Prince Louis of (1773–1796). Brother of King Frederick-William III. He married Princess Frederica of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, sister of Queen Louise of Prussia.

Q

QUÉLEN, Comte de (1778–1839). A member of a Breton family, he took Orders early in life. Cardinal Fesch favoured him, and made him his secretary. Under the Restoration he became Coadjutor of Cardinal de Talleyrand-Périgord, and in 1821 he succeeded him as Archbishop of Paris. In 1831 his palace was sacked during a riot. Mgr. de

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Quélen showed the utmost devotion during the cholera epidemic of 1832. His pastoral letters and several elegantly written funeral sermons secured his election to the Académie française.

R

RADNOR, William, Lord (1779–1869). A Member of the British Parliament and a friend of Lord Brougham. He married three times; first in 1814, the daughter of the Duke of Montrose; secondly, in 1837, Emily Bagot; and finally, Fanny Royd-Rice.

RAMBUTEAU, Claude Philibert Bertelot, Comte de (1781–1869). Chamberlain to Napoleon I. in 1809. Peer of France in 1835, a Member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts in 1843. In 1833 Louis-Philippe made him Prefect of the Seine, and he held this post for fifteen years. He married in 1809 the daughter of Louis, Comte de Narbonne.

RAPHAEL SANZIO (1483–1520). The celebrated painter of the Roman School.

RAULLIN, M. Son of an official in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who was much esteemed by the Prince de Talleyrand. He became a Conseiller d'État.

RAYNEVAL, Maximilien, Comte de (1778–1836). A French diplomatist. Secretary of Embassy at Lisbon, then at St. Petersburg; he was made Consul-General at London at the Restoration. He then became successively Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Ambassador at Berlin, in Switzerland, at Vienna and at Madrid. In every case he rendered eminent services, and was made a Count and raised to the Peerage.

RÉAL, Comte (1765–1834). Procureur au Châtelet before the Revolution, Conseiller d'État after the 18th brumaire, Prefect of Police during the Hundred Days. He was proscribed by the Second Restoration, and did not return to France till 1818. In 1830 he had a post in the office of the Prefect of Police, and thereafter lived in retirement.

RÉCAMIER, (1777–1849). Julie Bernard, married when she was sixteen M. Récamier, a rich Parisian banker. She was both witty and good, and under the Consulate and the Empire she collected in her salon a crowd of distinguished persons. Exiled from Paris she returned after the fall of Napoleon. Madame Récamier retired in 1819 to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, where she continued to receive all the celebrities of the period.

REGENT, The, Philippe d'Orléans (1674–1723). Governed France during the minority of Louis XV.

RÉMUSAT, Charles, Comte de (1797–1875). A French author and politician. A member of the Institut and a Minister of State.

RETZ, Cardinal de (1614–1679). Jean François Paul de Gondi played a prominent part in the Fronde troubles. He was forced into exile until the death of Mazarin. He left Memoirs which are one of the masterpieces of French literature.

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RICHMOND, Duke of (1799–1860). Charles Lennox, a British officer, Lord Lieutenant of Sussex. Became Postmaster-General in the Reform Government of 1830. He married a sister of the Marquess of Anglesea.

RIGNY, Henri Gauthier, Comte de (1783–1835). Entered the Navy 1798 and took part in the campaigns of the First Empire. He was made a Rear-Admiral at the Restoration, and distinguished himself at Navarino, on which occasion he received the title of Count and was made Maritime Prefect of Toulon. He became Minister of Marine in 1831, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, and afterwards Ambassador to Naples.

RIPON, Lord (1781–1859). Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1833. He was originally a Tory but joined the Whigs.

ROBESPIERRE, Maximilien (1758–1794). A lawyer and member of the Convention. He governed by terror through the Committee of Public Safety, but a reaction set in and he perished on the scaffold.

ROBSHART, Amy (1532–1560). Married Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester in 1550, but soon separated from him. She was found dead, and it was never discovered whether she had committed suicide or if Leicester had killed her in the hope of marrying Queen Elizabeth. She is the heroine of Sir Walter Scott's novel *Kenilworth*.

RODIL, Marquis de (1789–1853). Don José Ronion Rodil joined the battalion called the "literary cadets" in 1808, at the time of the French invasion of Spain. In 1816 he sailed for the revolted South American colonies, and distinguished himself at the defence of Callao. He returned to Spain in 1825, and in 1833 assisted Dom Pedro in Portugal against Dom Miguel and Don Carlos. In 1836 he was Minister of War for a few months. From 1840 till 1843 he was President of the Council in the last Ministry of the Espartero Regency.

ROGERS, Samuel (1763–1855). An English poet. He was a man of a good and generous nature, but his sarcasm spared no one.

ROLAND, Madame (1754–1793). Manon Philipon, a woman of a distinguished intellect, who married a member of the Convention. She died on the scaffold.

ROMERO-ALPUENDE. A Spanish Deputy. He was an extreme Radical of an extravagant temperament, but of little importance.

ROSS, Sir John (1777–1856). Son of the Rev. Andrew Ross, and a Captain in the British Navy. He made himself famous by his two expeditions to the Polar Sea along with Sir Edward Parry in 1818 and 1819. Sir John Ross made the second expedition at his own expense and found the Northern magnetic pole. He lost his ship, and it was not until the fourth winter after his departure that he was rescued by a Hull vessel and brought back to England.

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ROTHSCHILD, Nathan (1777–1826). Third son of Mayer Anselme Rothschild, founder of the famous banking house. He was head of the London Branch.

ROTHSCHILD, Madame Salomon de (1774–1855). Wife of Salomon Rothschild, who founded a branch of the business at Vienna, and divided the German business with his brother Mayer. Towards 1885 he left the management of the Viennese business to his son and came to Paris with his wife to join his brother James.

ROUSSIN, Admiral (1781–1854). Post-Captain in 1814; corrected the charts of the coasts of Africa and Brazil; Rear-Admiral in 1822, he was a member of the Admiralty Council in 1824. In 1831 he commanded the French Squadron sent to demand satisfaction from Portugal for the insults offered to French residents. He forced the entrance to the Tagus, reputed impregnable, and obtained all that he demanded. At the close of this brilliantly successful expedition Louis-Philippe, in 1832, raised him to the Peerage with the title of Baron.

ROYER-COLLARD, Pierre Paul (1763–1845). A French philosopher and statesman. He was a lawyer, and in 1797 a member of the Conseil des Cinq Cents. Under the First Empire he gave up politics and occupied himself entirely with the study of philosophy. He was made a member of the Académie française in 1827. M. Royer-Collard lived at Châteauvieux, near Valençay, and was a great friend of the Prince de Talleyrand and the Duchesse de Dino.

RUBINI, Jean Baptiste (1795–1854). A celebrated Italian singer. Bellini's operas owed much of their success to him.

RUSSELL, Lord William (1799–1846). An English diplomatist. He was for some years Ambassador at Berlin. He married Elizabeth Rawdon, niece of the Marquess of Hastings.

RUSSELL, Lord John (1792–1878). An English statesman; third son of the Duke of Bedford. He was one of the authors of the celebrated Reform Bill. In 1831 he was Home Secretary, Secretary for the Colonies, and Head of the Whig Cabinet. In 1859 he was Foreign Secretary, and again Premier on the death of Lord Palmerston.

S

SAINTE-ALDEGONDE, Comtesse de (1793–1869); *née* de Chavagnes. A creole by origin, she married Marshal Augereau, Duc de Castiglione, who died in 1816. In 1817 she married the Comte de Sainte-Aldegonde. She had two daughters, the second of whom married Alexandre de Périgord, Duc de Dino.

SAINTE-AULAIRE, Louis Beaupoil, Comte de. He was Chamberlain to Napoleon I., a Prefect under Louis XVIII., and a Deputy. After

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1830 he was one of the ablest supporters of the Monarchy of July, was successively Ambassador at Rome, Vienna, and London, and was raised to the Peerage.

SAINT THERESA (1515–1582). Of a rich and noble family of Avila in Old Castile. She reformed the Carmelite Order, St. John of the Cross, reformed that of the Carmelite Monks. She was canonised in 1621. Her numerous writings led to her being named a doctor of the Church by Popes Gregory XV. and Urban VIII.

SAINT-LEU or SAINT-LOUP (573–623). Archbishop of Sens from 609, famous for his charity. King Clotaire II., deceived by false reports, exiled him to Picardy in 613, but on better knowledge of the facts, recalled him in the following year and loaded him with honours.

SAINT-LEU, Duchesse de. *See* BEAUHARNAIS, Hortense de.

SAINT-PAUL, Vergibier de. A French general who commanded the troops of the Indre in 1834.

SAINT-PRIEST, Alexis, Comte de (1805–1851). Son of the Comte de Saint-Priest, Governor of Odessa, and of a Princess Galitzin. He did not come to France till 1822, when he attracted much notice owing to his literary tastes. An intimate friend of the Duc d'Orléans, he entered the diplomatic service in 1833 and became French Minister in Brazil, at Lisbon and Copenhagen. He was made a Peer of France in 1841, and a Member of the Académie française in 1849. He married Mlle. de La Guiche.

SALISBURY, Marchioness of (1750–1835). Mary Amelia, daughter of the Marquess of Devonshire. Married in 1773. She was burned to death in a fire at Hatfield House.

SALVANDY, Comte de (1795–1856). At first a soldier, he took part in the Campaigns of 1813 and 1814, retiring from the service at the Restoration, under which he held several posts at the Court of Louis XVIII. He resigned in 1823, and turned to literature. After 1830 he was elected Deputy and was Minister of Public Instruction 1837–1839, Ambassador at Madrid 1841, at Turin, 1843. From 1845 till 1848 he was again Minister of Public Instruction. In 1835 he was elected to the Académie française.

SAMPAÏO, Antonio Rodrigues (1806–1882). A Portuguese journalist and statesman, a consistent Liberal.

SAND, George (1804–1876). Aurore Dupin, Baroness Dudevant, one of the most celebrated authoresses of the nineteenth century.

SARAÏVA, Antonio Ribeira (1800–1890). A Portuguese diplomatist. Under Dom Miguel's Regency he was sent on a secret mission to Spain and England. He was a fanatical partisan of absolute power and did not return to Portugal after the fall of the Pretender but lived in London till his death.

SARMENTO, M. de. A Portuguese diplomatist, the representative of Dom Pedro in London at the Conferences after 1830.

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SAUZET, Paul (1800–1877). A member of the Lyons bar. He was elected Deputy in 1834, and two years later was made Minister of Justice in the Thiers Cabinet.

SAXE-MAURICE, Comte de (1695–1750). Marshal of France. He was natural son of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, and the Countess Aurora von Koenigsmark. He covered himself with glory in the war of the Austrian Succession, and in recompense of his services King Louis XIV. gave him the Château of Cambord and 40,000 livres a year.

SAXE-MEININGEN, Bernard, Duke of (1800–1882). Brother of Queen Adelaide of England. In 1866 he abdicated in favour of his son, Duke George II.

SCHEFFER, Ary (1785–1858). A French painter whose family was of German origin. He was a great favourite of King Louis-Philippe and his family.

SÉBASTIANI DE LA PORTA, Marshal (1775–1851). A Corsican by birth, he distinguished himself with the army of Italy. In 1806 he was sent as Ambassador to Constantinople, where he made the Sultan Selim declare war on Russia, and directed the operations which compelled the British Fleet to repass the Dardanelles. After Waterloo he was one of the Commissaries appointed to treat for peace. Under Louis-Philippe he was Minister for Foreign Affairs, and afterwards Ambassador at Naples and London. He married Fanny de Coigny, who died in 1807 in giving birth to a daughter, who married the Duc de Praslin.

SEFTON, Lord (1772–1838). Made a Peer in 1831. He married in 1791 Maria Margaret, daughter of Lord Craven, who died in 1851.

SÉGUIER, Comte (1768–1848). An *émigré* during the Revolution. He returned in 1800 and, thanks to Cambacérès, he had a fine judicial career under the Empire. In 1815 Louis XVIII. made him a Peer of France, and appointed him to prosecute Marshal Ney. He rallied to Louis-Philippe in 1830.

SÉGUR, Louis Philippe, Comte de (1753–1833). Took part in the American war in 1781. Was Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Lived by his pen during the Revolution, was afterwards called to the Corps Législatif by the First Consul and became Grand Master of the Ceremonies at the Imperial Court. He was a member of the Académie française from 1803, and Louis XVIII. made him a Peer.

SÉMONVILLE, Marquis de (1754–1839). He was charged with several foreign missions. A Peer of France in 1814, he was the first to receive the title of Grand Référendaire de la Cour des Pairs, a position which he did not resign till 1834.

SÉVIGNÉ, Marquise de (1626–1696). Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, one of the most distinguished women of the seventeenth century, famous for the letters which she wrote to her daughter Madame de Grignan. She

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married in 1644 the Marquis de Sévigné, who was killed in a duel, leaving her a widow at twenty-five.

SGRICCI, Thomas (1788–1836). A celebrated Italian improvisatore and a great scholar. He revealed his prodigious facility in versification at a masked ball, where in the costume of the Sibyl he delivered oracles in verse with an ease and promptitude which were much admired.

SHAFTESBURY, Cropley Ashley (1768–1851). A member of the House of Lords. He married Anne, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough.

SIDNEY, John Robert, Lord. Born 1805. Lord Chamberlain; married, in 1832, Lady Emily Caroline Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey.

SIDNEY, Sophia, Lady. Lady Sophia Fitzclarence, a natural daughter of William IV. of England. Married, in 1825, Philip Charles Sidney, Baron de l'Isle and Dudley.

SIEYÈS, Abbé (1748–1836). He was Vicar-General of Chartres, and one of the greatest politicians of his time. He made manifest the power of the Tiers État, and was the author of several of the most important measures of the Revolution. He was a member of the Conseil des Cinq Cents, and was made a Senator and a Count by Napoleon.

SOBIESKI, John III., King of Poland (1629–1696). One of the national heroes of his country; he conquered the Turks and delivered Vienna when besieged by Kara Mustapha.

SOMERSET, Duke of (1773–1855). Edward Saint Maur, Baron Seymour. He married Lady Hamilton.

SOPHIA OF ENGLAND, Princess (1777–1848). One of the daughters of George III. of England. She died unmarried.

SOULT, Nicholas Jean de Dieu (1769–1852). He took part in all the Campaigns of the Revolution and the Empire. After the taking of Königsberg, he was made Duc de Dalmatie. Exiled by the Second Restoration he attached himself to the Government of 1830, and was twice Minister of War, and President of the Council.

SPRING RICE, Sir Thomas (1790–1866). He was raised to the Peerage in 1839, as Lord Monteagle of Brandon. He was Under Secretary of State for the Home Department in 1827, then Secretary to the Treasury, and in 1834, Secretary of State for the Colonies. In 1835 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Royal Astronomical Society.

STAËL, Madame de (1766–1817). *Née* Necker, famous for her talent and her banishment.

STAËL, Baronne de. Adelaïde Vernet, grand-daughter of the Swiss Professor Pictet. Married in 1826 Auguste, Baron de Staël, son of the famous Madame de Staël.

STANLEY, Edward Geoffrey (1799-1869). An English statesman better known as the Earl of Derby, to which title he succeeded in 1831. He was Under Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1827. Then (1830–1833) Chief Secretary for Ireland. As Secretary of State for the

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Colonies in 1833 he passed the Bill for the Emancipation of Slaves. In 1858 he pacified India and reorganised its administration. He married in 1825 the second daughter of Lord Skelmersdale.

STANLEY, Edward, Baron (1801–1869). Member of the British Parliament from 1831. He was Under Secretary of State, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Postmaster-General. He married in 1826 a daughter of Viscount Dillon.

STEVENS, Catherine (1794–1872). An English singer who was much admired. She appeared at Covent Garden, then at Drury Lane. She retired in 1815, and in 1838 married the Earl of Essex.

STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, Lord. Sir Stratford Canning (1788–1880). Cousin of the celebrated Canning and an English diplomatist. He was Minister Plenipotentiary in Switzerland, took part in the Congress of Vienna in 1815, and was Ambassador at Constantinople from 1851 till 1858, when he retired. He was created Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe.

STUART OF ROTHESAY, Lady (1789–1867). A daughter of Lord Hardwicke. She married in 1816.

SURREY, Earl of (1815–1860). Eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk. Elected to Parliament in 1837, where he posed as a zealous Catholic. In 1839 he married a daughter of Lord Lyons, and he became Duke of Norfolk on the death of his father in 1856.

SUSSEX, Augustus Frederick, Duke of (1773–1843). One of the sons of King George III. of England. He was Grand Master of Freemasons in that country.

SUCHET, Marie (1820–1835). Daughter of Marshal Suchet, Duc d'Albuféra. She was an intimate friend of Mlle. Pauline de Périgord, and died young.

SUTHERLAND, Duchess of, died 1868. Daughter of Lord Carlisle; she married the Duke of Sutherland in 1823. The Duchess was Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria.

T

TAHMASP-KOULI-KHAN, NADIR SHAH, King of Persia (1688–1747). At first a camel driver and then a brigand. He entered the service of Tahmasp II., brought the affairs of that Prince into a most flourishing condition by defeating the Turks, and then deposed him. After an interval of regency, he caused himself to be proclaimed Shah of Persia. He reduced the Afghans, who had revolted, and attacked the Empire of the Great Mogul. He oppressed the Persians, who hated him, and he was killed by his own generals.

TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD, Cardinal de (1736–1821). Alexandre Angélique, second son of Daniel de Talleyrand-Périgord and Marie de Chamillart, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. He entered the Church, was made almoner to the King, Vicar-general of Verdun, and in 1766

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coadjutor to the Archbishop of Rheims, whom he succeeded in 1777. Deputy to the States-General in 1789, he struggled against innovation and left the country. A councillor of Louis XVIII. at Mittau, Monseigneur de Périgord became, in 1808, his grand almoner; his was the first name inscribed on the list of Peers in 1814, and in 1817 he obtained the Cardinal's hat and the Archbishopric of Paris.

TALLEYRAND, Prince de (1754–1838). Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, Prince of Benevento, Duc de Dino, a Peer, Grand Chamberlain of France, and a member of the Institut. Lame from birth he was destined for the Church, although the eldest of his family. A pupil of Saint-Sulpice, he completed his ecclesiastical studies there, and was at first known as the Abbé de Périgord. In 1788 he was Bishop of Autun; in 1789 a member of the States-General. Afterwards he was obliged to take refuge in America, from which he returned in 1797. He was made Minister for Foreign Affairs by the Directory, and for eight years directed the external policy of France. In his capacity of Vice-Grand Elector of the Empire he was able, in 1814, to convoke the Senate and proclaim the deposition of the Emperor. He represented Louis XVIII. at the Congress of Vienna. In 1830 Louis-Philippe appointed him Ambassador in London. The last act of his public life was the conclusion of the Quadruple Alliance between France, England, Spain and Portugal.

TALLEYRAND, Princesse de (1762–1835). Daughter of Captain Werlée of the navy and Laurence Allany. She was born on the Coromandel Coast of India, and at the age of fifteen she married at Calcutta a Civil Servant named George Grant; she was, however, divorced a year later. Towards 1780 Mrs. Grant sailed for Europe, and settled at Paris, where she married the Prince de Talleyrand in 1802. She separated from her husband and retired to Auteuil. She died in 1835 and was buried at Montparnasse with this inscription: "The widow of Mr. Grant, afterwards civilly married to the Prince de Talleyrand."

TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD, Baronne de (1800–1873). Charlotte-Alix-Sarah, wife of Baron Alexandre-Daniel de Talleyrand, Conseiller d'État, by whom she had three children.

TALLEYRAND-PÉRIGORD, Edmond, Comte de (1787–1872). Duc de Dino from 1817, and Duc de Talleyrand after the death of his father n 1838. He married in 1809 Princess Dorothea of Courlande. A brave officer and a good comrade, he was singled out for praise among the aides-de-camp of Major-General Berthier. He took part in he campaigns of the Grand Armée. He was Commander of the Order of Saint-Louis, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of S. Ferdinand of Spain. He passed the last forty years of his life at Florence, where he died.

TALMA, François Joseph (1766–1826). A celebrated tragic actor much liked by Napoleon, who paid his debts more than once.

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TANKERVILLE, Lady. Died 1865. Daughter of Antoine, Duc de Gramont. She married Lord Tankerville in 1806.

TAYLOR, Sir Herbert (1775–1839). At first an officer in the army, he became private secretary to his friend the Duke of York, and was transferred in the same capacity to the service of King George III. He was charged with several delicate missions in Sweden and Holland. He married a daughter of Edward Disbrowe.

TERCEIRA, Duke of, Marquis of Villaflor (1790–1860). A Portuguese General. He placed himself at the head of the partisans of Dom Pedro and helped him to expel Dom Miguel. He married as his second wife the daughter of the Marquis de Loulé.

TESTE, Jean Baptiste (1780–1852). A French jurisconsult. Deputy in 1831; a Liberal. In 1839 he became Minister of Justice, in 1840 of Public Works. In 1843 he was made a Peer of France and President of the Cour de Cassation, but the end of his life was saddened by a deplorable case in which he was compromised.

THIARD DE BUSSY, Comte de (1772–1852). A French General, Chamberlain to Napoleon in 1804. He accompanied him as aide-de-camp in the campaigns of 1805–1807, but afterwards retired. Louis XVIII. made him Maréchal de Camp. A Deputy in 1815, he sat almost without interruption until 1848, and then became for a year Minister in Switzerland.

THIERS, Adolphe (1797–1877). A French statesman and historian. He commenced his career in Paris as a journalist, founded the *National* in 1830, became Minister in 1832, and President of the Council in 1836 and 1840. As Deputy he vainly opposed the war of 1870. He was President of the Republic in 1871.

THIERS, Madame (1815–1880). Elise Dosne; she was only sixteen when she married M. Thiers, to whom she brought a large fortune.

THORWALDSEN, Bartholomew (1769–1844). A celebrated Danish sculptor. Son of a poor sailor in Copenhagen, he paid long visits to Italy, where he worked very hard. He founded a museum at Copenhagen, to which he left his immense fortune.

TORENO, José, Count (1786–1843). A Spanish statesman. A member of the Cortes from 1811, he procured the abolition of the Inquisition. He was made Finance Minister, then President of the Council with the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. He retired from public life in 1835.

TRÉVISE, Duc de. *See* MORTIER.

TULLEMORE, Lady. Died 1848. Sister of the Duke of Argyll. Married 1821.

TYSKIEWICZ, Princess (1765–1834). Maria Theresa, daughter of Prince Andrew Poniatowski, second brother of the King. She married Count Vincent Tyskiewicz, but kept her title of Princess. Her husband was

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Referendary of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania. The Princess was a great friend of the Prince de Talleyrand. She almost always stayed at Valençay when in France, and is buried there.

V

VALENÇAY, Duc de (1811–1898). Louis de Talleyrand-Périgord, Duc de Talleyrand et de Valençay, Duc de Sagan after the death of his mother; son of Edmond, Duc de Talleyrand, and Princess Dorothea of Courlande, Knight of the Golden Fleece of Spain and of the Black Eagle of Prussia. He married first in 1829 Alix, daughter of the Duc de Montmorency; then Countess Hatzfeld, daughter of Marshal de Castellane. The Duc de Valençay was the eldest son of the Duchesse de Dino.

VALENÇAY, Duchesse de (1810–1858). Alix, daughter of the Duc de Montmorency and Caroline de Matignon.

VALOIS, a French dynasty which came to the throne with Philip VI. in 1328 and ended with Henri III. in 1576.

VAN DYCK, Sir Antony (1599–1641). A Flemish painter, a pupil of Rubens. He travelled in Italy, Holland, France and England, where he went and settled on the invitation of Charles I.

VANTADOUR, Duchesse de (1799–1863). Daughter of Comte d'Aubusson la Feuillade and his first wife, Mlle. de Refouville. She married the Duc de Lévis et de Vantadour.

VAUDÉMONT, Princesse de (1763–1832). Elise Marie Colette de Montmorency Logny married in 1778 Prince Joseph de Vaudémont, of the House of Lorraine, who died in 1812. She was an intimate friend of M. de Talleyrand and was a good and clever woman who had retained many of the customs of the *ancien régime*.

VICTORIA, Queen (1819–1901). Daughter of the Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., who died in 1820. She ascended the throne in 1837 on the death of her uncle William IV. In 1840 the young queen married her cousin Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

VIENNET, Jean Guillaume (1777–1868). A French man of letters who was elected to the Academy in 1830.

VILLEMAIN, Abel François (1790–1870). A professor, author and politician. A member of the Académie française from 1822 and a Peer of France. He was twice Minister of Public Instruction and from 1835 was Perpetual Secretary of the Académie.

VISCONTI-AYMI, Marchesa, died 1831 at Paris. *Née* Carcano. She belonged to the most elegant society of Milan in the days of the viceroyalty of Eugène de Beauharnais. She married first the Comte Sopransi by whom she had a son who was aide-de-camp to Marshal Berthier, a great friend of hers.

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VITROLLES, Eugène d'Arnaud, Baron de (1774–1854). Served in Condé's Army, was appointed Minister of State in 1814, but was so violent that Louis XVIII. dismissed him. At his accession Charles X. made him Ambassador at Turin. In 1795 he married Mlle. de Folleville.

VIVONNE, Louis Victor de Rochechouart, Comte de (1636–1688). Afterwards Duc de Mortemart, and a Marshal of France. He enjoyed rapid promotion owing to the influence of his sister, Madame de Montespan. He was celebrated for his wit, his epigrams and his corpulence.

VOGÜÉ, Charles, Comte de. He married Mlle. de Béranger, and was a brother of the Marquis de Vogüé.

VOLTAIRE, M. de (1694–1778). François Marie Arouet de Voltaire, son of a treasurer of the Chambre des Comptes. He exercised an immense influence on the literature and philosophy of the eighteenth century.

W

WARD, Sir Henry George (1798–1860). Son-in-law of Lord Grey, entered the British Diplomatic Service in 1816 as Attaché at Stockholm, a position he also occupied at The Hague and Madrid. He entered Parliament in 1832 and was made Commissioner for the Ionian Islands in 1849. From 1856 until his death he was Governor of Ceylon.

WARWICK, Guy, Earl of, died 1471. Surnamed the King-maker. Brother of Richard of York, he urged him to make good his claim to the Crown, then he caused Edward IV. to be proclaimed, and finally set Henry VI. on the throne and procured the Regency for himself.

WARWICK, Earl of (1779–1853). Henry Richard Greville, Lord Brooke. Through the female line he was descended from the ancient family of Beauchamp.

WARWICK, Lady, died 1851. Married first Lord Monson, and secondly the Earl of Warwick.

WEIMAR, Charles Bernard, Duke of (1792–1862). A general in the service of the Netherlands. He married in 1815 Ida, Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, Sister of Queen Adelaide. His son Prince Edward of Weimar entered the British service.

WELLESLEY, Marquess (1760–1842). Richard, Earl of Mornington, elder brother of the Duke of Wellington. Governor-General of India in 1797, he became Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1810 and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1822.

WELLINGTON, Duke of (1769–1852). Third son of Viscount Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, served in 1797 in the Indian army, returned to England in 1805. Commanded the British army in the Peninsula and conquered Napoleon at Waterloo. He was a member of several Ministries.

WERTHER, Wilhelm, Baron von (1772–1859). A Prussian diplomatist. Was Minister at Paris (1824–1837) and Minister for Foreign Affairs at

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Berlin (1837–1841). He married Sophia, Countess Sandizell, a Bavarian lady who died in 1853.

WESSENBERG, Ampringen, Baron (1773–1858). An Austrian diplomatist, was a member of the Conferences at London in 1830, and in 1848 was for a short time Minister for Foreign Affairs.

WEYER, Sylvan van de (1803–1874). A Belgian statesman and man of letters. He was charged with an important mission to London, and succeeded in obtaining the acceptance of the proposition to summon a Conference in London to settle the new Belgian constitution, and the recognition of Prince Leopold of Coburg as King of the Belgians. In 1845 he was recalled to preside over the Cabinet, and in 1846 again became Ambassador in London till 1867, when he retired from public life.

WILLIAM II., King of the Netherlands (1792–1849). Married in 1818 Anna Paulowna, daughter of the Czar Paul of Russia, and had a peaceful and prosperous reign.

WILLIAM IV., King of England (1765–1837). He ascended the throne at the age of sixty-five, succeeding his brother, George IV. He reigned from 1830 to 1837. He married in 1818 Adelaide, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, or the Bastard, Duke of Normandy and King of England (1027–1087). He conquered England in 1066, and strongly organised his kingdom by creating a feudal nobility.

WILLIAM TELL. Died 1354. One of the leaders of the revolt which freed Switzerland in 1307.

WILLOUGHBY COTTON, Sir Henry (1796–1865). A Member of the House of Commons.

WINCHELSEA, Lord (1791–1858). George William Hatton. His first wife was a daughter of the Duke of Montrose. In 1829 he had a famous duel with the Duke of Wellington. The Duke missed his adversary, and Lord Winchelsea fired in the air.

WORONZOFF, Countess. Died in 1832 in London. Catherine Siniavin, wife of General Woronzoff.

WURTEMBERG, King of (1781–1864). William I. succeeded to the throne in 1816. He married, first, the Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia, and secondly, his cousin, the Duchess Pauline of Würtemberg.

WÜRTEMBERG, Princess Maria of (1816–1863). Daughter of King William I. She married in 1840 Major-General Count Neipperg.

WÜRTEMBERG, Princess Sophia of (1818–1877). Sister of the foregoing. Married in 1839 William III., King of the Netherlands.

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Y

YARBOROUGH, Lord (1812–1851). An officer of the Royal Household in 1831.

YORK, Duke of (1763–1827). Brother of King George IV. and King William IV. He married Princess Frederica of Prussia.

Z

ZEA BERMEDEZ, Don Francisco (1772–1850). A Spanish diplomatist. *Chargé d'Affaires* at St. Petersburg 1809–1820, afterwards Ambassador at Constantinople. In 1824 he was appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs; in 1825 was Ambassador at Dresden; and from 1828 till 1833 Ambassador in London. From 1834 he almost constantly lived in Paris, where he died.

ZEA BERMEDEZ, Madame, wife of the foregoing. She was very popular in Society, owing to her distinction and amiability. She was born at Malaga.

ZUMALACARREGUY, Thomas (1789–1835). A Spanish general in command of the Royal Guard at the death of Ferdinand VII. He resigned his appointment and declared for Don Carlos, and waged a terrible war on the followers of Queen Christina.

ZUYLEN VAN NEVELT, Baron Hugo (1781–1853). A Dutch statesman. He took an active part in his country's efforts to shake off the rule of Napoleon I. He was Ambassador at Paris, Madrid, Stockholm, and Constantinople. He returned to The Hague in 1829, and was very active in 1830, on the occasion of the Belgian Revolution. He was afterwards sent with Falk to the Conference of London. From 1833 till 1848 he held several portfolios, and soon after the latter date retired into private life.

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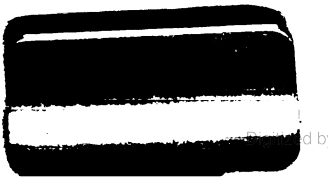

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